

The Unlucky Ones

Admiral Twin

I know all the little bus drivers saying
The clocks of the world are evil in their design
Our days of wine and song never came
And calendars map the places, we've never been
So call us The Unlucky Ones
We walk under ladders, as a matter of course
Jump on every crack, we can find
Thirteen a day, if we get half a chance
So call us The Unlucky Ones
Come out and dance awhile
Out in the black cat infested night
We dance on ledges and spires
With losers and liars, we don't have a thing to fear

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