

The Beautiful South, Half-Hearted Get (Is Second Best)

I've only got one real fan
She is not woman, she is not man
She's got her own coat of arms and her tartan and her own clan
Her clan surpasses beauty
always love and never duty
A beauty that feels so alien to this land

These feelings should be censored they should be banned
But when you put a porn-star in these hands
I'm the 6 month old with the keys to his own pram
You got this straight to play the fool
Miss out nursery, miss out school
And gave the bullet train option to this old abandoned tram

How do you make so special look like dross
How do you make expensive look budget cost
If it's power to the workers then you are the boss
You make bluebells look like moss
Gave a second coat to gloss
And made Lennon's little Ono look like dross
If prostitution was not illegal
you'd make cheap sex look so regal
Make the hottest little joint in town look like frost

The famous they get stalkers, they get pests
But I'd rather get a bullet right through my chest
All that Lennon could imagine
was not you, was just a fraction
and all half-hearted get is second best