

# 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