

South Beautiful

"The Sound Of North America"

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Ginger Elvis Presley looked a fraction sad

Roaming the whole town from bin to bin

Well living on the streets wasn't all that bad

Where no-one seemed to know that he was King

The sound of New York City isn't police sirens wailing

It's the sound of Wall Street tills whilst everyone is failing

Sometimes you feel expensive sometimes you feels so cheap

You can roam the streets a King whilst everyone's asleep

You can mime to any record with a hairbrush or a spoon

But God help the singer out of tune

A crippled Mohammad Ali looked at bad luck in the mirror

Bad luck looked back at him and sighed

He looked a good foot smaller and a couple of stone thinner

And if anyone came toward him he would hide

The sound of North America isn't Christians quietly praying

It's the sound of shuffling feet that don't know where they're going

Sometimes you feel expensive sometimes you feels so

cheap

You can roam the streets a King whilst everyone's
asleep

You can fight with anybody with a glimmer of a chance

But God help the boxer with no hands

A homeless Greta Garbo moves across the street

The moonlight shining clearly through her skirt

A real life living legend that no-one wants to meet

And that's when being Garbo really hurt

The lyrics of "New York" may have Frank Sinatra
singing

But the rhythm and the melody were dead black men
swinging

Sometimes you feel expensive sometimes you feels so
cheap

You can roam the streets a Queen whilst everyone's
asleep

You can act with anybody from the cradle to the crypt

But God help the actress who doesn't know the script

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