

W.F.L.

Happy Mondays

I wrote for luck
They sent me you
I sent for juice
You give me poison

I hold the line
You form the queue
Try anything hard
Is there anything else you can do?

Well, not much, I've not been trained
I can sit and stand, beg n' roll over
I don't read, I just guess
There's more than one sign
But it's getting less

And you were wet
But you're getting dryer
You use to speak the truth
But now you're liar
You use to speak the truth
But now you're clever

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And they sent me you
And I sent for juice
You give me poison

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You form the queue
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Is there anything else you can do?

And you were wet
But you're getting dryer
You use to speak the truth
But now you're clever
You use to speak the truth
But now you're clever

And when it's hot
You start to melt
'Coz you're not made of jean
You're made of chocolate

And when it's cold
You tend to crack
You keep on piling out
Not puttin' back

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