

# 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

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  
And 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  
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