

Garbage

"A Stroke Of Luck By Garbage"

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hanging by threads of palest silver
I could have stayed that way forever
bad blood and ghosts wrapped tight around me
nothing could ever seem to
touch me
I lose what I love most
did you know I was lost until you found me?
a stroke of luck or a gift from god?
the hand of fate or devil's claws?
from below or saints above
you came to me
here comes the cold again
I feel it closing in
it's falling down and
all around me falling
you say that you'll be there to catch me or will you only
try to trap me
these are the rules I make
our chains were meant to break
you'll never change me
here comes the cold again
I feel it closing in
you're falling down and
all around me falling
stroke of luck or a gift from god?
hand of fate or devil's claws?
from below or saints above
you come to me now
don't ask me why
don't even try
a stroke of luck or a gift from god?
the hand of fate or devil's claws?
from below or saints above
you came to me
here comes the cold again
I feel it closing in
it's falling down and
all around me falling
falling

