

Beautiful South "Foundations"

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Build your dream castle out of sand
It's bound to get washed up anyway
Dream your dreams out of last week
They're bound to have come up yesterday

If you want to give them flowers
Make them paper ones you send
Live your life a jigsaw
It goes back in the box, in the end

Build your dream heart from plasticine
'Cause you're putty in their hands
Mold your ambition in concrete
'Cause you'll only land in quicksand

Carve your dough from play dough
'Cause they'll roll you into a ball
Make your friends from lego
'Cause lego makes a wall

'Cause when you build big houses
The paintings get stolen
The Devil says he's silver
When you know that he is golden

When papier-mache heads
Make more sense than the sun
Giving teacher apples
Could be fun or could be dumb

Build your planes from air fix
'Cause you'll only lose the war
Write your love letters on rice paper
Atleast you'll feed the poor

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