

The Beautiful South

"The Rising Of Grafton Street"

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(HeatonRotheray)

She'd brought along the oranges

He'd brought the tea

They'd both brought along a sick-bag just in case

The plate of chicken sandwiches

Were lovely they agreed

And I watched him spit the bits into her face

'Do you love me like you used to' he sighs

'I love you twice as much' she replies

They were on the train to Venice, where else?

I think tonight I fancy myself

I'd rather drink that toast to my own health

I think tonight I'd rather love myself

And if you drink that drink to your own health

I think tonight I'd rather love myself

Later in the evening

The sun came rolling down

And they talked about their fantasies and fears

Between the heavy breathing

And those lighter licking sounds

I heard him whisper this question in her ear

'Would you still love me if I lost my legs?'

'I'd see that you were loved and you were fed'

'I end up in a car crash almost dead'

'For richer and for partly severed head'

I'd rather drink that toast to my own health

I think tonight I'd rather love myself

And if you drink that drink to your own health

I think tonight I'd rather love myself

The neighbours ask them out but they flatly refuse

'We're saving up for a world-wide cruise'

With a choice between loneliness and love-sick QE2's

Well tonight I choose - self-abuse

A four-pack in the fridge
A good book on the shelf
I think tonight I'd rather love myself

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