

King Blues, The

"Out of Luck"

Visit "[Out of Luck](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

With a red scrunchie for her birthday gift,
She scrapes her hair into a Croyden facelift.
Punch-Drunk, lover's sweet sixteen.
She thumbs a ride to Gretna Green.
Leaving something old, for somewhere new.
To be with someone battered black and blue.

She turns out her light with a song to sing.
Grabs her shoulder bag and her Argos ring.
And she says:
Without a penny, in my pocket.
Well i'm out of luck.
In this kind of town.
But i got you
Right by my side
So i won't let let them
No i won't let them drag me down
no oh oh.
I won't let them drag me down
no oh oh,
I won't let them drag me down
no oh oh.

You turned from Jack the Lad
Into Jack the dad.
Well, his heart was pure,
but the town was bad.
He had a broken heart and a broken home.
she heard his breaking voice through a broken phone.

And he said, for you girl i'd walk a Sweedish mile.
for a Glasgow kiss and a Chelsea smile.
So he drove till it was morning light.
and the birds will sing him to sleep tonight.

and he says,
Without a penny, in my pocket.
Well i'm out of luck.
In this kind of town.
But i got you
Right by my side

So i won't let let them
No i won't let them
No i won't let them drag me down
no oh oh,
I won't let them drag me down
no oh oh,
I won't let them drag me down
no oh oh,
I won't let them drag me down.

Visit [King Blues, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.