

# 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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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