

# The Beautiful South, Frank And Delores

(M. G. Greaves)

Frank loved the blue  
Big open skies  
Played an old concertina  
Singing loola lullabies  
Frank loved an angel  
With black Spanish eyes  
And a smile to remind him of heaven

Frank's been missing since Delores telephoned  
Scared of his shadow he's bleached to the bone  
Washed in the tears for a love that lays dying  
Wings have a habit of flying

Singer and waitress he worked in saloons  
Between big red sunsets big yellow moons  
Tears in his eyes stones in his shoes  
Howling Wolf in his blues

Frank's been missing since Delores telephoned  
Scared of his shadow he's bleached to the bone  
Washed in the tears for a love that lays dying  
Wings have a habit of flying

Oooh tears in his eyes stones in his shoes  
Howling Wolf in his blues