

## The Beautiful South

### "You Can Call Me Leisure"

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You look a younger more beautiful version of death  
But I'm scared to hold you close or smell your breath  
Now your body's facing east your heart is west  
And you can call me leisure and I can call you rest

We can't stop thinking that we should've guessed  
We should've held you closer to our chest  
'Cos our shoulders were put there for that test  
Now you can call me leisure and I can call you rest

Well you certainly jumped the red at treasure chest  
Your joyride didn't feel bad enough to confess  
Till you placed the lemming on this family crest  
And you can call me leisure, the donor of poor  
measure  
The scalpel of all pleasure, I'll call you rest

It's what we thought God gave us shoulders for  
Not to shrug in self pity or to ignore  
Instead the helpless ration chances to the poor  
We pick your weightless body up from the floor  
We pick your weightless body up from the floor

All the minutes, and the hours that you caressed  
Have been taken to a place that you thought best  
If it's heaven or it's hell you're still well blessed  
And I shall get my own back when I can call you rest

Well you certainly jumped the red at treasure chest  
Your joyride didn't feel bad enough to confess  
Till you placed the lemming on this family crest  
And you can call me leisure, the donor of poor  
measure  
The scalpel of all pleasure, I'll call you rest

It's what we thought God gave us shoulders for  
Not to shrug in self pity or to ignore  
Instead the helpless ration chances to the poor  
We pick your weightless body up from the floor  
We pick your weightless body up from the floor

Up from the floor, up from the floor, up from the floor

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