

# Hit Parade

## The Beautiful South

No one wrote a song for me  
Just instrumental not too long  
As sure as sure could ever be  
You'd only get the lyrics wrong

No solo Chet Baker ever played  
lowered me slowly to my grave  
The prose that Keats and Yates would save  
was for King and Queen not knave

I have no poem that describes my charm  
No story told that's short and sweet  
I have no hymn, I have no psalm  
This song I have it has no beat  
Yes it has no beat  
No tapping of feet  
Yes it has no beat

Miles Davis played the black 'n' blues  
Did he play for me to lose?  
Cause just when round midnight falls  
That tune's not his it's Kenny Ball's

Now on that graveyard on that grave  
On that tombstone in the shade  
No poem written, no accolade  
No "We loved you" ever sprayed

There's just this feeling from that moss  
When epitaph you cannot read  
he must have lived it at budget cost  
So he deserves to be beneath

All that William Robinson wrote  
not one of my pluses did he portray  
those lyrics stuck right down my throat  
I never hit  
It never hit  
My hit parade

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