

# The Beautiful South, Rotterdam

(Heaton/Rotheray)

And the women tug their hair  
Like they're trying to prove it won't fall out  
And all the men are gargoyles  
Dipped long in Irish stout

The whole place is pickled  
The people are pickles for sure  
And no-one knows if they've done more here  
Than they ever would do in a jar

This could be Rotterdam or anywhere  
Liverpool or Rome  
'Cause Rotterdam is anywhere  
Anywhere alone  
Anywhere alone

And everyone is blonde  
And everyone is beautiful  
and when blondes and beautiful are multiple  
they become so dull and dutiful

And when faced with dull and dutiful  
They fire red warning flares  
Battle-Khaki personality  
With red underwear

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