

The Beautiful South, I Hate You (But You're Inter

(Heaton/Rotheray)

Tables turned over and curtains ripped
Bottles uncollected, collected here
Nothing seems to shine like these razor edges do
It's a crazy little world without you

I went to see a doctor and she said 'Yes, go ahead'
'Throw yourself into the sea'
I wrote a will for my friends
And this is how it read
'Me, me, me, me, me, me, me'
No friends, everything for me, me, me
No friends, just me, just me

Fleet Street was a very funny place
Home to the mad and the corrupt
What would you say if I told you today
I'd made this whole story up?

I made this whole story up