

Fortune Favours the Bold

Gerry Cinnamon

Shoo, la-la-la
Shoo, la-la-la-aa
Shoo, la-la-la
Shoo, la-la-la-aa

I know its a long shot
But I heard fortune favours the bold
Now they tell me be solid make paper
And do what you're told
Guess I'd rather have holes in my shoes
Than be drowning in gold
In the heat of the moment
My mind got left out in the cold

Shoo, la-la-la
Shoo, la-la-la-la-aa
Shoo, la la la-aa
Shoo, la-la-la
Shoo, la la la-aa

Do you think that it's worth it
Can I buy back my soul when it's gone
In the ground you're alone
And your bank account won't keep you warm
I see through you, you're made out of glass
With a heart made of stone
And the thorns in your crown cut your skin
While you bleed on your throne

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