

Beautiful South, Woman In The Wall

Beautiful South

Welcome To The Beautiful South

Woman In The Wall

He was just a social drinker but social every night

He enjoyed a pint or two or three or four

She was just a silent thinker, silent every night

He'd enjoy the thought of killing her before

Well he was very rarely drunk but very rarely sober

And he didn't think the problem was his drink

But he only knew his problem when he knocked her over

And when the rotting flesh began to stink

Cry freedom for the woman in the wall

Cry freedom for she has no voice at all

I hear her cry all day, all night

I hear her voice from deep within the wall

Made a cross from knitting needles

Made a grave from hoover bags

Especially for the woman in the wall

She'd knitted him a jumper with dominoes on

So he wore it everyday in every week

Pretended to himself that she hadn't really gone

Pretended that he thought he heard her speak

Then at last it seemed that he was really winning

He felt that he had some sort of grip

But all of his new life was sent a-spinning

When the rotting wall began to drip