

# The Beautiful South, Spit It All Out

I meant every word I said  
But only said half the words I meant  
There's a load more where they came from  
I suppose will get left unspent  
Like conversation started  
but don't know which way it went  
Lips don't miss the wish for a kiss,  
And time doesn't care how its spent

And the only way a white lie shows  
Is the length of the gap between truths  
Imprison any feeling usually displayed  
And they wave white sheets from roofs

Pushchair to pensioner no-one said it right  
So it was simplified to one great fib  
Anyone else who couldn't put it into words  
Just got their lips round good sex or a cig  
So if you finally spit it all out  
Make sure you're wearing a bib

And I suspect those described as driven  
Are usually driven by their mum or their dad  
And motivation something you work on  
If you cant spell properly or add  
And if self-belief is something you started  
Its probably in a book I once had  
Self-belief the first target of thief  
The last thing on the mind of the mad

And when it comes to your final speech  
And as usual the cats got your tongue  
Be glad we're living in a world struck dumb  
Where the fat lady hasn't yet sung

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From where I'm sat, the lady's not fat  
She's skinny with just the one lung  
And the send-off planned the thirty-piece band  
Have been sacked and probably hung

And anyone here who's a 'not sure'  
Got here but how they forgot  
And anyone dared ask a 'what for?'  
Will get what for on the spot  
So if you finally spit it all out  
Make sure you're out of your cot