

## The Beautiful South

### "Foundations"

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(Heaton/Rotheray)

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  
Mould 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 mé<sup>^</sup>hâ- heads make more sense  
than the sun  
Giving teacher apples could be fun or dumb

Build your planes from Airfix  
'Cause you'll only lose the war  
Write your love letters on rice paper  
At least you'll feed the poor

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