

The Frames, Neath The Beeches

Hand me down the picture
Of you leaving unsaid
I know how simple it get
But sat by chance I need you
Will you always be there
And I will lie with you neath the beeches
On the strand again
I'm learning to hand it over
To whatever Lord there be
And in the same old colours
I'll be dressed for thee
But it's not about that though is it?
It's about you and me
I hung your feet
That famous painting above my bed
And you told me a story
About some guy who kept his head
He drowned neath the Southport
Near the pier where we stand

And I will lie with you neath the beeches
On the strand again