

## Wrote For Luck

Manic Street Preachers

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  
Theres nothing else you can do  
You can try  
But you cant chain me  
I can sniff, bend, stand and bend and roll over  
I dont breathe  
I just dance  
Theres more than one sign  
And its getting less  
When youre wet  
Youre getting dryer  
You used to speak the truth  
But now youre a liar  
You used to speak the truth  
But now youre clever

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And when its hot  
You start to melt  
Cos youre not made of cheese  
Youre made of chocolate  
And when its cold  
You tend to cry  
Keep on piling out  
And not putting by