

Lucksmiths, The

"Little Athletics"

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I don't know when it started
But it's worse now than before
We could both be broken hearted
It's so hard to be sure
But what are boyfriends for?

We went from perfect strangers
To less than perfect friends
But it's the warmest night in ages
And I don't have to pretend
It's good seeing you again

And it's more than a little pathetic
And I'm sure I'll live to regret it
But I'm all for little athletics
You're on your own
I'll race you home

And maybe I'm just thoughtless
But I don't think that's fair
Of course we should be cautious
But I'm too tired to care
We're less than halfway there

And it's more than a little pathetic
And I'm sure I'll live to regret it
But I'm all for little athletics,
You're on your own
I'll race you home

I don't know when it started
But it's worse now than before
We could well be broken hearted
But what are boyfriends for?
I know you're none too sure

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