

The Beautiful South, Let Love Speak Up Itself

(Heaton/Rotheray)

Don't whisper love and dream of wedding bells
Don't do all the talking, let love speak up itself
Let love speak up itself

So when you feel a little tatty and unhappy with your face
Let it breathe into us and put you back in place
Let it breathe, let it breathe
From the day it came into us till the day it wants to leave
For it will, it will go
And it will not say goodbye just like it didn't say hello
There will not be a send-off, a funeral or mass
Just a pathetic little vodka from a dirty little glass
'To the world's greatest mum
From the oldest swinger in town'

Let love speak up itself
Let love speak up itself
Let it rise up in the morning and take us for that walk
Let it do the talking when we're too tired to talk
When we're too tired to talk

And when you feel unhappy that I'm not the one I was
Let love rot inside and let love palm you off
Let it rot, let it rot
Let it take your feelings and tie them in a knot
In a knot, in a knot
Let it take your feelings and tie them in a knot
Hang them from a cleaver and say 'Look what we've got
A man and a woman and guess what they forgot'
'To the world's greatest mum
From the oldest swinger in town'

Let love speak up itself