

Beautiful South, Oh Blackpool

Beautiful South

Welcome To The Beautiful South

Oh Blackpool

I wasn't sure if it was Marx or Hitler that was in this year
I hadn't been to Brighton for a while so it wasn't too clear
So imagine my surprise when I opened my eyes
To find it was the Liberals who were hip to sloganeer

I'm out tonight and can't decide between Soviet hip or British pride

So help me out, so help me out
Backpool help me out, Scarborough pull me through
So help me out

They wore enamel badges of David Steel on their sleeves
And nuclear power no thanks, not sure and yes please
And their faces were two fold and their teeth they were gold
And they wore their pinstripe suits with a rip at the knee