

Lucksmiths, The

"The Sandringham Line"

Visit "[The Sandringham Line](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

She's given it some thought
And it's giving her some grief
Could it be she's bored beyond belief?
By the time she says goodbye
She's looking somewhere else
Stifling a sigh and gritting teeth

At the open door she pauses
It's grey and wet and warm
Before the pending storm
Every now and then she misses horses
We're too young for regrets
This is the closest that she gets

So I sleep in with the cynics
While she pushes from her mind
The twenty-seven minutes of the Sandringham line
The suburbs sliding past
Stretching to the sea
Her fingers brush the glass unconsciously

At the open door she pauses
It's grey and wet and warm
Before the pending storm
Every now and then she misses horses
We're too young for regrets
Surely we're too young for regrets

I sat backwards on the train
And suddenly the city was further and further in front
of me

Visit [Lucksmiths, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.