

Hot Chip, Bad Luck

Who let you get on my train
Who let you pick up the mic
Who let the dogs out
Who's gonna clean up your mess
Fuck you, you fucking fuck
You ain't got nothing but bad, bad luck

Bad luck you've got in my ring
You dance like you've got
An unenviable case of ring sting
Who let you eat in my face
I ain't gonna clean up your mess
Who told you you could get on this stage
All dressed up like you're in some kind of rage
All dressed up like you're from some other age

Bet you thought you'd get away, didja
Bet you thought you'd hide from me, didja