

The Beautiful South, Have Fun

(Heaton/Rotheray)

Have fun
And if you can't have fun
Have someone else's fun
'Cause someone sure had mine
They came in
now they're having a whale of a time

You should grow a beard
A beard to tell a thousand stories never told before
A beard to tell you tales, whilst the fireplace roars
The closing of relationships and the opening of doors
The starting of hostilities and the ending of wars

Take care
And if you couldn't care
Take someone else's care
'Cause someone took my care
They went there and then they were not there

We should have a baby
And then I wouldn't feel quite so sad
Then I'd feel like Paul the Saint and not Jack the Lad
A baby that'll make me feel so very glad
I've had a life of booze, but that's all I've ever had

'Cause I'm the King of Misery
The Prince of the torn apart
And you're the lighthouse keeper
To the owner of a ship-wrecked heart

Take heart
And if you can't take heart
Take someone else's heart
Someone took my heart
They came in, now I'm torn apart

We should grey together
Not that pigeon-chested Trafalgar grey
The grey that greets you on that first October day
The grey of Russian front, whilst wolves bay
And the skeleton of life that love decays

'Cause you're the Queen of Sadness
The Princess of the House of Pain
And you're the final match
To the holder of this flickering flame

Have fun