South Is Only a Home

The Fiery Furnaces

Can I feel useless and low?
Could I hide a chain of gold from your eyes?
Sandy thinks he knows the trade, the game, the plays, the ways I made.
Do you believe in the first way to lend a hand?
It's a second chance you never planned
Just a close encounter that comes to mind
A rummage sale you barely find
And it's sold, you better believe it's freezing cold.
When it's sold, you'd better believe it's freezing cold
Oh Whitehall, Whitehall women rejoice
Tell us we're the ones with the most
And hear the sounds of our voices.
We've been waiting for our host
Brixton bunnies come in
We can see the state you're in
Nothing like a smiling face
Oh what a waste you've been.
Clapham clowns stop your frowning
Let it go you're not alone
The river may keep you drowning
But south is only a home
South is only a home

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