

Lucksmiths, The

"Beer Nut"

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All the streets look the same 'til I'm fumbling for
change
Light on the porch like we had arranged
Home street home, it cheers me
Pat my pockets for the key

The boys and I have been throwing back glasses in big
stone houses
Waiting glazed for the man to rouse us
Those two in despair
After this round we're square
Yeah, we're square

There's many a slip between lager and lip
Conversation gets average and mean
Half asleep and seeing double
It's time for me to leave

Stood for a second while my eyes demisted
My head like a pretzel, salty and twisted
Stepped into the hail for a taxi
It's raining ice, but "Just relax" he said
Christ you're up across town
You look like a ghost
Just try and keep it down
Keep it down...

There's many a slip between lager and lip
Conversation gets average and mean
Half asleep and seeing double
It's time for me to leave

When I come home full up
You sigh "Come here beer nut"

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