

# The Beautiful South, The Rocking Chair

(Heaton/Rotheray)

Here I walk, here I walk  
Looking for an angel's wings in the den of the hawk

Here I am, here I am  
With a choice between an also ran and a sunbed tan

And you thought you'd found your own little look  
How I misjudged, how I mistook  
And you thought you'd found the style of your hair  
I guess tonight I'll take, I'll take these troubles to  
the rocking chair

So I'll take these high-heeled shoes  
And yes I'll take these traditional views  
I'll take this deep despair  
Of a 30 year old square, to the rocking chair

Here I sit, here I sit  
Looking for a warming smile in a house of cold wit  
Here I stand, here I stand  
Torn between the balding drunk and no man's land

And they'll tell you when you've reached your peak  
Where the wolf-whistle rung there's a deafening shriek  
Blowing kisses into thin air  
I guess tonight I'll take, I'll take these troubles to  
The rocking chair

So I'll take this awkward stance  
And I'll take this sexless dance  
I'll take this deep despair of a 30 year old square  
To the rocking chair

Am I skinny? A shade too fat?  
Mmmm...My friend the cat knows all about that  
Am I happy?  
(here I sit, here I sit)  
Just a little sad  
(looking for a warming smile in a house of cold wit)  
Mmmm...My friend the cat knows all about that  
Am I skinny?  
(Here I walk, here I walk)  
A shade too fat?  
(Looking for an angel's wings in the den of the hawk)  
My friend the cat knows all about that