

The Beautiful South, Trevor You're Bizarre

When we met I got wet
Just waiting for the chance
To dance at your feet
And wipe your wooden seat

Chorus:

Trevor, you're bizarre
I wish that you could tell
Trevor, you'll go far
I certainly wish you well

He said, I am dead
My career has passed its peak
And I'm weak and you're strong
You'll have to sing this song

Chorus

Your words your fears
Who do they touch on this earth
Who gave birth
Surely they could've done worse

Chorus

Shame he was nice, a nice boy
Just filled with guts and joy
But he died, and an audience of one cried
Shame, he was nice
Filled with guts and joy, filled with guts and joy
He sang it from his heart
And all who said they heard

Said he sang it from his heart