

## **Lucksmiths, The**

# **"The Invention of Ordinary Everyday Things"**

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When my friend comes over  
We sit on the sofa  
And most of our clothes are other people's  
With hairstyles the same as  
The rich and the famous  
We're certainly no strangers  
To pins and needles

She's caught up completely  
In afternoon TV  
She smiles when she sees me  
A sheepish grin  
We might be dressed as  
The young and the restless  
But the one thing we're best at  
Is sleeping in

She's OK occasionally  
Not today, but wait and see

Now we're talking  
But look how we're yawning  
It's one in the morning  
And there's two on the couch  
A hand to hold or a comforting shoulder  
It's time that I told her I'm all talked out

She's telling me she's tired of relationships  
And I'm bending bits of wire into paperclips

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