

## **Lucksmiths, The**

### **"Scottsdale"**

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I walk right past his window when the light is growing  
dim  
He looks away from me and as I glance in at him  
He owns one bed, one bookcase and the television  
He sits and watches and I'm glad I'm not there with him

There was a time when he was young  
There was a time when he had no time to regret what  
he'd done  
There are six men on the ground floor  
Three stories up and there are sixteen more  
And the stories they tell you think you've heard before  
But listen closely, to be sure

There was a time when they were young  
There was a time when they had no time to regret what  
they'd done  
I see him on the street in the cold  
He nods as if to greet me, I feel too young, and he too  
old  
He is a nameless face to me  
This is his hiding place I see  
He talks to himself, I can see his breath  
Sixteen rooms, sixteen men off the meth

There was a time when they were young  
There was a time when they had no time to regret what  
they'd done

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