

The Beautiful South, When Romance Is Dead

You'll know when romance is dead
Your make up in a toolbox somewhere in the shed
His face is unshaven, the grass overgrown
From the shed to the bed is a web you call home

You'll know when romance is dead
That deathly cold blast from his side of the bed
Your dreams frozen over, your nightmares on ice
From the bedroom to the bathroom you say
everything twice (everything twice)

And you'll know when romance is dead
You'll burst into tears at each record that's played
He sits in the sun, you sulk in the shade
You'll know when love starts to fade

You'll know when romance is dead
From the brambles and thorns growing out of your head
Whenever you touch her she tuts or she sighs
One kiss goodnight and she's rolling her eyes

And you'll know when love starts to fade
That balancing act is no longer made
Like penny stacked high in amusement arcade
It's not what you're worth it's the way that you're laid
Yes you'll know when love starts to fade

Like you knew when romance was alive
Each couple you passed they'd smile and high five
Like you'll know when love's back on track
Uncontrollable laugh at each joke that you crack
Giggle and cackle and throw her head back
Her mouth is still smiling, her veins turning black
Her head is elastic but her neck is all slack

You'll know when love's on the rocks
You wearing headphones, him vest and socks
You'll know when love's on the slide
Whenever you're talking, the kids go outside

You'll know when romance is dead
When the look that you get is as hard as the bread
You open your mouth but your stories are stale
From front door to back door it's blowing a gale
You'll know when love starts to fade