## What Was It You Said About Luck

**James Blake** 

What was it you said about luck Forfeit rights and ploughs to pluck From twenty-one miles of view And things such not of being true. She likes it to talk to you. You don't mind letting yourself through

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You don't mind letting yourself through You don't mind letting yourself through You don't mind letting yourself through You don't mind letting yourself through You don't mind letting yourself through