

# A Stroke of Luck

Garbage

Hanging by threads of palest silver  
I could have stayed that way forever  
Bad blood and ghosts wrapped tight around me  
Nothing could ever seem to touch me

I lose what I love most  
Did you know I was lost until you found me?

A stroke of luck or a gift from God?  
The hand of fate or devil's claws?  
From below or saints above?  
You came to me

Here comes the cold again  
I feel it closing in  
It's falling down and  
All around me falling

You say that you'll be there to catch me  
Or will you only try to trap me  
These are the rules I make  
Our chains were meant to break  
You'll never change me

Here comes the cold again  
I feel it closing in  
You're falling down and  
All around me falling

Stroke of luck or a gift from God?  
Hand of fate or devil's claws?  
From below or saints above?  
You come to me now

Don't ask me why  
Don't even try

A stroke of luck or a gift from God?  
The hand of fate or devil's claws?  
From below or saints above?  
You came to me

Here comes the cold again  
I feel it closing in  
It's falling down and  
All around me falling

Falling, falling  
Falling, falling  
Falling, falling.