

Manic Street Preachers, Wrote For Luck (Happy Mondays)

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
There's nothing else you can do
You can try
But you can't chain me
I can sniff, bend, stand and bend and roll over
I don't breathe
I just dance
There's more than one sign
And it's getting less
When you're wet
You're getting dryer
You used to speak the truth
But now you're a liar
You used to speak the truth
But now you're clever

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And when it's hot
You start to melt
Cos you're not made of cheese
You're made of chocolate
And when it's cold
You tend to cry
Keep on piling out