

The Beautiful South

"One Man's Rubbish"

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(Kilvington / Greaves)

He picks up the pieces
Of long gone days
Of old fashioned people
And old fashioned ways
He picks up the pieces
Where nothing remains
And puts them away
'Til they're wanted again

One for the memory
One for the road
One man's rubbish
Is another man's gold

He likes Hank Snow
And Roy Orbison tunes
He drinks whisky all night
And he howls at the moon
He sits by the Humber
When days abate
And thinks about the things
That the world throws away

One for the memory
One for the road
One man's rubbish
Is another man's gold

I'm thinking of a girl
And the old river cries
As she's standing on the bridge
Of a barge going by
I swear she waved at me
Big ol' tears in her eyes
And they're taking the coal to Newcastle

One for the memory
One for the road
One man's rubbish

Is another man's gold
One for the memory
One for the road
One man's rubbish
Is another man's gold

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