

Lucksmiths, The

"Successlessness"

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You're not yourself
Darling, you appear a little dog-eared
You've got yourself to blame
And you do

So assure me you're OK
But you said that yesterday

One day we'll be poor no more
I'm almost sure enough
Before then let's not let successlessness
Get the best of us, my love

You're not yourself
This morning, you were gone before the fog cleared
You've got yourself in such a state

Reassure me you're OK
But you said that yesterday

One day we'll be poor no more
I'm almost sure enough
Before then let's not let successlessness
Get the best of us, my love

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