

The Beautiful South, Size

Do not think of me alive do not think of me as dead
Get that thought right out of your head
Fifty times you told me so to satisfy
I must grow but all you did was pull or blow

If size isn't everything and I'm half his size
How come it's him who gets to keep the prize
But you fuck long and you fuck slow
But you fuck like a walrus smoking blow
I'm too ashamed to scream your name
Well I don't feel hard and I don't feel lame
Never proud and never ashamed
But this bed's too big for the both of us

If size isn't everything well I'll slap my thighs
But there won't be parting and there won't be cries
If size isn't everything then try this size
Turn off the lights and bring a torch

Oh my heart's in the right place
My heart's in the right place
My heart's in the right place
My heart's in the right place
And my heart's twice the size of his arse

So if size isn't everything then try this size
Turn off the lights and bring a torch
And if size isn't everything and I'm half his size
How come it's him who gets to keep the prize
How come it's him who gets to keep the prize

How come it's him who gets to keep the prize