

Lucksmiths, The

"The Art Of Cooking For Two"

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One of us is packing things in boxes
The other two are trying to pretend
That the boy she loves is not all that obnoxious
We're hoping that she'll see sense in the end
But I've come to depend
On the strangeness of kind friends

Takes a good look and remembers
All the cookbooks that her friend has
And the dinner was always delicious
And it was all she could do just to do the dishes

She wrapped her coffee cups in newspaper
She took down all her paintings from the wall
Soon enough she said I'll see you later
And gave her half an hour before giving her a call
I don't blame her at all
Her bike's still in the hall

Takes a good look and remembers
All the cookbooks that her friend has
Lunch is always leftovers
The art of cooking for two
Is lost on me and you

We've eaten and eaten
Until it hurts
Given a whole new meaning
To just desserts
I've got my suspicions
But the pudding's where the proof is
And you know how sweet my tooth is

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