

Poor Bailey

"Destiny Is a Four Letter Word"

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Destiny is out to get me
And all she ever sees is where I'm gonna be
If I get older, Fortune told her
I got nothing going for me
Well what the hell does she know anyway?
I don't give a damn what people say
Good news first, it ain't getting any worse
I'll be leaving the church in the back of a hearse
Send me to the grave in a plastic bag
Last one living is rotten egg
Go ahead and pretend everything's gonna be okay
I'm gonna play a game a chicken with a train

Let me down, let me down
I'm waiting for someone to come around and let me
down
Let me down, let me down
I'm waiting for someone to come around and let me
down
Oh

Destiny has a terminal disease
And Fortune's living in a Chinese cookie
I'm a heartless gringo going loco
I don't give a goddamn where the time goes
Fate isn't even based on consequence
Nothing has any significance

Let me down, let me down
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Let me down, let me down
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Oh

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