

Lucksmiths, The

"Edward, Sandwich Hand"

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God he hates the early mornings
And the Monday afternoons
He's already looking bored
He's already looking forward
To Friday evening with his friends
It couldn't come too soon
What a terrible way to spend your salad days

Come on!
There must be more to life
Than cutting corners with the butter knife

Sooner or later
It'll turn into summer
And he's going somewhere far away from the eight-hour day

Nice work if you can forget it
He opens up and shuts his eyes
Wait and see: daydreaming on the bain-marie
From Come On In to Sorry, Closed
Clockwatch away the working day
It's lunchtime
But sometimes the sun shines

Sooner or later
It'll turn into summer
And he's going somewhere far away from the crappy cafe

Sooner or later
Sooner or later
He'll pack a suitcase
With t-shirts and travel toothpaste

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