

# The Beautiful South, When Romance Is Dead

You'll know when romance is dead  
Your make up in a toolbox somewhere in the shed  
His face is unshaven, the grass overgrown  
From the shed to the bed is a web you call home

You'll know when romance is dead  
That deathly cold blast from his side of the bed  
Your dreams frozen over, your nightmares on ice  
From the bedroom to the bathroom you say  
everything twice (everything twice)

And you'll know when romance is dead  
You'll burst into tears at each record that's played  
He sits in the sun, you sulk in the shade  
You'll know when love starts to fade

You'll know when romance is dead  
From the brambles and thorns growing out of your head  
Whenever you touch her she tuts or she sighs  
One kiss goodnight and she's rolling her eyes

And you'll know when love starts to fade  
That balancing act is no longer made  
Like penny stacked high in amusement arcade  
It's not what you're worth it's the way that you're laid  
Yes you'll know when love starts to fade

Like you knew when romance was alive  
Each couple you passed they'd smile and high five  
Like you'll know when love's back on track  
Uncontrollable laugh at each joke that you crack  
Giggle and cackle and throw her head back  
Her mouth is still smiling, her veins turning black  
Her head is elastic but her neck is all slack

You'll know when love's on the rocks  
You wearing headphones, him vest and socks  
You'll know when love's on the slide  
Whenever you're talking, the kids go outside

You'll know when romance is dead  
When the look that you get is as hard as the bread  
You open your mouth but your stories are stale  
From front door to back door it's blowing a gale  
You'll know when love starts to fade