

## **Rumour Has It "All Four None"**

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Wake up get out,  
This aint' no practise drill now,  
You run the risk of being all alone,  
Backfired transpired and hollow,  
So sorry your smiles met it's match,  
But don't you worry about me crawling back,  
Cause I know this ones set in stone,  
Drop the act and forget the bottle.

Cast out the skin on your legs,  
And let the offers roll in,  
Your fine tonight, but when reality sets in  
Again, again  
We'll live it down but stories always tell themselves,  
Will we play this out?

I'll be striving for second best; we're always striving for  
second best.

We're trying all we can,  
To keep this dream of ours,  
We'll fight them off our backs,  
Show them what we're made of

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