

Lucksmiths, The

"Train Robbers' Wives"

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Every second Saturday it's off to Wormwood Scrubs
To sit within six inches of the man she loves
The visit's twenty minutes
But it's a whole day on the bus
Presses her fingers to the glass
And waits for twenty years to pass

But Renee's remaining true
What else can she do?

Tried to take it on the chin
But god, it got her in the neck
She's recognised in public
And in private she's a wreck
Loves and marriages, loves and marriages
They can come apart like railway carriages
It's not a bit like Frank Sinatra says

Train robbers' wives
For the best part of their lives
For the worst part of their lives

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