

Pretenders To The Throne

The Beautiful South

Is it Cologne with it's great cathedral?
Milan with it's glamour and it's pace?
London with it's river and it's bridges?
Lisbon with it's beauty and it's grace?

Funny looking buses
Climb it's pot-bellied hills
And a solitary jogger
Times the time he kills

Do you know where I'm gonna go?
None of you have guessed, so none of you can know
If you've been, that's not where I mean
It's got class and it's got excellence like you've never seen

Your town is dragging me down
Dragging me down, down, down
Your town is dragging me down
Dragging me down, down, down

Is it Dublin with it's culture and it's wit?
Madrid with it's market square?
Paris with it's bustling cafes?
Hull with it's musical flair?

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Your town is dragging me down
Is dragging me down, down, down
Your town is dragging me down
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As I watch them drop the grain into your fish tank brain
How can you like this place when it never even rains?

Never even rains

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Is dragging me down, down, down
Your town is dragging me down
Is dragging me down, down, down

Is dragging me down, down, down
Is dragging me down, down, down
Is dragging me down, down, down