

Beautiful South, Let Love Speak Up Itself

Beautiful South

Carry On Up The Charts: The Best Of The Beautiful

Let Love Speak Up Itself

Don't whisper love and dream of wedding bells

Don't do all the talking, let love speak up itself

Let love speak up itself

So wehn you feel a little tatty and unhappy with your face

Let it breathe into us and put you back in place

Let it breathe, let it breathe

>From the day it came into us till the day it wants to leave

For it will, it will go

And it will not say goodbye just likte it didn't say hello

There will not be a send-off, a funeral or mass

Just a pathetic little vodka from a dirty little glass

'To the world's greatest mum

>From the oldest swinger in town'

Let love speak up itself

Let love speak up itself

Let it rise up in the morning and take us for that walk

Let it do the talking when we're too tired to talk

When we're too tired to talk

And when you feel unhappy that I'm not the one I was

Let love rot inside and let love palm you off

Let it rot, let it rot

Lite it take your feelings and tie them in a knot

In a knot, in a knot

Let it take your feelings and tie them in a knot

Hang them from a cleaver and say 'Look what we've got

A man and a woman and guess what they forgot'

'To the world's greatest mum

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Let love speak up itself