

Lucksmiths, The

"Caravanna"

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Here are we, with a view of mountains
Staring at the floor for hours on end
There's a world outside that window
And we're looking at linoleum instead

Another sunset passes us by
We used to sit on our arses
And stare into the sky

If either one of us could drive
We could drive away
And the times of our lives
Could begin today

Look at us: we're atrocious
We make a meal of every meal
And we browse through travel brochures
But the grass grows brown around these wheels

Take the tennis ball off the towbar
We've come a long way
But there's so far to go

If either one of us could drive
We could drive away
And the time of our lives
Could begin today
What's there to decide?
And what's there to say?
If either one of us could drive
We could drive away

Some things might have to change
I wish there was some furniture
That I could rearrange

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