

## **Lucksmiths, The**

### **"I Can't Believe It's Not Better"**

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Take your time  
Or some of mine  
I've got more than I know what to do with  
It's getting boring  
At the wrong end of the morning  
Staring myself stupid  
Into a turned-off television  
Cross-eyed, couch-ridden

I should get myself to bed  
Or get myself together  
I suppose it could be worse  
But I can't believe it's not better

A lot depends  
On the friendliness of friends  
I reckon I should reconsider  
So come on, spring to my defence  
When nothing else makes sense  
But unemployment figures  
I can still afford to find it funny  
That there's so much month left at the end of the  
money

I should get myself to bed  
Or get myself together  
I suppose it could be worse  
But I can't believe it's not better

Hurry up! Hurry up!  
It would be good to go outside  
I know it's late but I'm willing to wait  
I'm just so sick and tired  
Of the ceilings and floors  
Of the not-so-great indoors

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