

Manic Street Preachers "Wrote For Luck"

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I wrote for luck
They sent me you
I sent for juice
They sent me poison

I hold the line
You form a queue
Try nothing hard
There's nothing else you can do

You can try
But you can't chain me
I can sniff, bend, stand
And bend and roll over

I don't breathe
I just dance
There's more than one sign
And it's getting less

When you're wet
You're getting dryer
You used to speak the truth
But now you're a liar
You used to speak the truth
But now you're clever

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And when it's hot
You start to melt
'Cos you're not made of cheese
You're made of chocolate

And when it's cold
You tend to cry
Keep on piling out
And not putting by

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