

Pretenders To The Throne
The Beautiful South

Bm

Is it Cologne with its great cathedral?

Am **C**

Milan with its glamour and its pace?

Bm

London with its river and its bridges?

Am **C**

Lisbon with its beauty and its grace?

Bm

Funny looking buses

Am **C**

Climb its pot-bellied hills

Bm

And a solitary jogger

Am **C**

Times the time he kills

F#m **Bm**

Do you know where I m gonna go?

C **G**

None of you have guessed, so none of you can know

F#m **Bm**

If you ve been, that s not where I mean

C **G**

It s got class and it s got excellence like you ve never seen

F#m **Bm**

Your town is dragging me down

C **G**

Dragging me down, down, down

F#m **Bm**

Your town is dragging me down

C **G**

Dragging me down, down, down

Is it Dublin with its culture and its wit?

Madrid with its market square?

Paris with its bustling cafes?

Hull with its musical flair?

Do you know where I m gonna go?

None of you have guessed so none of you can know

If you ve been, that s not where I mean

It s got class and it s got excellence like you ve never seen

Your town is dragging me down

Is dragging me down, down, down
Your town is dragging me down
Is dragging me down, down, down

C **G** **D**
As I watch them drop the grain into your fish tank brain

C **D**
How can you like this place when it never even rains?

Never even rains

Your town is dragging me down
Is dragging me down, down, down
Your town is dragging me down
Is dragging me down, down, down

Is dragging me down, down, down
Is dragging me down, down, down
Is dragging me down, down, down