

Who's Gonna Tell?

The Beautiful South

Who's gonna tell the orange
they're actually brown
Who's gonna mop up for grey
when they've painted the town
It's the news that everyone dreads
that we're no longer painting it red
that our gag's still funny
but they've opted for a different clown
You were great in the sixties
but we're gonna have to pull you down

Nothing like the sound of the shallow
jumping in at the deep
Royalty's balloon coming down
is a memorable shriek
Nothing quite like the sickening clout
of the dive into pool drained out
You excelled as a Queen
but you'll have to return the crown
You were great in the sixties
but we're gonna have to pull you down

Who's gonna tell the tall
they're beginning to shrink
Like who's gonna tell the Swiss
They're no longer in sync
We'll have to get the maroon
in a separate counselling room
say "it may be your washer
but you seem to be fading to pink"
Yesterday's ice cool
doesn't take long to melt and sink

Who's gonna tell the cities
that are acting like towns
they're actually just a village
that the posh surrounds
The diplomatic answer
to your 25 stone dancer
is your act's still great
but we can't keep changing a pound
You were Queen in your day
but you're gonna have to give back the crown
You were great in the sixties
but we're gonna have to pull you down