

The Beautiful South

"Just Checkin'"

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(Heaton/Rotheray)

I came in here, just to see his guilty face
I'm just checkin'
He's been dead twenty years but I sort of miss the
chase
I'm just checkin'

I've seen folk just like her, pop their noses round the
door
They're just checkin'
If this is where their husband was between 1 and 4
They're just checkin'

Nothing hits so definite, hits so hard
When he's moved from Old White Hart
and he's doing the Old Graveyard
We're running a check. On the love we had taken away
We're running a check. That death wasn't fortnight
astray
Nothing hits so definite (repeat)

The mask of sobriety for afternoons he'd save
I'm just checkin'
If he could fool me regularly he'd certainly fool his
grave
I'm just checkin'

I've seen those widows pray for the hunt that was taken
away
They're just checkin'
They pretend they've just popped by like they popped
by yesterday
They're just checkin'

I came round here in case he left a slate
No one settles up around here, like the widowed or the
late
We've seen folk like you settle bills or family feuds
But no one's bought a drink for those that death
excludes

We're just checkin'
We're just thinkin'
We're just sinkin'

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