

The Beautiful South, Hot On The Heels Of Heartbreak

If you could pull yourself away from that mess
Surely if you could pack a punch then you can pack a dress
'Cause hot on the trail of self pity is wilderness
Like hot on the heels of heartbreak is happiness

It's an upward struggle just to be yourself (To be yourself)
And if I climb too far I'll end up on the shelf
When sorry's have been said and tears, tears have dried
I'm still the easy route to easy ride

If you could just have a good word with yourself
Convince yourself you're you and no-one else
Restore your confidence and your pride
A soldier don't need no-one by their side

It seems as though there's only me to blame (Me To Blame)
Pushover, must be my middle name
Just because he flushed love down the drain
Doesn't mean your little heart can't be reclaimed

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And I know that what I've chosen's second best
And if the passport was there then I'd say yes
But departure leaves a fully feathered nest
This easy bird is easily impressed
This easy bird is easily impressed

Your little wings broken, nest destroyed
The love that he talked of, null and void
If you knew you were a plaything with which they toyed
Your little heart would now be the employed

Next time I choose to love I'll take good aim
Miss out on his sweet talk and his blame
Then when I miss the target you can't complain
It's only the sure-shot actually feels the pain
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