

Luxuria "Sickly Thug I"

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We're deep in her diary now
A month for every kiss
And this passion-in-hours amounts
To little more than this
She keeps wisteria
I keep forgetting to die

We keep on getting there
Sickly thug and i
She keeps a distance
I keep forgetting to die
We'll keep on getting there
Sickly thug and me
She keeps wisteria
I keep turning to lapis lazuli

A pistol whipping wind
Sickly thug and me
Our hearts fire blanks
Over the marshes
The river lee
Was there anything
Really moving in the news tonight?

If there's no hope for us
There'll be no respite
Just a drop or two
From a bottle of the widow's mite
We'll keep on getting there
I'll just happen to you
We'll be back from somewhere else
We'll never get to

Over here may be bad
Realissimo bad
But that nameless other place
It's far far worse
I'm an innocent
I never resisted
Alcohol and coloured beads

Broken sunshine swells

The length of waltham beach
And nothing ever changes
And nothing ever lasts for long
It just stays out of reach
This feeling's mutual
For sickly thug and me

This feeling's mutual now
But so separately
We're burning up
We're collapsing into probability
And there's no hope for us
And there's no respite
Just a drop or two
From a bottle of the widow's mite

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