

Beautiful South, The Sound Of North America

Beautiful South
Blue Is The Color
The Sound Of North America
Ginger Elvis Presley looked a fraction sad
Roaming the whole town from bin to bin
Well living on the streets wasn't all that bad
Where no-one seemed to know that he was King

The sound of New York City isn't police sirens wailing
It's the sound of Wall Street tills whilst everyone is failing

Sometimes you feel expensive sometimes you feels so cheap
You can roam the streets a King whilst everyone's asleep
You can mime to any record with a hairbrush or a spoon
But God help the singer out of tune

A crippled Mohammad Ali looked at bad luck in the mirror
Bad luck looked back at him and sighed
He looked a good foot smaller and a couple of stone thinner
And if anyone came toward him he would hide

The sound of North America isn't Christians quietly praying
It's the sound of shuffling feet that don't know where they're going

Sometimes you feel expensive sometimes you feels so cheap
You can roam the streets a King whilst everyone's asleep
You can fight with anybody with a glimmer of a chance
But God help the boxer with no hands

A homeless Greta Garbo moves across the street
The moonlight shining clearly through her skirt
A real life living legend that no-one wants to meet
And that's when being Garbo really hurt

The lyrics of "New York" may have Frank Sinatra singing
But the rhythm and the melody were dead black men swinging

Sometimes you feel expensive sometimes you feels so cheap
You can roam the streets a Queen whilst everyone's asleep
You can act with anybody from the cradle to the crypt
But God help the actress who doesn't know the script