

Lucksmiths, The

"Two Storeys"

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Downstairs it's dark most of the time
And it's a mess
The air is stale with the smell of wine
And cigarettes
She says she'll clean it up sometime
But she forgets
She paints her nails and draws the blinds
I draw a deeper breath

And downstairs she says
"I swear I'll cut off all my hair"

And every night's the night before
Alter a while
A breakfast bowl on the bathroom floor
A broken tile
Red-eyed she stumbles through the door
She doesn't smile
And neither do I

And this is where I live
But I know she's on her own
This is not my home

Upstairs it's a different story
Every day's like Sunday morning
And the sun begins to shine
There's a tree outside my window
Brilliant green and golden yellow
And that happiness is mine
I'm fine

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