

# The Beautiful South, I'm Your No. 1 Fan

(Heaton/Rotheray)

I was handed down the looks of a man with a broken nose  
That's the way our family was I suppose  
But at least you gave me deeply profound  
As we lay and chatted late upon the cricket ground

You didn't have to love me  
Where others got rid  
You didn't have to treat me like a very good friend  
But I'm glad that you did

One thing I never said to you  
And one thing I never can  
Amongst the false applause and the deafening cheers  
I'm your No. 1 fan  
I'm your No. 1 fan

I'm the richly blessed daughter of a mother with tattooed arms  
That's the way my family life, life was charmed  
But at least it gave me mental grace  
And a thought at the pit of my mind and a smile on my face

You didn't have to listen  
To a word that I'd said  
You didn't have to tell me all those silly old jokes  
For every tear that I shed  
Every tear that I shed

Cos one thing I never said to you  
And one thing I never can  
Amongst the false applause and the deafening cheers  
I'm your No. 1 fan  
I'm your No. 1 fan

I was handed down a bike with a crooked old wheel  
But I rode it on a million lanes the way that you made me feel  
But at least we thought about it so long and hard  
As we sat upon our mother in the graveyard

And you don't have to listen  
To a word in this song  
Your picture hangs the same and in the same old place  
Even though that you've gone  
Even though that you've gone

Cos one thing I never said to you  
And one thing I never can  
Amongst the false applause and the deafening cheers  
I'm your No. 1 fan  
I'm your No. 1 fan  
Yes I am  
I'm your No. 1 fan