

# Manchester

## The Beautiful South

From Northenden to Partington, it's rain  
From Altrincham to Chadderton, it's rain  
From Moss Side to Swinton, hardly Spain  
It's a picture postcard of 'Wish they never came'

And whilst that deckchair in the garden it makes no sense  
It doesn't spoil the view or cause offense  
Those Floridas, Bavarias and Kents  
Make gentlemen wear shorts but don't make gents

So convertible stay garage bound  
Save after sun for later  
If rain makes Britain great  
Then Manchester is greater

As you dry your clothes once again  
Upon the radiator  
What makes Britain great  
Makes Manchester yet greater

From Cheetham Hill to Wythenshawe, it's rain  
Gorton, Salford, Sale, pretty much the same  
As I'm caught up without my jacket once again  
The raindrops on my face play a sweet refrain

And as winter turns reluctantly to spring  
For the clouds above the city there's one last fling  
Swallows build their nests, chaffinch sing  
And the sun strolls into town like long lost king

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And the mood of this whole sodden place is melancholy  
Like the sun came out to play, shone through the clouds  
But dropped its lolly  
And everyone looks so disappointed, so, so sorry  
Like the rain blew into town, kidnapped the sun  
And stole its brolly

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