

Andy Partridge, Dame Fortune

Dame Fortune smile, ring my bell, lift your skirt
Pour down some fortune on me
Dame Fortune smile, knock my door, doff your cap
Deliver milk for my tea

I've been throwing low numbers on the dice of life
All the cards I turn scowl at me like my ex-wife
When night-time falls I'll need your net
To catch those brick-bats in

Dame Fortune smile at my lottery [lass?]
Please won't you empty my bin?
C'mon!
(muttered: "Play the guitar")

Dame Fortune smile, tear a square from your dress
Give my front windows a clean
Dame Fortune let me borrow your bike
Bring home the bacon and beans

I've been drawing low numbers from the hat of dreams
Drowning in the pools by simply picking rotten teams
When night-time falls we'll fix it up
I'll loan your safety pin

Dame Fortune smile when they're spitting at me
Please bring all my washing in