

The Beautiful South, The Next Verse

There was a pool table there at the wedding
That most of the men stood and played
Whilst the women danced in their melancholy
Till the last record started to fade
And as D.J. turned the lights up
And packed his records away
He noticed a lonely figure still there
So quietly turned to say

Tears you thought lasted a lifetime
Won't last too much more than a day
And you'll prove that you still have your strength left
When you wipe those tears well away, well away

Roses in garden bring joy to the bleak
Lilies save wretched from worse
Music lifts up those too weary to speak
So, sister you sing the next verse

The path in life that you have taken
I can figure out just from your frown
Either it's down the up escalator
Or maybe sometimes up the down
And you may not feel that you have travelled
But sure as hell been across town
And certainly if story unravelled
You've lost more than you ever found

One thing's for certain I've travelled
And a not too dissimilar route
Those ups and downs and rounds after rounds
You're wearing them just like a suit, like a suit

So if roses bring joy to the bleak
Lilies save wretched from worse
Music lifts up those too weary to speak
Then D.J. I'll take the next verse

So sister judge strength not by muscle
Or weight that your body can lift
But by heavyweight heart that you carry
That no other young woman could shift
Hey Mr D.J. a special request
Play that last record for me
And make it as long and as painfully sad
As any slow ballad could be