

## The Beautiful South

### "The Next Verse"

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There was a pool table there at the wedding  
That most of the men stood and played  
Whilst the women danced in their melancholy  
Till the last record started to fade  
And as D.J. turned the lights up  
And packed his records away  
He noticed a lonely figure still there  
So quietly turned to say

Tears you thought lasted a lifetime  
Won't last too much more than a day  
And you'll prove that you still have your strength left  
When you wipe those tears well away, well away

Roses in garden bring joy to the bleak  
Lilies save wretched from worse  
Music lifts up those too weary to speak  
So, sister you sing the next verse

The path in life that you have taken  
I can figure out just from your frown  
Either it's down the up escalator  
Or maybe sometimes up the down  
And you may not feel that you have travelled  
But sure as hell been across town  
And certainly if story unravelled  
You've lost more than you ever found

One thing's for certain I've travelled  
And a not too dissimilar route  
Those ups and downs and rounds after rounds  
You're wearing them just like a suit, like a suit

So if roses bring joy to the bleak  
Lilies save wretched from worse  
Music lifts up those too weary to speak  
Then D.J. I'll take the next verse

So sister judge strength not by muscle  
Or weight that your body can lift  
But by heavyweight heart that you carry

That no other young woman could shift  
Hey Mr D.J. a special request  
Play that last record for me  
And make it as long and as painfully sad  
As any slow ballad could be

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