

## **Lucksmiths, The**

### **"Fear Of Rolleroasters"**

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At the arse-end of another century  
I spend hours in the cemetery  
On my way to anywhere but here  
It was perfect in the summertime  
I'd just ask and the sun would shine  
But the days just disappear this time of year

Yesterday was lost drinking  
And, yes, today I was thinking  
I could be making more of the weekend  
A seaside bus will see us disembark  
At sunset by the amusement park  
I'm none too nonchalant but I'll pretend

Come on! Come over  
Come on! Come over  
I've overcome my fear of rollercoasters

Hey sugarlips - remember this?  
Literally the sweetest kiss

Come on! Come over  
Come on! Come over  
I've overcome my fear of rollercoasters

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