

Lucksmiths, The

"Motorscooter"

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I'll put this place behind me soon
For somewhere bright and shiny and new
These streets got smaller the more I grew
It might be trite but it's true

I'm walking home in the early evening
My fingers are numb and I can see myself breathing
I feel down and out, I feel like up-and-leaving
There's somewhere I'd rather be than here

I'm as good as my word, I'm as good as gone
Some days nothing can go wrong
And I feel strange and I feel strong
This is not where I belong

And I don't love you any more
And I don't love you any less
You're just as lovely as you were
The day we met

Let's get out of here
I'm looking forward to the future
I've got a good idea
And I've got a motorscooter

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