

Lucksmiths, The "Even Stevens"

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I won't lie
I don't like you whispering that way
It's your turn
It's your turn of phrase that gives you away
The games we play

One to you in the afternoon
And one to me in the evening
Seven years of Scrabble
And we're even stevens

Come on
Your complaining is getting on my nerves
At least, at last
You're completely lost for words
Did you forget what you deserve?

One to you in the afternoon
And one to me in the evening
Seven years of Scrabble
And we're even stevens

I know it's a consequence
Of clinging to consonants
But P R L N Q F C
Spells trouble to me

Come onâ€¦

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