

The Beautiful South, The Rose Of My Cologne

Daddy was the local drunk
Mommy was the loosest girl in town
Brother just some two-bit punk
Rode his Harley D into the ground

Distant friends and relatives
Each of them a problem they would share
From the in-laws to the out-laws
Quietly she would soak up their despair

She was one of life's lil' angels
A job that don't pay well
Guiding those to heaven
That should've gone to hell
Was it really worth it?
Only time && death may ever tell

She was the brick
At the base
Of the house
A true foundation stone
She was the colour
And the sound
And the taste
And the rose of my cologne

Cousin Bobby killed a man
Packed his bags and left with Lisa-Jane
Sister was an also-ran
Ran and never showed her face again
Those daughters, sons and uncles
All of them with problems of their own
Professors, priests, policemen
All would use the rose of my cologne

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Finally she decided
Less than half an hour it took to pack
Climbed upon her motorbike
Didn't wave goodbye or once look back

Separations, pregnancies
Alcohol abusers, lovers tiff
Murderers, philanderers
Took them all and drove them off a cliff