

Lucksmiths, The

"Summertown"

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I'll drop you a postcard, I'll pick up my pen
Miranda Street's deserted, it's winter again
Give me ten minutes and I'll paint you a picture
Of holiday houses where the sun won't shine
And the paint is peeling around the 'vacancy' sign
And it's winter forever, whatever the weather
And these are my autumn years

This is the town where the girl got run down
Pale sun in the pine trees, her golden hair on the
ground
Her body crumpled and I was sick by the side of the
road
The sun goes down on the town where the sun never
rose
I'm waiting for December, I'm waiting for September
I'm waiting for the tide to come back in

Give me fifteen seconds and I'll show you around
Where I end is where I begin
There's nothing in between
Kicking a stone along Miranda Street
Stepping on cracks in the concrete
With a head full of loose change
And a pocket full of ideas
I could walk forever and never get out of here

This is the town where the girl got run down
And this is the town where the postman was drowned
And this is the town where that foundling was found
And the name round his neck was mine
How could it ever be so cold in summertime?
I'm too young to be so old in Summertown

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