

Happy Mondays "WFL"

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I wrote for luck, they sent me you
I sent for juice, you give me poison
I hold the line, you form the queue
Try anything hard
Is there anything else you can do?

Well not much, I've not been trained
I can sit and stand, beg n' roll over
I don't read, I just guess
There's more than one sign
But they're getting less

And you were wet
But you're getting dryer
You use to speak the truth
But now you're a liar
You use to speak the truth
But now you're clever

And I sent for juice, you give me poison
I hold the line flat first, you form the queue
Try anything hard
Is there anything else you can do?

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I don't read, I just guess
There's more than one sign
But it's getting less

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But now you're a liar
You use to speak the truth
But now you're clever
You use to speak the truth
But now you're clever

Think about the future, the future
Think about the future, the future

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