

# The Beautiful South, Build

Clambering men in big bad boots  
Dug up my den, dug up my roots  
Treated us like plasticine town  
They built us up and knocked us down  
From Meccano to Legoland  
Here they come with a brick in their hand  
Men with heads filled up with sand  
It's build

It's build a house where we can stay  
Add a new bit everyday  
It's build a road for us to cross  
Build us lots and lots and lots and lots and lots

Whistling men in yellow vans  
They can and drew us diagrams  
Showed us how it all worked it out  
And wrote it down in case of doubt

Slow, slow, quick, quick, quick  
It's wall to wall and brick to brick  
They work so fast it makes you sick  
It's build

It's build a house where we can stay  
Add a new bit everyday  
It's build a road for us to cross  
Build us lots and lots and lots and lots and lots

It's build

Down with sticks and up with bricks  
In with boots and up with roots  
It's in with suits and new recruits  
It's build