

Lucksmiths, The

"Putt Putt"

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We've done thousands of things together
Feels like we've been friends forever
But there's on thing I know you've never done
The time has come
I don't care about the weather
I'll meet you there whatever
Fifty-four holes of putting pleasure await
It's a date
And I don't know what your plans are
But I wont take no for an answer
It might be minus five outside but my pants are plus
fours
Thus forth
Who cares what we score
I've loved you lots before
But I've never loved you more
A hole-in-one at fifty-four

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