

# The Beautiful South, Space

If there's space out there enough for the moon  
Surely your little heart can make some room  
If there's room in the hemisphere for so many stars  
There's surely a satellite we can name ours

They're building brand new centres, brand new bars  
Shoving lonely people into boots of cars  
If you want to share the failure or you want to share the flop  
We'll both go in the boot right off the top

And if there's ever time in life for genuine mistake  
Surely then you got the means to make it  
And if you'd like one final slip before you get it right  
This moon's asleep, you got the means to wake it

So left alone we're just simple bricks  
No more than the stone that the child kicks  
But as soon as we're together we are wall  
And the stone the child kicks is bouncing ball

They're building brand new motorways, brand new roads  
But when travelling on your own that road is closed  
I'll be your co-driver and together we'll be tank  
And watch as no through road sign slowly sank

And they're building brand new hospitals  
Building brand new wards  
Insure your heart with everything you can afford  
No need going private  
I will save my bed for you  
As I quietly wait my turn in public queue