

Up the 'Pool

Jethro Tull

I'm going up the 'pool from down the smoke below
To taste my mum's jam sarnies and see our aunty Flo
The candy floss salesman watches ladies in the sand
Down for a freaky weekend in the hope that they'll be meeting
Mister UniverseThe iron tower smiles down upon the silver sea
And along the golden mile they'll be swigging mugs of tea
The politicians there who've come to take the air
While posing for the daily press, will look around
And blame the mess on Edward BearThere'll be bucket, spades and bingo, cockles, mussels
Rainy days, seaweed and sand castles, icy waves
Deck chairs, rubber dinghies, old vests, braces dangling down
Sun tanned stranded starfish in a dazeWe're going up the 'pool from down the smoke below
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Sun tanned stranded starfish in a dazeOh, Blackpool
Oh, Blackpool

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