

## **Lucksmiths, The**

### **"Midweek Midmorning"**

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You were never one for sleeping late  
But oh! the working week can wait  
We ought to spend today together  
You might be less than overjoyed  
Unimpressed and unemployed  
But I refuse to waste this weather

A midweek midmorning to ourselves  
It would be misspent somewhere else  
We wasted most of winter feeling  
That we should stay inside instead  
Lie on our backs on our bed  
Beneath the stains upon the ceiling

I was never one for getting up  
And catercorner from the pub  
I found it difficult deciding  
Between the indoors and the out-  
But overhead there's not a cloud  
That couldn't once have been skywriting

You beside and bluer skies above me  
Spring fashion week and don't we both look lovely  
Yeah, you beside and bluer skies above me  
Spring fashion week and don't we both look lovely

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