

Beautiful South, The, Rotterdam

Beautiful South, The
Blue Is The Colour
Rotterdam
(heaton/rotheray)
And the women tug their hair
Like they're trying to prove it won't fall out
And all the men are gargoyles
Dipped long in irish stout

The whole place is pickled
The people are pickles for sure
And no-one knows if they've done more here
Than they ever would do in a jar

This could be rotterdam or anywhere
Liverpool or rome
'cause rotterdam is anywhere
Anywhere alone
Anywhere alone

And everyone is blonde
And everyone is beautiful
And when blondes and beautiful are multiple
They become so dull and dutiful

And when faced with dull and dutiful
They fire red warning flares
Battle-khaki personality
With red underwear

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