

# Wrote For Luck

## Happy Mondays

I wrote for luck  
They sent me you  
I sent for juice  
You give me poison  
I order a line  
You form a queue  
You try something hard  
There's nothing else you can do  
Well that much  
I've been trained  
I can sit and stand  
And beg and rollover  
And I don't read  
I just guess  
There's more than one sign  
But its getting less  
And you were wet  
But you're getting dryer  
You used to speak the truth  
But now you lair  
You used to speak the truth  
But now you clever

And wrote for luck  
They sent me you  
I sent for juice  
You give me poison  
I order a line  
You form a queue  
Try something hard  
There's nothing else you can do  
And you were wet  
But you're getting dryer  
You used to speak the truth  
But now you clever  
You used to speak the truth  
But now you clever

and when its hot

You start to melt  
'cause you're not made of king  
You're made of chocolate  
And when it cold  
You turn to crack  
You keep on piling out  
Not pulling back

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