

The Beautiful South

"Space"

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If there's space out there enough for the moon
Surely your little heart can make some room
If there's room in the hemisphere for so many stars
There's surely a satellite we can name ours

They're building brand new centres, brand new bars
Shoving lonely people into boots of cars
If you want to share the failure or you want to share the flop
We'll both go in the boot right off the top

And if there's ever time in life for genuine mistake
Surely then you got the means to make it
And if you'd like one final slip before you get it right
This moon's asleep, you got the means to wake it

So left alone we're just simple bricks
No more than the stone that the child kicks
But as soon as we're together we are wall
And the stone the child kicks is bouncing ball

They're building brand new motorways, brand new roads
But when travelling on your own that road is closed
I'll be your co-driver and together we'll be tank
And watch as "no through road" sign slowly sank

And they're building brand new hospitals
Building brand new wards
Insure your heart with everything you can afford
No need going private
I will save my bed for you
As I quietly wait my turn in public queue

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