

The Beautiful South

"The Rocking Chair"

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Here I walk, here I walk

Looking for an angel's wings in the den of the hawk

Her I am, here I am

With a choice between an also-ran and a sunbed tan

And you thought you'd found your own little look

How I misjudged, how I mistook

And you thought you'd found the style of your hair

I guess tonight I'll take, I'll take these troubles to

the rocking chair

So I'll take these high-heeled shoes

And yes I'll take these traditional views

I'll take this deep despair

Of a 30 year old square, to the rocking chair

Here I sit, here I sit

Looking for a warming smile in a house of cold wit

Here I stand, here I stand

Torn between the balding drunk and no man's land

And they'll tell you when you've reached your peak

Where the wolf-whistle rung there's a deafening shriek

Blowing kisses into thin air

I guess tonight I'll take, I'll take these troubles to

the rocking chair

So I'll take this awkward stance

And I'll take this sexless dance

I'll take this deep despair

Of a 30 year old square, to the rocking chair

Am I skinny? A shade too fat?

Mmmm... My friend the cat knows all about that

Am I happy?

(here I sit, here I sit)

Just a little sad

(looking for a warming smile in a house of cold wit)

Mmmm... My friend the cat knows all about that

Am I skinny?

(Here I walk, here I walk)

A shade too fat?

(Looking for an angel's wings in the den of the hawk)

My friend the cat knows all about that

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