

## From Under The Covers

### The Beautiful South

It's 6.00am and even Big Ben  
Is trying to get his head down for a kip  
But no sooner is it down  
And then it's on with dressing gown  
For this city very rarely loses grip

But I have a friend who's never up by 10.00  
He's fast asleep with mouth open wide  
He's lost a lot of jobs, but he's won a lot of friends  
And he says to me, he cannot tell the time

It's 7.00am and we're coughing up the phlegm  
Spitting out the taste of night before  
And we'll vomit and we'll choke  
Just to climb their tatty rope  
Well this city has its charm, and its claw

And he'll blame his clock  
Or he'll say he's lost his socks  
And they'll tell you that he's been bitten by a snake  
His excuses are an art  
From the bottom of his heart  
And he thinks of them whenever he awakes

It's 8.00am we're on the road again  
Racing for a placing at the top  
And it says green for go  
For the people in the know  
But for the others all it says is red for stop

It's cold and its damp  
And they've dug him a grave  
And the 10.15 merchants still in bed  
And scrawled upon the headboard  
For the whole wide world to see  
"Died In The Arms Of Big Ted"