

Beautiful South, The, just a few thigs that i aint

Beautiful South, The
gaze

just a few thigs that i aint
when you called me a useless druggie
at least you got half of it right
when you caled me a hopeless alcoholic
im only hopeless after 9 at night
when you said i came stagering home blind drunk
if i didnt you'd get terrible fright
and if this is the land of hope and glory
then wheres the land of hope but not quite

i've been scruffbag dirtbag always someones bin bag
but never been bono or sting
however i dressed i never realy impressed
so they never got to hear a damn thing
ive bin badman,sadman,certified mad
but never 007 or saint
trend setter,go-getter,international jet setter
are just a few things that i aint

the time you told class i was a half-wit
was my very first 50%
previous best in any other test
was either stolen,copied or lent
when you branded me and every single one of my mates
a waste of time and effort to teach
why d'you give us sums if our only hope was bums
on someone elses deckchair or beach

i've been smart-arse,mardy-arse,on and of lardarse
but never been a ledgend or god
new thing,done thing,even last years thing
headbang?-not even a nod
i've been left-wing,secure wing,lost sripes,gained wings
but never caused a lady to faint
widy-boy,ladyboy,read it in the paper boy
a few things they said that i aint

when popularity soared,hometown and
abroad
i spent most of it trying to breathe in
always ill at ease,to willing to please
and in fear of lifes bargain bin
when you come from a background of bargain bins
youre bound to fear it ends where it begins
so when nation adored we felt more of a fraud
and too phoney to celebrate wins

(chorus)