

## **Lucksmiths, The**

### **"Weatherboard"**

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It was summer when she moved in  
And it was winter when she moved out again  
And the sky was usually blue  
And the single bed was big enough for two

It's funny the things that stay with you  
Her jewellery on the table and the smell of her perfume  
The candle wax on the carpet, singing in the  
supermarket  
And the wall paper in her bedroom

I'll never understand how it happened like this  
I drew an open hand and she drew a fist  
I drew an arrow and a heart, she drew a razor and a  
wrist  
She said 'I love you when it's sunny'  
But the sun refused to shine  
And I was crucified on the clothes line

She stole a magazine from the laundromat  
Did it weigh upon her conscience as it lay upon her lap  
The body is willing but the mind is weak  
The champagne is chilling and the wine is cheap  
The milk was always spilling and we cried ourselves to  
sleep  
It was summer when she moved in  
And it was winter when she moved house again

The boxes on the floor  
And the note that she pinned to my door  
This house is made of sticks  
This house is made of straw  
This house is made of bricks  
This house is made of weatherboard

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