

There Are Bad Times Just Around the Corner

Frank Turner

They're out of sorts in Sunderland,
And terribly cross in Kent.
They're dull in Hull,
And the Isle of Mull
Is seething with discontent.
They're nervous in northumberland,
And Devon is down the drain,
They're filled with wrath on Firth of Forth,
And sullen on Salisbury plain.
In Dublin they're depressed lads,
Maybe because they're Celts,
For drake is going West, lads,
And so is everyone else.
Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!
Misery is here to stay.
There are bad times just around the corner,
There are dark clouds hurtling through the sky,
And it's no good whining,
About a silver lining,
For we know from experience they won't roll by.
With a scowl and a frown we'll keep our peckers down,
And prepare for depression and doom and dread.
We're going to unpack our troubles from our old kit bag,
And wait until we drop down dead. From Portland Bill to Scarborough,
They're querulous and subdued,
And Shropshire lads
Have behaved like cads
From Berwick-on-Tweed to Bude.
They're mad at Market Harborough,
And livid at Leigh-on-Sea,
In Tunbridge Wells
You can hear the yells
Of woe-begone bourgeoisie.
We all get bitched about, lads,
Whoever our vote elects.
We know we're up the spout, lads,
And that's what England expects.
Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!
Trouble is on the way.

There are bad times just around the corner,
The horizon is gloomy as can be.
There are black birds over
The greyish cliffs of Dover
And the rats are preparing to leave the BBC.
We're unhappy breed, and very bored indeed,
When reminded of something that Nelson said.
While the press and the politicians nag, nag, nag,
We will wait until we drop down dead. From Colwyn Bay to Kettering,
They're sobbing themselves to sleep,
The shrieks and wails
In the Yorkshire dales
Have even depressed the sheep.
In rather vulgar lettering,
A very disgruntled group
Have posted bills
On the Cotswold Hills
To prove that we're in the soup.
While begging Kipling's pardon,
There's one thing we know for sure:
If England is a garden,
We ought to have more manure.
Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!
Suffering and dismay. There are bad times just around the corner
And the outlook's absolutely vile,
There are Home Fires smoking
From Windermere to Woking
And we're not going to tighten our belts and smile, smile, smile.
At the sound of a shot,
We'd just as soon as not
Take a hot water bottle and go to bed,
We're going to untense our muscles till they sag, sag, sag,
And wait until we drop down dead. There are bad times just around the corner,
We can all look forward to despair.
It's as clear as crystal
From Bridlington to Bristol
That we can't save democracy and we don't much care.
If the Reds and the Pinks
Believe that England stinks
And that world revolution is bound to spread,
We'd better all learn the lyrics of the old 'Red Flag'
And wait until we drop down dead.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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