

# Tattoo

## The Beautiful South

Sadness has filled a lonely place  
Before that there was just a hole  
At least now there's sadness on my face  
My lower lip has finally found it's role

So the wind and the rain and the snow  
Had no particular place to go  
So they thought they'd come and spend some time with me  
They're better friends than you could ever be

R: There's a tattoo, a small tattoo  
Waiting there unpaid for you  
And if you ever bump into Unlucky  
Don't forget who broke your heart in two  
You better get there early, there's a million in the queue  
Just waiting for the name on their tattoo

Emptiness has filled a vacant heart  
Finally found a place for it to hide  
And as I wander like a fool from bar to bar  
Empty has become my greatest guide

And the tears and the pain and the despise  
Looked at me through bankrupt eyes  
They had nowhere else that they could land  
So I invited them to take my bloody hand

R: So queuing for a tattoo and I can't decide the name  
I've been wondering night after night  
When they put that needle in me I'll scream your name in pain  
And I hope he spells 'you bastard' right

B-A-S-T-A-R-D, stick that needle deep in me