

Lucksmiths, The

"Cat In Sunshine"

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You tell me you don't like the way I comb my hair
But there are two of us at this table
Only one of us doesn't care
You're so engrossed in what you read
And you're not really there
Can tell you all my troubles
And all you say is 'yeah, yeah, yeah'

Television's off tonight
I heard somebody cry outside
The smells of spring are everywhere
Getting mixed up with my own
Could've sworn I heard you say this house was not your
home
Medicine cabinet is your only friend
Your greatest fear is telephone
Here it comes again
You look like so many adjectives
But what you are is what I'm not

You come round here in a brand new shirt
And announce that you're a brand new girl
But you stole that line
And you probably stole the shirt as well

Sometimes I have to wonder why
I'd only take an inch and you gave me a mile
It's got more to do with stupidity
Than it has to do with style
Every time you come round here
I never know just what you'll wear
And I'm sitting here in yesterdays underwear
Do you have to try hard to look as though you really
couldn't care

A friend once told me apathy looks good on her
You look like so many similes
What you are is a cat in sunshine
And when you're here I feel like D Day is here

All those songs about burning houses are giving me

ideas
If I hear those words once more I'll pour the petrol on
the floor
And I'll watch the flames caress your door
You look like so many analogies
But what you are is a cat in sunshine
A cat in sunshine, a canary in a coal mine

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