

Wessex Boy

Frank Turner

Let me tell you all a little story of the things I've found,
Hanging out and drinking with my friends in the cathedral grounds,
And later dodging drunks as we dance along Jury Street,
As we wander up town to the railway our friends to meet, There's something about coming back to your
hometown again,
The place where you grew up and where you found your firmest friends,
And though none of them still live here, I've got nowhere to go,
I'm a Wessex Boy and when I'm here I'm home Let me tell you all a little story of the things I've lost,
Huddling for warmth on the top step of the Buttercross,
Sitting on the benches by the bridges at the riverside,
Of counting down the hours for the buses cause I missed my ride There's something about coming back to your
hometown again,
The place where you grew up and where you found your firmest friends,
And though none of them still live here, I've got nowhere to go,
I'm a Wessex Boy, a Wessex boy and when I'm here I'm home And one day I will hear this song anonymous
and sweet,
Ringing out from a buskers guitar on the ancient city streets,
I'll pause awhile and smile before I continue on the road,
And somebody else will sing the words and I'll feel like I'm home There's something about hometowns you
never can escape
The triumphs and the tragedies and those of little faith
The welling of nostalgia and feeling kind of strange,
Cause despite the little changes yeah this place still feels the same There's something about coming back to your
hometown again,
The place where you grew up and where you found your firmest friends,
And though none of them still live here, I've got nowhere to go,
I'm a Wessex Boy,
I'm a Wessex boy and when I'm here I'm home

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>