

The Beautiful South, Build

Clambering men in big bad boots
Dug up my den, dug up my roots
Treated us like plasticine town
They built us up and knocked us down
From Meccano to Legoland
Here they come with a brick in their hand
Men with heads filled up with sand
It's build

It's build a house where we can stay
Add a new bit everyday
It's build a road for us to cross
Build us lots and lots and lots and lots and lots

Whistling men in yellow vans
They can and drew us diagrams
Showed us how it all worked it out
And wrote it down in case of doubt

Slow, slow, quick, quick, quick
It's wall to wall and brick to brick
They work so fast it makes you sick
It's build

It's build a house where we can stay
Add a new bit everyday
It's build a road for us to cross
Build us lots and lots and lots and lots and lots

It's build

Down with sticks and up with bricks
In with boots and up with roots
It's in with suits and new recruits
It's build