

## The Beautiful South

### "Trevor You're Bizarre"

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When we met I got wet  
Just waiting for the chance  
To dance at your feet  
And wipe your wooden seat

Chorus:  
Trevor, you're bizarre  
I wish that you could tell  
Trevor, you'll go far  
I certainly wish you well

He said, I am dead  
My career has passed its peak  
And I'm weak and you're strong  
You'll have to sing this song

Chorus

Your words your fears  
Who do they touch on this earth  
Who gave birth  
Surely they could've done worse

Chorus

Shame he was nice, a nice boy  
Just filled with guts and joy  
But he died, and an audience of one cried  
Shame, he was nice  
Filled with guts and joy, filled with guts and joy  
He sang it from his heart  
And all who said they heard

Said he sang it from his heart

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