

## **Lucksmiths, The**

### **"The Winter Proper"**

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It was dark when you got home  
And only getting darker  
The garden overgrown  
It was further than you thought  
From the driveway to the door  
You fumbled for the porchlight  
And somehow you were sure  
That there was something wrong

She's going, if not gone  
And nothing said would stop her  
Put something warmer on  
And await the winter proper

There was no need for a note  
It couldn't have been clearer  
The absent dufflecoat  
The clothes across the bed  
They spelled it out instead  
But you still don't understand it  
All those books you never read -  
Maybe this is what went on

She's going, if not gone  
And nothing said would stop her  
Put something warmer on  
And await the winter proper

At night the helicopters move above us  
Searchlights over roofs  
Of lovers hiding from home truths  
The covers starting to come loose  
In our modern bedrooms  
With our ancient problems

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