Foundations

The Beautiful South

Build your dream castle out of sand
It's bound to get washed up anyway
Dream your dreams out of last week
They're bound to have come up yesterday

If you want to give them flowers
Make them paper ones you send
Live your life a jigsaw
It goes back in the box, in the end
Build your dream heart from plasticine
'Cause you're putty in their hands
Mould your ambition in concrete
'Cause you'll only land in quicksand

Carve your dough from play-dough
'Cause they'll roll you into a ball
Make your friends from Lego
'Cause Lego makes a wall

'Cause when you build big houses
The paintings get stolen
The devil says he's silver
When you know that he is golden
When papier mÃ¢chÃ© heads make more sense
than the sun
Giving teacher apples could be fun or dumb

Build your planes from Airfix
'Cause you'll only lose the war
Write your love letters on rice paper
At least you'll feed the poor

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