

It's Nice to Be Out In the Morning

Herman's Hermits

It's nice to be out in the morning
When you've got somewhere to go
But seeing the same old faces
That can make you feel so low
Ardwick Green where the grass is grey
Beswick, Hulme, and Harpurhey
Whalley Range where the tomcats roam
They're not the sights of Rome
But it's home
It's nice to be out in the morning
When you've got somewhere to go
But seeing the same old places
That can make you feel so low
Besses o' the Barn where the brass bands blow
Home of the heights where the chimneys grow
Boggart Hall Clough with its concrete flowers
It's not the Taj Mahal
But it's ours
But the town is people more than things
It's the mums and dads and kids and love that give it life
Oh, it's nice to be out in the morning
When you've got somewhere to go
But seeing the same old places
That can make you feel so low
United's ground where the champions score
A hundred goals to the reds stand's roar
And Bobby Charlton, Best and Law
It's a most fantastic day
When they play
It's nice to be out in the morning
When you've got somewhere to go
It makes you feel good when you're riding
To the places that you know
Ardwick Green where the grass is grey
Beswick, Hulme, and Harpurhey
Whalley Range where the tomcats roam
They're not the sights of Rome
But it's home

Songwriters

GRAHAM GOULDMAN Published by

Lyrics © EMI Music Publishing, SCHUBERT MUSIC PUBLISHING INC. Song Discussions is protected by
U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>