

Fortune Presents Gifts Not According To The Book

Dead Can Dance

Fortune presents gifts
Not according to the book
Fortune presents gifts
Not according to the book
When you expect whistles, it's flutes
When you expect flutes, it's whistles
What various paths are followed
In distributing honors and possessions
She gives awards to some
And penitent's cloaks to others
When you expect whistles, it's flutes
When you expect flutes, it's whistles

Sometimes she robs the chief goatherd
Of his cottage and the goat pen
And to whomever she fancies
The lamest goat has born two kids
When you expect whistles, it's flutes
When you expect flutes, it's whistles
Because in a village
A poor lad has stolen one egg
He swings in the sun and another
Gets away with a thousand crimes
When you expect whistles, it's flutes
When you expect flutes, it's whistles

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