

# The Beautiful South, The Sound Of North America

Ginger Elvis Presley looked a fraction sad  
Roaming the whole town from bin to bin  
Well living on the streets wasn't all that bad  
Where no-one seemed to know that he was King

The sound of New York City  
isn't police sirens wailing  
It's the sound of Wall Street tills  
whilst everyone else is failing

Sometimes you feel expensive  
sometimes you feels so cheap  
You can roam the streets a King  
whilst everyone's asleep  
You can mime to any record  
with a hairbrush or a spoon  
But God help the singer out of tune

A crippled Mohammad Ali  
looked at bad luck in the mirror  
Bad luck looked back at him and sighed  
He looked a good foot smaller  
and a couple of stone thinner  
And if anyone came toward him  
he would hide

The sound of North America  
isn't Christians quietly praying  
It's the sound of shuffling feet  
that don't know where they're staying

Sometimes you feel expensive  
sometimes you feels so cheap  
You can roam the streets a King  
whilst everyone's asleep  
You can fight with anybody  
with a glimmer of a chance  
But God help the boxer with no hands

A homeless Greta Garbo  
moves across the street  
The moonlight shining clearly  
through her skirt  
A real life living legend  
that no-one wants to meet  
And that's when being Garbo  
really hurts

The lyrics of "New York"  
may have Frank Sinatra singing  
But the rhythm and the melody  
were dead black men swinging

Sometimes you feel expensive  
sometimes you feels so cheap  
You can roam the streets a Queen  
whilst everyone's asleep  
You can act with anybody  
from the cradle to the crypt  
But God help the actress  
who doesn't know the script