

# It Was Never Gonna Turn Out Too Good

Gang of Four

It was never gonna turn out too good for me  
I was born in the winter in Manchester 3  
With the rain in my face  
From the East came the men that meant I'd never work again

They do the work that you won't  
If this is Jerusalem why do they speak in tongues  
Bring me your poor your masses  
It was never gonna turn out too good for me  
That always happens to your kind  
I'm in the heart of the storm and it's too dark to see  
It's fixed in the stars how it will be

I look to the stars to see how it unwinds  
I never called the shots and I know that's my lot  
The world will end in fire or it will end in ice  
My fortunes depend on the throw of a dice

Wish it weren't so  
Say it ain't so  
A mountain to climb  
It's too far to go