

The Beautiful South, A Minute's Silence

With a minute's silence for the dead
And a minute's silence for the long-lost lovers
No one's really in the mood for beer

With a minute's silence for the child
And a minute's silence for the grieving mothers
There's not much talking going down here

With a minute's silence for the girl
With a minute's silence for the younger brother
Things have never been so clear

With a minute's silence for your friend
With a minute's silence for your long-lost folk
A minute's silence lasts a year

A minute's silence seems a year

And the park is filled with pain
For this age has laid its claim
And the street's about to cry
Cos it longs for passers-by
It longs for passers-by