

# 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

And I wrote for luck  
And they sent me you  
And I sent for juice  
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You form the queue  
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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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