

wrote for luck, they sent me you
I sent for juice, you give me poison
I hold the line, you form the queue
Try anything hard
Is there anything else you can do?

Well not much, I've not been trained
I can sit and stand, beg n' roll over
I don't read, I just guess
There's more than one sign
But they're getting less

And you were wet
But you're getting dryer
You use to speak the truth
But now you're a liar
You use to speak the truth
But now you're clever

And I sent for juice, you give me poison
I hold the line flat first, you form the queue
Try anything hard
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