

Sweet Albion Blues

Frank Turner

I came down from Newcastle town
To the part of the south coast that I love the most
I was stretched out tight after a couple of nights
Going crazy in Glasgow
I think you all know how that goes I needed some peace, somewhere to stand still
Through the Cotswold hills down to Portland Bill
And to charge up my batteries for next weekend
Where I'd be cruising through Cardiff and ending up in Southend So don't go stopping and putting down roots
Or your shoes won't fit in your travelling boots I met a guy from Cornwall who'd never left the county
I told him about the big smoke
I don't think he believed me.
I told him about the scene along the south coast to Kent
Across the estuary to East Anglia, and then I think he knew what I meant
A man is bored of life if he's bored of these islands
All creation is here from Hythe to the Highlands
The Black Country witnessed my basest predations
And the road up to Hull is paved with wicked intentions So don't go stopping and putting down roots
Or your shoes won't fit in your travelling boots All across the hills and valleys
From the A roads to the seas
The suburbs lead up to the cities
And that's where you'll find me Go mad in Manchester
Wind down in Winchester
Roaming the home counties where the parties are free
Circling London like dirt round a storm drain and
Somewhere near Holborn's the heart of the beast Don't go stopping and putting down roots
Or your shoes won't fit in your travelling boots.
Sweet Albion around me
Everywhere I go
Sweet Albion surround me
You're everything I know
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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