Just Checkin'

The Beautiful South

I came in here, just to see his guilty face
I'm just checkin'
He's been dead twenty years but I sort of miss the chase
I'm just checkin'

I've seen folk just like her, pop their noses round the door
They're just checkin'
If this is where their husband was between 1 and 4
They're just checkin'

Nothing hits so definite, hits so hard
When he's moved from Old White Hart
and he's doing the Old Graveyard
We're running a check. On the love we had taken away
We're running a check. That death wasn't fortnight astray
Nothing hits so definite (repeat)

The mask of sobriety for afternoons he'd save
I'm just checkin'
If he could fool me regularly he'd certainly fool his grave
I'm just checkin'

I've seen those widows pray for the hunt that was taken away
They're just checkin'
They pretend they've just popped by like they popped by yesterday
They're just checkin'

I came round here in case he left a slate
No one settles up around here, like the widowed or the late
We've seen folk like you settle bills or family feuds
But no one's bought a drink for those that death excludes
We're just checkin'
We're just thinkin'
We're just sinkin'

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