

The Beautiful South, You Can Call Me Leisure

You look a younger more beautiful version of death
But I'm scared to hold you close or smell your breath
Now your body's facing east your heart is west
And you can call me leisure and I can call you rest

We can't stop thinking that we should've guessed
We should've held you closer to our chest
'Cos our shoulders were put there for that test
Now you can call me leisure and I can call you rest

Well you certainly jumped the red at treasure chest
Your joyride didn't feel bad enough to confess
Till you placed the lemming on this family crest
And you can call me leisure, the donor of poor measure
The scalpel of all pleasure, I'll call you rest

It's what we thought God gave us shoulders for
Not to shrug in self pity or to ignore
Instead the helpless ration chances to the poor
We pick your weightless body up from the floor
We pick your weightless body up from the floor

All the minutes, and the hours that you caressed
Have been taken to a place that you thought best
If it's heaven or it's hell you're still well blessed
And I shall get my own back when I can call you rest

Well you certainly jumped the red at treasure chest
Your joyride didn't feel bad enough to confess
Till you placed the lemming on this family crest
And you can call me leisure, the donor of poor measure
The scalpel of all pleasure, I'll call you rest

It's what we thought God gave us shoulders for
Not to shrug in self pity or to ignore
Instead the helpless ration chances to the poor
We pick your weightless body up from the floor
We pick your weightless body up from the floor

Up from the floor, up from the floor, up from the floor