

Lucksmiths, The

"Harmonicas and Trams"

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On a tree-lined route
Looking out on wasteland
Treated to a one-man show on a tram
Just harmonica
No peripherals, no band
Just harmonica, just a man

In another time
You were reaching for my hand
It was all I could do to try and understand
You were miserable
I couldn't figure out my role
Couldn't find the words to let you know

Little kid
Looking across the tram
Wonders what I'm writing on my hand
The words to a song
Inspired by the man, harmonicas, and trams

I saw you crying and I couldn't help
I saw you crying and I couldn't help
I saw you crying and I couldn't help but cry, too, myself

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