

## Lucksmiths, The "Clever Hans"

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We're a pantomime horse  
There's a stupid suit where our relationship was  
And we're stuck inside, we're stuck inside  
There's nowhere to gallop and there's nowhere to hide  
We're a pantomime horse  
The two of us down on all fours  
And we're running around blind  
We're running around blind  
With you in front and me behind of course

Clever Hans  
We're a pantomime horse  
And I'm mixing up my metaphors  
And I'm starting to see red, I'm starting to see red  
Hi ho Silver, Hello Mr Ed

Clever Hans  
Have we laid our bets, have we run our race?  
Have we gone to pasture, have we given up the chase?  
We've got the world at our feet  
You've got the whip in your hands  
But we're a hundred-to-one  
We're an outside chance  
Sometimes it seems like no one understands

Clever Hans  
We're a pantomime horse  
The two of us down on all fours  
And we're running around fast  
We're running around fast  
You're a nose ahead  
And in the end I'm just the arse

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