

Beautiful South, I Love You (But You're Boring)

Beautiful South
Welcome To The Beautiful South
I Love You (But You're Boring)
Birds are singing in the trees
As we rise up on a beautiful morning
But I can't hear
That beautiful sound
Because I'm permanently yawning

What about the time of the fancy dress
When you came dressed as your mum
And there I was splendid in my penguin suit
So scared to show my bill

You must have been listening to your Carousel
Your Carousel, that Carousel

Remember the time
When I turned the house into a rocket ship
And you refused to come to Mars
You said "It's too far"
You had to be back by six to watch your Carousel
Saturn's much too far
You had to watch Carousel (What's going on in there?)

When we first met
I asked you for your hand
I didn't really mean that hand
I meant join hands
Bake phallic cake (Bake phallic cake)
Carry round sticky tape
And love those devil dogs
Be an Indian elephant (Be an indian elephant)
Bait straight people
But you must have missed my wink
You must have missed my wink

(I love you,
But you're boring, you know,
I really do love you
But you're so particularly boring)

Maybe you were too busy listening to Carousel
watching Carousel, living Carousel
You were listening to Carousel
You were watching Carousel