

Lucksmiths, The

"Goodness Gracious"

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What a beautiful day for a crushing defeat
What a stupid waste of sunshine
A funeral pace down a favourite street
But I have to come home sometime, I suppose

Don't be hopeful on my behalf
I'd like to offer my resignation
And strangle myself with a football scarf
Or act in self-defenestration

Yeah, I have seen better days
The weekend was mine to waste
I had nothing to do
And you had nothing to do with me

And I try, and I try, and I try your patience
How low must your expectations be?
Goodness gracious me
Goodness gracious me

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