

## The Beautiful South

### "Size"

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Do not think of me alive do not think of me as dead  
Get that thought right out of your head  
Fifty times you told me so to satisfy  
I must grow but all you did was pull or blow

If size isn't everything and I'm half his size  
How come it's him who gets to keep the prize  
But you fuck long and you fuck slow  
But you fuck like a walrus smoking blow  
I'm too ashamed to scream your name  
Well I don't feel hard and I don't feel lame  
Never proud and never ashamed  
But this bed's too big for the both of us

If size isn't everything well I'll slap my thighs  
But there won't be parting and there won't be cries  
If size isn't everything then try this size  
Turn off the lights and bring a torch

Oh my heart's in the right place  
My heart's in the right place  
My heart's in the right place  
My heart's in the right place  
And my heart's twice the size of his arse

So if size isn't everything then try this size  
Turn off the lights and bring a torch  
And if size isn't everything and I'm half his size  
How come it's him who gets to keep the prize  
How come it's him who gets to keep the prize

How come it's him who gets to keep the prize

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