

The Beautiful South, Window Shopping For Blinds

(Heaton/Rotheray)

One day I'm loaded, next day I'm broke
Spent all my money on whisky and coke
Riding high 'till the rock hit the spoke
It's like window shopping for blinds

Spent all my money on a sunbed tan
Spoke the best that a young girl can
Ended up with a blind drunk man
It's like window shopping for blinds

It's like the heartbreak hotel,
with the heartbreak but nowhere to stay
The doors are shut on us,
the neon light fading to grey

They say I drink too much, to me, well that's just profound
How do you know you can't swim, until you have drowned?

Well there's always a drop in the bottle lady
Always a sip of the wine
The glass doesn't seem quite so empty
When window shopping for blinds

It's like gatecrashing a field, that's not true,
they've a harvest they yield
Save your tears for your evening meal,
when you're window shopping for blinds

One day you're sober, next day you're not
One day remembered, the next day forgot
Spent all my money on cocaine and pot
It's like window shopping for blinds

Covered in bruises from head to toe
No-one to speak to, and nowhere to go
A map of nowhere, and nowhere I know
It's like window shopping for blinds

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But what if my husband should come?
Well tell me what have you done?
I've cherished my vodka, I've cherished my rum
Don't mind us, we're just licking our wounds in the sun

It's like writing 'I love you' in snow
You know when you write it the message will go
I want a message my lover will find
Don't mind us, we're just window shopping for blinds