

The Beautiful South

"But 'Til Then"

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When you say goodbye I really want to know
Everything you do and everyplace you go
And did you take a regular supply
Of those crazy little tampax with you
It hurts me deep inside, it hurts me outside too
I feel a little pardon and I feel a little used
If you ever needed someone to polish up your shoes
I'll be waiting, with my brush

I'd move to Italy with you if I had the money
But 'til then I'll sit at home and read maps and go to
pub
Where the weather isn't sunny and the weather isn't
bad
Where the bellies look so happy but the faces look so
sad
But it doesn't really matter what's outside
'Cause I'm in here and he's in here
And she's in here and they're in here
We're all in here, we're all so glad

And in our own funny way we're all in Italy anyway
Eating fancy pasta, climbing mountain ranges
Drinking ice-cold lagers, living in Spanish castles
We're all with you, in our thoughts
In white ankle socks and pink Bermuda shorts
I'll be with you, with you one day, we'll all be with you,
with you one day
One sunny beach, one sunny life, we're all glad for you
But 'til then, we're all glad for you, I'm so glad

I am a man, and I have a tent, I have a ball and a bat
I have a li-lo, I have a bucket
I have a good, good, good pair of trunks
I've got a good, good pair of trunks

Well here I am at the airport, with my passport
I have a brain but only just, and we're all glad
We're all so glad, I'm so glad, she's so glad, he's so
glad
You know how glad I am?

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