

# The Beautiful South, Happy Hour

It's happy hour again  
I think I might be happy if I wasn't out with them  
And they're happy it's a lovely place to be  
Happy that the fire is real the barman is a she  
Where the haircuts smile  
And the meaning of style  
Is a night out with the bass  
Where you win or you lose  
And it's them who choose  
And if you don't win then you've lost

What a good place to be  
Don't believe it  
'Cause they speak a different language  
And it's never really happened to me  
{It's happy hour again}  
Don't believe it  
'Cause they speak a different language  
And it's never really happened to me  
{It's happy hour again}

It's another night out with the boss  
Following in footsteps overgrown with moss  
And they tell me that women grow on trees  
And if you catch them right they will land upon their knees

Where they open all their wallets  
And they close all their minds  
And they love to buy you all a drink  
And then we ask all the questions  
And you take all your clothes off  
And go back to the kitchen sink