

# Four Leaf Clover

The Kooks

Sitting in a mess still undressed  
As the kettle whistle blows  
Paper back Novelette still open  
And the door is closed

You got a real sick mind  
You write a column for The Times  
For all the lovers gone blind  
Who are looking for a sign

And when the night is over  
And the drugs are gone  
All you've got is your four leaf clover  
You keep inside your coat  
And when the night is over  
And the drugs are gone  
You feel the world is getting colder  
You got no one to hold

Six pages down and she's lighting up  
Her train wreck Soul  
She was abandoned by her lover  
Left by the road  
So appalling scrawling those bullshit words  
It's thirsty work  
She'll stumble down to the boozier  
Just to have a flirt

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