

Wrote For Luck

Manic Street Preachers

I wrote for luck
They sent me you
I sent for juice
They sent me poison
I hold the line
You form a queue
Try nothing hard
Theres nothing else you can do
You can try
But you cant chain me
I can sniff, bend, stand and bend and roll over
I dont breathe
I just dance
Theres more than one sign
And its getting less
When youre wet
Youre getting dryer
You used to speak the truth
But now youre a liar
You used to speak the truth
But now youre clever

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And when its hot
You start to melt
Cos youre not made of cheese
Youre made of chocolate
And when its cold
You tend to cry
Keep on piling out
And not putting by