

Be Lucky

Show Of Hands

I went out in the world I lived in London town
Though I knew that those streets weren't paved with gold
I looked up to a man and he never let me down
But he said if you want your music sold you should

Be smart or lucky
If you can't break the mould, break the rules
Make friends or money
But if you would be King be cruel

There is no clockwork in the stars
No-one cares how good you are
Look around the world is full
Of hungry souls who want it all
Space inside they have to fill
Friendship they're prepared to kill
Hunger is their guiding light
They scratch they claw they push they fight
Just to be lucky
(Vote for me)

Now I've come so far
People ask for clues
Saying how have you found the peace you've earned
It was one night in a bar
A young man on the move asked me
What's the one thing that you've learnt
And I said

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How much do you want the prize
Will you freely sacrifice
Pride and your integrity
For fortune and celebrity
Break the rules
You'd better be cruel
Break the rules
Be lucky