

The Beautiful South, Have You Ever Been Away

(Heaton/Rotheray)

Your 'fight them on the beaches' speeches make me despair
'Cause if there's one thing we can guarantee is you will not be there
Tidying your room, making up your bed
And if your diary's full that week you'll send us lot instead

Send us lot instead, put a poppy by my lovers bed
We believe you when you say you've hurt your back

Have you ever been away
Where were you when we took Calais?
You don't know, you don't care
You're just glad that you wasn't there
Have you ever been away

I'm afraid your Rule Britannia mania doesn't ring so true
If I was captain of the waves I'd turn the gun on you
Any last requests before you join dead?
I'll crap into your Union Jack and wrap it round your head

Wrap it round your head, take a look at all the blood we've shed
We'll believe you when you say it was worth it

Liberate the streets of Europe, give our kids a chance
Give them Beaujolais by tap and cheap day trips to France
But you have never seen or smelt this ungodly death
It's like the stench of roasted lamb upon your father's breath