

Lucksmiths, The

"Under The Rotunda"

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It's already Friday
And soon it'll be Friday night
And if you've got something planned
I suppose I'll understand
But give me half an hour
And I'll meet you in the gardens
I'll probably be waiting under the rotunda if it's raining
And somewhere near the see-saws if it's not

We can wander round the football ground
As the sun sets on the grandstand
If it gets a little cold there
We can hold hands in the goal square
It's getting dark and baby don't the shops shine bright
I've been here for hours
I can't see the florist for the flowers
And I can't see the point in hanging around

I know we've done all this before
But once more won't hurt
So let's do it once more
Bereft of ideas
We live here but we're sightseers

Somewhere over the railway line
There's a light on in your loungeroom
Do you remember when I found you fast asleep?
You were so slow to your feet
I didn't mean to yell
It's just that I'm a little jealous
'Cause you can do the Rubik's Cube and I can't

I relied on blind faith and dumb luck
But eventually the stickers came unstuck

I know we've done all this before
But once more won't hurt
So let's do it once more
Bereft of ideas
We live here but we're sightseers

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