

Lucksmiths, The

"Tale Of Two Cities"

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You and I have got a postpak relationship
It's a tale of two cities
I don't know how many self addressed envelopes
Have passed between you and I and Melbourne and
Sydney

Two weeks 'till your train gets in
And it's another few minutes on the phone
And I'm glad that we don't share absolutely everything
And we've still got some secrets of our own

845 reasons the law of averages will have to bend
So far we've gone through all four seasons and
You're still my best friend
You're still my best friend

Another leaf in an envelope
Another few words on a page
Your thoughts about last week
And my thoughts about rage

We splurge on the time we spend
Your room with the lights off
The rain on the plexi-glass at five in the morning
You and I on red bluff standing on the fence

And I think to myself I can feel the day awning
845 reasons the law of averages will slowly bend
So far we've gone through all four seasons
And I'm left here with no time or reason
To look through the letters you sent

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