

Lucksmiths, The

"The Golden Age Of Aviation"

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For argument's sake let's pretend we could stop
arguing
Over which of us is wrong and why it isn't you
We're barely awake before your head's up in the clouds
again
There's nothing you like more than having nothing
much to do

Stood akimbo
Staring out the window at the sky

All afternoon you've been buried in a biography
Of an aviatrix lost at sea, never to be found
Holed up in your room, holding out for an apology
But gravity will get to you eventually

You'll come down from upstairs again
With all those model aeroplanes

And the novelty wore off
When the pilots still wore goggles
But your eyes look skywards
And your mind still boggles

I'm going grey but you look younger than a year ago
When you put your hair in pigtails and you put your
hand in mine
We'll be OK - I'm happy when you're here
But oh, your smile can seem as far away as once upon
a time

You can't help it
Hopelessly nostalgic

A passing interest in the past
But I think it's going to last a little longer
I'll hold on to your hand as tightly as I can
But modelling glue is stronger

The novelty wore off
When the pilots still wore goggles

But your eyes look skywards
And your mind still boggles
Through frequent flyers' disappointments and
disasters
The golden age of aviation never lost its lustre

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