

When the blood in your drugs turns to shale
They had you hung, drawn and quartered tooth and nail
Empty pockets make idle hands
And mugging as a job requires good plans

CHORUS

Luck's up-tuff stuff-your luck's up-tuff stuff
Luck's up-tuff stuff-unlucky you

And where were you when the pickings were thicker than slime
A serious problem needs to be on time
not good enough to crawl in the dark
You idiot getting ripped off in the park

CHORUS

When the drugs you were mixing blew up in your face
You blew your brains out and put a hole in its place
You wear your luck now all over your face
Still singeing like an old fire place

CHORUS

So yet again I hear you're gonna clean up your act
But once a junkie-always and that's a fact
You've begged, stole and borrowed time far too long
See you at your funeral, I'll sing your swan song

CHORUS