

Lucksmiths, The

"Sunlight In A Jar"

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We've never been much chop at all that sensual stuff
One of us always seems to stop before the other's had
enough
Like a self-help manual that's been written in Braille
It seems the more that we touch, the more we learn
about our failings

I'm struck speechless by the nape of your neck
But your requests and suggestions have a similar
effect
A litany of prettiness and pettiness too
I reckon every second second we come up with
something new

I tried to write an opera for us
But I didn't get that far
'Cause trying to sum you up in song
Is like catching sunlight in a jar

Complex, completely credible love
The kind that is made not handed to you from above
Is difficult to talk about and harder to write
Like the rhythm of a pulse, or the contours of firelight

Overblown libretto and a sumptuous score
Could never contain the contradictions I adore
We can just be chaos and then something aligns
It's so hard to contain, maintain it or define it

I tried to write another chorus
But I didn't get that far
'Cause trying to sum you up in song
Is like catching sunlight in a jar
It's like catching sunlight in a jar

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