

The Beautiful South, I'm Your No. 1 Fan

(Heaton/Rotheray)

I was handed down the looks of a man with a broken nose
That's the way our family was I suppose
But at least you gave me deeply profound
As we lay and chatted late upon the cricket ground

You didn't have to love me
Where others got rid
You didn't have to treat me like a very good friend
But I'm glad that you did

One thing I never said to you
And one thing I never can
Amongst the false applause and the deafening cheers
I'm your No. 1 fan
I'm your No. 1 fan

I'm the richly blessed daughter of a mother with tattooed arms
That's the way my family life, life was charmed
But at least it gave me mental grace
And a thought at the pit of my mind and a smile on my face

You didn't have to listen
To a word that I'd said
You didn't have to tell me all those silly old jokes
For every tear that I shed
Every tear that I shed

Cos one thing I never said to you
And one thing I never can
Amongst the false applause and the deafening cheers
I'm your No. 1 fan
I'm your No. 1 fan

I was handed down a bike with a crooked old wheel
But I rode it on a million lanes the way that you made me feel
But at least we thought about it so long and hard
As we sat upon our mother in the graveyard

And you don't have to listen
To a word in this song
Your picture hangs the same and in the same old place
Even though that you've gone
Even though that you've gone

Cos one thing I never said to you
And one thing I never can
Amongst the false applause and the deafening cheers
I'm your No. 1 fan
I'm your No. 1 fan
Yes I am
I'm your No. 1 fan