

Lucksmiths, The

"Macintyre"

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Far from handsome
Close to ugly
I pull my pants on
I don't look lovely
I wear a singlet underneath my shirt
I tuck it in at all times
And as the plot gets thicker
The hair on top gets thinner
I'm not happy but I'm near enough
Misunderstood
Much overweight
My eyesight's good
But it's not great
I read my horoscope today
What have I got to hope for?
Daydreaming as I do the dishes
Of cuddles and kisses for Mr and Mrs
I'm not happy but I'm near enough
Half-past eleven at the Clare Castle
Another day, another drink, another debacle
Sunlight makes the empty glasses sparkle
I hardly notice
I'm hopeless
I couldn't save myself to save myself
I'm not happy but I'm near enough

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