

Wrote For Luck

Manic Street Preachers

I wrote for luck
They sent me you
I sent for juice
They sent me poison
I hold the line
You form a queue
Try anything hard
There's nothing else you can do
Oh you can try but you can't chain me
I can slip and stand and bend and roll over
I don't read
I just dance
There's more than one sign
And it's getting less
When you're wet
You're getting drier
You used to speak the truth
But now you're liar
You used to speak the truth
But now you're clever
Oh oh oh
Oh oh oh
Oh oh oh
Oh oh oh

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And when it's hot
You start to melt
'Cause you're not made of cheese
You're made of chocolate
And when it's cold
You tend to cry
You keep on piling on
And not put it by
Oh oh oh
Oh oh oh
Oh oh oh
Oh oh oh

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