

Lucksmiths, The

"Abdication!"

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It's only too clear
And I know you hate to state the obvious
But the houses round here
Hold jumble sales and joblessness

I always thought autumn was my favourite time of the
year
But I guess I'd forgotten
How cold it can get when the sun disappears

You sounded so sure
That I'd come to your side when you came to your
senses
But we stood at the door
And fought 'til your neighbours had come to their
fences

You called me a bad weather friend
And I think that I know what you meant
But your letters are all heaven sent
The others I get are all from the government

It's all part and parcel
Of having next to nothing to do
But if I was the king of the castle
I'd throw away the throne for you

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