

The Beautiful South, Tattoo

(Heaton/Rotheray)

Sadness has filled a lonely place
Before that there was just a hole
At least now there's sadness on my face
My lower lip has finally found it's role

So the wind and the rain and the snow
Had no particular place to go
So they thought they'd come and spend some time with me
They're better friends than you could ever be

Chorus:

There's a tattoo, a small tattoo
Waiting there unpaid for you
And if you ever bump into Unlucky
Don't forget who broke your heart in two
You better get there early, there's a million in the queue
Just waiting for the name on their tattoo

Emptiness has filled a vacant heart
Finally found a place for it to hide
And as I wander like a fool from bar to bar
Empty has become my greatest guide

And the tears and the pain and the despise
Looked at me through bankrupt eyes
They had nowhere else that they could land
So I invited them to take my bloody hand

Chorus:

So queuing for a tattoo and I can't decide the name
I've been wondering night after night
When they put that needle in me I'll scream your name in pain
And I hope he spells 'you bastard' right

B-A-S-T-A-R-D, stick that needle deep in me