Beautiful South, The, Let Love Speak Up Itself

Beautiful South, The
Best Of-carry On Up The Charts
Let Love Speak Up Itself
(heaton/rotheray)
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 when 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 like 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 Let 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 From the oldest swinger in town'

Let love speak up itself