

# The Beautiful South, One Man's Rubbish

He picks up the pieces  
Of long gone days  
Of old fashioned people  
And old fashioned ways  
He picks up the pieces  
Where nothing remains  
And puts them away  
'Til they're wanted again

One for the memory  
One for the road  
One man's rubbish  
Is another man's gold

He likes Hank Snow  
And Roy Orbison tunes  
He drinks whisky all night  
And he howls at the moon  
He sits by the Humber  
When days abate  
And thinks about the things  
That the world throws away

One for the memory  
One for the road  
One man's rubbish  
Is another man's gold

I'm thinking of a girl  
And the old river cries  
As she's standing on the bridge  
Of a barge going by  
I swear she waved at me  
Big ol' tears in her eyes  
And they're taking the coal to Newcastle

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One for the road  
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