

Neeka**"Short of luck"**

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he has finally found his game he has picked the
perfect frame
he fought, fought hard for a new world
now he's caught, caught up in that new world, new
world

he's dancing far from the flame
carefree, freezing his fame
a fraud, but frauds are never big bores
he was bought, money spent well at the big store, that
big store

makes him sure of luck and short of pain
he's sure of anything but his own heathen name
he's short of luck and sure of pain
he's sure of anything

anything but his name

he washed out all the stains
his luck, luck was spilled now there's no more
he's stuck, stuck till he's reborn, when he's reborn

he'll be sure of luck and short of pain
he's sure of anything but his own heathen name
he's short of luck and sure of pain
he's sure of anything

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