

# The Beautiful South, Final Spark

Well the dice that I roll  
never seems to land on six  
and that 48 card pack  
is short of some of my old tricks

The horse I bet on all those years ago  
is probably still running round the track  
Like the marriage that I gambled on  
I'm due my money back

We could've learned, we could've burned  
from the firework love ignites  
but that sparkler of romance  
it proved impossible to light  
If your country code or your green cross code  
It can leave a lasting mark  
History books have showed, follow safety code  
and stamp out your final spark

Well the husband that I married once  
I should've kept him in a cage  
Kept him sitting waiting there  
to show the tortoise middle-age

Cause you never back an animal  
that struggles on two legs  
I'd rather back a stray with three  
then one that sits up and just begs

Milk will curdle, cheese go off  
expensive wine mature  
kids grow up, parents down  
husbands turn to tragic bore

Receipts and life insurance all very well  
but don't fully cover hate  
So you can't return this idiot  
When he's past his sell-by-date