

## **Lucksmiths, The**

### **"Don't Bring Your Work To Bed"**

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Driven by ambition  
Do know, my love, you're missing  
All the splendours, all the wonders  
All the days I have squandered  
Thoughts of you to guide me  
Forever here beside me  
All these hours beneath the covers  
All those clouds up there above us

It seems like eternities are wasted  
Every night you're away I'm ever so frustrated  
I need you here but I'm all alone instead  
My love, don't bring your work to bed

I don't care about your little anecdotes  
Or your countless, pointless inside jokes  
All the bosses you call pricks  
All the arses you've been forced to lick  
I just want you here beside me  
Two dishpan hands to hold me  
I want to love you endlessly  
Before I fall asleep

It seems like eternities are wasted  
Every night you're away I'm ever so frustrated  
I need you here but I'm all alone instead  
My love, don't bring your work to bed

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