

**W.F.L.**

**Happy Mondays**

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  
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