

Garbage, A Stroke Of Luck

Hanging by threads of palest silver
I could have stayed that way forever
Bad blood and ghosts wrapped tight around me
Nothing could ever seem to touch me

I lose what I love most
Did you know I was lost until you found me?

Stroke of luck or gift from God?
Hand of fate or devil's claws?
From below or saints above?
You come to me

Here comes the cold again
I feel it closing in
It's falling down
And all around me, falling

You say that you'll be there to catch me
Or will you only try to trap me?
These are the rules I make
Our chains were meant to break, you'll never change me

Here comes the cold again
I feel it closing in
You're falling down
And all around me, falling

Stroke of luck or gift from God?
Hand of fate or devil's claws?
From below or saints above?
You come to me now

Don't ask me why
Don't even try

Stroke of luck or gift from God?
Hand of fate or devil's claws?
From below or saints above?
You come to me

Here comes the cold again
I feel it closing in
It's falling down
And all around me, falling

Falling...