

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 boozer
Just to have a flirt

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