

# A Bit Like You

(Richard Lamplough)

Hey there black and white; it's been twelve years so thought I'd write.  
I often think of you at night when I'm alone but never quite without you.

From my music seat I see a sign saying Crealock Street,  
Some houses and some tops of trees,  
A perfect sunrise in the east to light that photo by the door,  
The one from 1924, your dad took that I just adore,  
A bit like you.

And so, what's new? This same old grey machine.  
It starts, I steer, I keep the paintwork clean.  
I feel right now the engine's almost blown,  
It just works enough I think to get me home.

Hey there silver frame,  
In twelve years nothing much has changed.  
My hopes and dreams are just the same,  
If just a little rearranged.

My letter's on its way,  
I guess you'll get it any day.  
It says the things I want to say,  
I think I know that you're okay in your world.

As for me, I'm well; I'm not sure I can ever tell.  
Keep losing love's own magic spell,  
Keep making records that don't sell.  
And guess what?  
This one's nearly done.  
And who knows, maybe it's the one.  
It's been my little piece of sun,  
A bit like you.

