

Beautiful South, From Under The Covers

Beautiful South

Welcome To The Beautiful South

From Under The Covers

It's 6.00am and even Big Ben

Is trying to get his head down for a kip

But no sooner is it down

And then it's on with dressing gown

For this city very rarely loses grip

But I have a friend who's never up by 10.00

He's fast asleep with mouth open wide

He's lost a lot of jobs, but he's won a lot of friends

And he says to me, he cannot tell the time

It's 7.00am and we're coughing up the phlegm

Spitting out the taste of night before

And we'll vomit and we'll choke

Just to climb their tatty rope

Well this city has its charm, and its claw

And he'll blame his clock

Or he'll say he's lost his socks

And they'll tell you that he's been bitten by a snake

His excuses are an art

>From the bottom of his heart

And he thinks of them whenever he awakes

It's 8.00am we're on the road again

Racing for a placing at the top

And it says green for go

For the people in the know

But for the others all it says is red for stop

It's cold and its damp

And they've dug him a grave

And the 10.15 merchants still in bed

And scrawled upon the headboard

For the whole wide world to see

"Died In The Arms Of Big Ted"