

The Beautiful South

"Pretenders To The Throne"

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Is it Cologne with its great cathedral?
Milan with its glamour and its pace?
London with its river and its bridges?
Lisbon with its beauty and its grace?

Funny looking buses
Climb its pot-bellied hills
And a solitary jogger
Times the time he kills

Do you know where I'm gonna go?
None of you have guessed, so none of you can know
If you've been, that's not where I mean
It's got class and it's got excellence like you've never
seen

Your town is dragging me down
Dragging me down, down, down
Your town is dragging me down
Dragging me down, down, down

Is it Dublin with its culture and its wit?
Madrid with its market square?
Paris with its bustling cafes?
Hull with its musical flair?

Do you know where I'm gonna go?
None of you have guessed so none of you can know
If you've been, that's not where I mean
It's got class and it's got excellence like you've never
seen

Your town is dragging me down
Is dragging me down, down, down
Your town is dragging me down
Is dragging me down, down, down

As I watch them drop the grain into your fish tank brain
How can you like this place when it never even rains?

Never even rains

Your town is dragging me down
Is dragging me down, down, down
Your town is dragging me down
Is dragging me down, down, down

Is dragging me down, down, down
Is dragging me down, down, down
Is dragging me down, down, down

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