

David Gray, Lucky Bags

Lucky bags, me and you
And all the aces wild
Summer, summer salting through
Spin, dance and jive
Trimming back the hedgegrove
That has grown so high
They say that beauty sleeps inside
Oh my, oh my
It doesn't matter what you knowing
Even less the games you play
You better have those colors showing
When tomorrow comes your way
Lucky bags, you and me
And a sheet of blue tears
And a net of crimson lightening
Right between my ears
Who cares if your hands are clean
When does your heart commit the crime
Cause you're saying things you just don't mean
Trying to make ends rhyme
It doesn't matter what you knowing
Even less the words you say
You better have those colors showing
When tomorrow comes your way
A flag for every color in the sky
And to god a show between us
Shouting "The beginning is nigh"
It doesn't matter what you knowing
Even less the words you say
You better have those colors showing
When tomorrow comes your way
When tomorrow comes your way
When tomorrow comes your way
When tomorrow comes your way
When tomorrow comes