The Beautiful South, Your Father And I

(Heaton/Rotheray)
It was the middle of winter
And I drove us in my car
The snow started falling
So we stopped off at a bar

The beer started flowing
And your mother and I took the floor
But by the last dance we were tired
So I booked a room next door

So if anyone asks you
If you come from Heaven above
You're from a one star hotel
With a five star passionate love

It was a hot summers day
And we drove there in our car
And your father was thirsty
So we had to find a bar

Well he wouldn't stop drinking
And he couldn't stand on his feet
We had to walk to a hotel
And book ourselves into a suite

So if the teacher asks you
Are you from Heaven or are you from Hell
You're from a one star drunken screw
In a one star motel
Yes if the teacher asks you
Are you from Heaven or are you from Hell
You're from a pitch black toilet
In a highway Taco Bell

I'll remember the birth
For the rest of my time on this land
You're mother sweating buckets
And me holding onto her hand

Well your father was absent
He claimed he couldn't find the ward
Just tugging on mescal
Trying to eat the umbilical cord

So if anyone asks you
Do you know where you're from, say yes
You're from your mother's womb
And your father's stinking breath
And if they ask you how you got here
Tell them just what it took
Your father's stinking breath
And your mother's stinking luck

Your father and I won't tell the whole truth
Your father and I won't tell the truth