

Clare Bowditch & The New Slang**"A Lucky Life"**

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We want to give you God
But God is not ours to give away
We want to give you Reason
But Reason can't make your heart behave
Perhaps we work too much:
It's stuck in our heads

We want to
Give to you
A lucky life
Not just ice-cream cones
Shoes and mobile phones
As nice as they are

I cannot stop the world
But I'll be the tigress behind you
I'll help you build your armour
But you'll have to wear it for yourself
Of course I worry too much:
how can I not, you're my walking hearts?
Just beware the masquerade:
The circus that shines, but will not stay

We want to
Give to you
A lucky life
Not just ice-cream cones
Shoes and mobile phones
As nice as they are

I thought I'd be so much wiser by now
You thought you'd be the "Alpha Provider" somehow
And like our parents before us
We just hope that we are enough

You gave to us such a lucky life
Full of things that will not break
That the world cannot take
That is what we want for you

We want to

Give to you
A lucky life
Not just ice-cream cones
Shoes and mobile phones
As nice as they are

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