Beautiful South, The, The Sound Of North Americ

Beautiful South, The
Blue Is The Colour
The Sound Of North America
(heaton/rotheray)
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 hurts

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