

The Beautiful South, Pockets

(Heaton/Rotheray)

Here comes Pockets
His trousers hold a thousand deadly sins
The maddest things we ever found in bins
He clutches them and looks at you and grins

Here comes Pockets
The children wary of what they may contain
The linen may have changed, the contents same
A trouser-treasure island with no name

And socially at the platform that the timetable forgot
Picking up used tickets in a station of have-nots
When you're on that train of thought
You pass some pretty funky stops
When you're on that train of thought
You pass some pretty funky stops
That's the Pocket, let him be
That's the Pocket, let him be

Here comes Pockets
Picking up the things we cannot see
A bicycle, a dame, a Christmas tree
Things of no value to you or me

Here comes Pockets
Reduced through history to just a crawl
History turns the tall into the small
But natural born trawlers love to trawl

And the guitar of his dreams hangs upon some wall
Or laying underneath the staircase in a hall
We can carry dreams but we can't hold them all
That's why we learn the Blues before we actually fall
That's the Pocket, let him be
That's the Pocket, let him be

And he's clinging on to hope
Like the oak tree to the gale
'Cause finding one love letter in a sky high jumble sale
Is one single reason, why the Pocket will not fail