

I Should Be So Lucky

Chumbawamba

Brown shirts don't make it
Brown shirts don't make it

With a little bit of luck (I bet, I bet)
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With a little bit of luck (I bet you're wondering how I knew)

I'm not so brave and I'm not too crazy
And I'd rather be a coward than pushing up daisies
Never rocked the boat, never tipped the scales
Never got off the fence, never had that much to say
So when I get a leather glove across my face
I say 'yes sir, no sir, whatever you say, sir'
And when the Nazis stop me shouting 'get out your pass book'
I say 'yes sir, yes sir' I don't trust to luck
Who'd Adam and Eve it? They're rationing clothes
And where they find a molehill a mountain grows
So please, no pictures 'cause the snap you took
They'll take it as a sign, Jesus H Christ, just my luck

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I'd stay at home and sit it out
But in a dirty world you need a launderette
Two short minutes
I look the other way
Some bastard robbed me blind
You can't trust anyone nowadays

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