

Our Lady Of The Campfire

Frank Turner

Tonight is her night and the city holds its breath
Caught twixt life and death
As she rolls in from the suburbs
The garrison flees and the city will burn
Corinna rides like Boadicea tonight
London town trembles at the sight
Because tonight is her night
And the youth course through the streets
To lay down at her feet and she runs a regal eye
To choose who lives and decide who dies
Corinna rides like Boadicea tonight
Fearful crowds part ways without a fight
Corinna rides like Boadicea tonight
London town trembles at the sight
Because tonight is her night
She keeps her counsel
Smiles when she speaks now from ear to ear
She's getting married or so they tell me
When the spring is here
She hums a tune from a song
She knows from warm summers past
A song that was sung by
Kids around campfires in the quiet southwest
Corinna rides like Boadicea tonight
London town trembles at the sight
Because tonight is her night
Yeah, tonight is her night
Yeah, tonight is her night, tonight is her night

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