

## Tom Billington "Losers Luck"

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Don't throw the book.  
To see this through, you have to look.  
Chapters with end --  
Do you bleed them dry or start again?  
Well, there's three billion stars,  
And someone for everyone you know.  
And we're just blades of grass:

We get cut down to grow. (We get cut down to grow.)  
Well, it's loser's luck, I suppose. (Well, it's loser's luck, I  
suppose.)

Slow down,  
Or else your feet won't feel the ground.  
(ground.)  
Inch by  
inch, (Inch by inch,)  
(Inch by inch,)  
You get confused and get thick skin.  
(skin.)  
Well, there's just one life,  
A hundred million ways to go. (Oo-oo-oo-oo.)  
And we're just blades of grass:

We get cut down to grow. (We get cut down to grow.)  
Well, it's loser's luck, I suppose. (Well, it's loser's luck, I  
suppose.)

Lo and behold, (Lo and behold,)  
What I thought was silver (What I thought was silver)  
was fool's gold! (was fool's gold!)  
What I thought was love (What I thought was love)  
was just a full moon, (was just a full moon,)  
Waiting in shadows (Waiting in shadows)  
to shine on your soul! (to shine on your soul!)  
We get cut down to grow. (We get cut down to grow.)  
Well, it's loser's luck, I suppose. (Well, it's loser's luck, I  
suppose.)

Don't throw the book.  
To see this through, you got to look. (look.)  
Well, there's just one life,

A hundred billion ways to go. (Oo-oo-oo-oo-  
oooooooooh.)

And we're just blades of grass: (just blades of grass:)

We get cut down to grow. (We get cut down to grow.)  
Well, it's loser's luck, I suppose. (Well, it's loser's luck, I  
suppose.)

Lo and behold, (Lo and behold,)  
What I thought was silver (What I thought was silver)  
was fool's gold! (was fool's gold!)  
What I thought was love (What I thought was love)  
was just a full moon, (was just a full moon,)  
Waiting in shadows (Waiting in shadows)  
to shine on your soul! (to shine on your soul!)

Love was just a fairy tale (Love was just a fairy tale)  
that fools told! (that fools told!)  
Let's play "Let's Pretend," or is it (Let's play "Let's  
Pretend," or is it)  
too much (too much)  
To ask not to leave this matter (To ask not to leave this  
matter)  
out in the cold? (out in the cold?)

We get cut down to grow. (We get cut down to grow.)  
Well, it's loser's luck, I suppose... (Well, it's loser's luck,  
I suppose...)  
Loser's luck, I suppose... (Loser's luck, I suppose...)  
Loser's luck, I suppose. (Loser's luck, I suppose.)

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