

## **Lucksmiths, The**

### **"Music To Hold Hands To"**

Visit "[Music To Hold Hands To](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

You can't keep a secret  
But you keep a diary anyway  
And you get away with murder  
Because you've got a way with words  
Yeah, and I know where you keep it:  
Under where your underwear is meant to be  
But usually it's all over the floor  
I can't see the carpet anymore

If you arose by any other name  
You'd smell as sweet  
And you'd look just the same

I could never understand you  
Hating music to hold hands to  
Sometimes something you can dance to  
Is the last thing that you need  
Yeah, and squandering a Sunday  
On a 499-piece jigsaw puzzle  
Doesn't trouble me one little bit  
One little bit!

I feel like going visiting this evening  
Across the rooftops of North Carlton  
While the suburb is asleep  
My friends live in renovators' dreams  
It's as euphemistic as it seems

Visit [Lucksmiths, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.