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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