

Beautiful South, Just Checkin'

Beautiful South
Miscellaneous
Just Checkin'

I came in here just to see his guilty face
I'm just checkin'
He's been dead twenty years but I sort of miss the chase
I'm just ckeckin'
I've seen folk just like her pop their noses round the door
They're just checkin'
If this is where their husband was between one and four
They're just checkin'

Nothing hits so definite, hits so hard
When he's moved from Old White Hart
And he's doing the Old Graveyard
We're running a check on the love we had taken away
We're running a check, that death wasn't fortnight astray
Nothing hits so definite, hits so hard
When he's moved from Old White Hart
And he's doing the Old Graveyard

(I've seen folk just like her)
The mask of sobriety for afternoons he'd save
I'm just checkin'
If he could fool me regularly he'd certainly fool his grave
I'm just checkin'
I've seen those widows pray for the hunt that was taken away
They're just checkin'
They pretend they've just popped by like they popped by yesterday
They're just checkin'

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I came round here in case he left a slate
No one settles up round here like the widowed or the late
We've seen folk like you settle bills of family feuds
But no one's bought a drink for those that death excludes
We're just thinkin', we're just checkin'
We're just thinkin', we're just thinkin'
We're just sinkin'