

The Beautiful South

"From Under The Covers"

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Think of you with pipe and slippers
Think of her in Bed
Laying there just watching telly
Then think of me instead

I'll never grow so old and flabby
That could never be
Don't marry her, fuck me

And your love light shines like cardboard
But your work shoes are glistening
She's a Ph.D in 'I told you so'
You've a knighthood in 'I'm not listening'

She'll grab your sweaty bollocks
Then slowly raise her knee
Don't marry her, fuck me

And the Sunday sun shines down on San Francisco bay
And you realise you can't make it anyway
You have to wash the car
Take the kiddies to the park
Don't marry her, fuck me

Those lovely Sunday mornings
With breakfast brought in bed
Those blackbirds look like knitting needles
Trying to peck your head

Those birds will peck your soul out
And throw away the key
Don't marry her, fuck me

And the kitchen's always tidy
And the bathroom's always clean
She's a diploma in 'just hiding things'
You've a first in 'low esteem'

When your socks smell of angels
But your life smells of brie
Don't marry her, fuck me

And the Sunday sun shines down on San Francisco bay
And you realise you can't make it anyway
You have to wash the car
Take the kiddies to the park
Don't marry her, fuck me

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