

Lucksmiths, The

"Southernmost"

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Weekends away:
These were the happiest days
Ill with the thrill of the chase
They'd take a train
Take off Friday for the coast
In summer they'd go southernmost
Where the sky was swimming-pool blue
And the swimming pool was too

And every single weekend
They'd dive in at the deep end
And come Monday morning
His skin still smelled like chlorine

Remember when forever seemed just fine?
Seen through glasses of rose coloured wine
They'd sit up all night talking
Now she's sound asleep to the sound of his walkman

And every single weekend
The divide between them deepens
A curse across the kitchen
He might still be within spitting distance
But there's only one way to find out...

Take heart
Take a train to the coast
Take heart
Take a train southernmost
Take heart

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