

'Til You Can't Tuck It In

The Beautiful South

Your figure like your friendship
Gradually grows and grows
The clothes that you thought that you'd shrunk
Their size just froze

When the body that you thought of as yours
Just ups and goes
I'll be happy with the weight
Of the partner that I chose

Your quick-step is slower
But your spirit's still out on the floor
And you can still hack it
'Cause you know what your feet are free for
And I'll love my dear
'Til you can't tuck it in anymore, anymore

Your second grey hair came a month
After the first
It didn't make you better
But it didn't make you feel any worse

Your third grey hair appeared
With the fourth on your beard
Your fifth, sixth, seventh sprouted out
From your nose and your ears

And I'll love you my partner
'Til you can't hide the grey anymore
Your distinguished good looks
Am the ones young girls cannot ignore
And I'll love you my partner
'Til the grey hairs hairdressers floor, hairdressers floor

Your eighth and your ninth and your tenth
You just looked to the sky
Like the charge of the Light Brigade
Was passing you by

Your quick-step is slower
But your spirit's still out on the floor
When it comes to raw beauty
You've a whole whorehouse waiting in store
Your corset has grown
Bid you're still always first to the drawer

And I'll love you my partner (And I'll love you my partner)
'Til the grey hairs the hairdresser's floor
Hairdresser's floor, hairdresser's floor