

Up the 'Pool (New Mix)

Jethro Tull

I'm going up the 'Pool
From down the smoke below
To taste me mum's jam sarnies
And see our Aunty Flo.
The candy floss salesman
Watches ladies in then sand
Down for a freaky weekend in the hope
That they'll be meeting Mr. Universe.
The 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 Pier. There'll be buckets, spades and bingo,
Cockles, mussels, rainy days,
Seaweed and sand castles, icy waves,
Deck chairs, rubber dinghies,
Old vests, braces dangling down,
A suntanned stranded starfish in a daze. I'm going up the 'Pool
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To taste me mum's jam sarnies
And see our Aunty Flo.
The candy flosses salesman
Watches ladies in then sand
Down for a freaky weekend
In the hope that
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Deck chairs, rubber dinghies,
Old vests, braces dangling down,
A suntanned stranded starfish in a daze.
Oh, Blackpool,
Oh, Blackpool.

Songwriters

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