

# The Beautiful South, Alone

(Heaton/Rotheray)

Like the contents of your handbag  
You don't know why it's there  
People ask you where you're heading  
You just answer "anywhere";

We don't mean to be this vague  
It just happens that we are  
No-one asked us to elaborate  
We just shrug our shoulders and be

And like the stories that just happened  
No-one thought of, no-one planned  
We could have ruled, we could have conquered  
Then we could have been a man

We could be ex-husband  
We could be ex-wife  
But no-one looks at the menu in a greasy spoon life

Alone, alone  
Half an hour is seven hours  
One day is several months  
Alone, alone  
A month is a calendar  
A year can be a decade spent  
Alone

He knows "hello" in eighteen languages  
&"I love you" in only one  
By the time he's got his phrase-book  
The chance is usually gone

And we feel ourselves quite prepared  
But quite prepared for what  
We always took the lead  
Before we actually knew the plot

And you can tell where we've been shopping  
By the bags beneath our eyes  
Make-up shoulders burden  
But the smile never lies

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We could be ex-wife  
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So empty at the airport  
You don't set off the doors  
We used to feel like chorus girls  
And now we feel like whores

Hearts built like reservoirs  
Words built like dams  
Thoughts built like juggernauts  
Our actions built like prams

And when the wind blows into our face  
We should be warmer and not colder  
Well, what price the charges  
On this cargo that we shoulder

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And we only smoke when bored  
So we do two packs a day  
And we've lost the difference  
Between bored and lonely anyway