

Lucksmiths, The

"The Opposite Of Coffee"

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She gets a haircut every June
On a kitchen chair
Last year it couldn't come too soon
Now she couldn't care
Her mind is otherwise occupied

She sits cross-legged on the floor
In an A-line skirt
But she'd make a beeline for the door
If it was up to her

When the autumn leaves
Then the winter settles in
And sometimes it seems
As though that overcoat's her second skin

She often speaks so softly
She sends me to sleep
She's the opposite of coffee
She's the last thing I need first thing in the morning

When the autumn leaves
Then the winter settles in
And sometimes it seems
As though that overcoat's her second skin

Everything she says ends softer than it starts
So few of her sentences end in exclamation marks
She starts talking, I start yawning
She's the last thing I need first thing in the morning

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