

## Lucksmiths, The

### "The Music Next Door"

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A week went by, and then another  
And not a word from you  
I remember when a day would be unusual  
I saw the spring become the summer  
As the spring is wont to do  
And I began to find the boredom almost beautiful  
Oh, I must admit I welcomed it

As a month unfolded into a few  
I thought of you now and then  
I glimpsed you once but you were gone again  
When the autumn turned to winter  
As autumn ought to do  
I thought Oh! What if the sun never shone  
And then you sprang to mind unbidden  
When it didn't

It might have been the music from next door  
Reminded me I should have missed you more  
A song I've heard a hundred times before

A year went by, and yet another  
And not a word from you  
I remember when a day would be unusual  
But I bumped into your brother  
In the supermarket queue  
And he wondered if the feeling wasn't mutual  
Then, from in the wings, a neighbour sings

It might have been the music from next door  
Reminded me I should have missed you more

A song I've heard a hundred times before

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