

# Public Image Ltd., Luck's Up

When the blood in your drugs turns to shale  
They had you hung, drawn and quartered tooth and nail  
Empty pockets make idle hands  
And mugging as a job requires good plans

Luck&#039;s up-tuff stuff-your luck&#039;s up-tuff stuff  
Luck&#039;s up-tuff stuff-unlucky you

And where were you when the pickings were thicker than slime  
A serious problem needs to be on time  
not good enough to crawl in the dark  
You idiot getting ripped off in the park

When the drugs you were mixing blew up in your face  
You blew your brains out and put a hole in its place  
You wear your luck now all over your face  
Still singeing like an old fire place

So yet again I hear you&#039;re gonna clean up your act  
But once a junkie-always and that&#039;s a fact  
You&#039;ve begged, stole and borrowed time far too long  
See you at your funeral, I&#039;ll sing your swan song