

# The Beautiful South, Good As Gold (Stupid As Mud)

Don't know what I'm doing here  
I'll carry on regardless  
Got enough money for one more beer  
I'll carry on regardless

Good as gold, but stupid as mud  
He'll carry on regardless  
They'll bleed his heart 'til there's no more blood  
But carry on regardless

Carry on with laugh  
Carry on with cry  
Carry on with brown under moonlit sky

I want my love, my joy, my laugh, my smile, my needs  
Not in the star signs  
Or the palm that she reads  
I want my sun-drenched, wind-swept Ingrid Bergman kiss  
Not in the next life  
I want it in this  
I want it in this

Got one note to last all week  
I'll carry on regardless  
The hill to happiness is far too steep  
I'll carry on regardless

Dried his mouth in the Memphis sun  
He carried on regardless  
Tried to smile and he bit his tongue  
But carry on regardless

Carry on with work  
Carry on with love  
Carry on with cheering  
Anything above

I want my love, my joy, my laugh, my smile, my needs  
Not in the star signs  
Or the palm that she reads  
I want my sun-drenched, wind-swept Ingrid Bergman kiss  
Not in the next life  
I'll have it in this  
I'll have it in this

I don't want silver, I just want gold  
Carry on regardless  
Bronze is for the sick and the old  
But carry on regardless

I want my love, my joy, my laugh, my smile, my needs  
Not in the star signs  
Or the palm that she reads  
I want my sun-drenched, wind-swept Ingrid Bergman kiss  
Not in the next life  
I'll have it in this  
I'll have it in this