

Beautiful South, Final Spark

Beautiful South
Miscellaneous
Final Spark

Well the dice that I roll never seems to land on six
And that 48 card pack is short of some of my old tricks
The horse I bet on all those years ago
Is probably still running round the track
Like the marriage that I gambled on
I'm due my money back, I'm due my money back

We could've learned, we could've burned from the firework love ignites
But that sparkler of romance proved impossible to light
If your country code or your green cross code
It can leave a lasting mark
History books have showed follow safety code
And stamp out your final spark

Well the husband that I married once
I should've kept him in a cage
Kept him sitting waiting there
To show the tortoise middle-age
Cause you never back an animal that struggles on two legs
I'd rather back a stray with three than one that sits up and just begs
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Kids grow up, parents down, husbands turn to tragic bore
Receipts and life insurance all very well, but don't fully cover hate
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