

The Beautiful South, Let Go With The Flow

The superfly guy that you're courting now
Used to be a super-swot
And the clothes he thinks look retro
Are more 'Land That Time Forgot'
And if he knows where he was standing
When J.F.K was shot
Chances are though time's passed him by
He's still standing within yards of that spot

So if your hangover feels like the dart board
Whilst the Christians hit bulls-eye
And paranoia that self-employer
Is following in heavy disguise

Off goes intelligence to join high tide
To drift with all the things we let go
Only tidal wave could possibly save
All we let go with the flow
Let go with the flow
Books we may have written, we don't know
Let go with the flow
Some enchanted city we wont go

He who used to float like a butterfly once
Is floating like a glorious moth
And the flygirls you hung around with then
Are lucky if they even take off
Dresses and skirts you thought were in
Everyone a dust-rag or dishcloth
Like every flat beer that they serve around here
We all start life as fabulous froth

So why do you work yourself that hard
When you don't even like the job?
Why do you hate the small-time thief
When it's your own time you'll always rob?

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