Albion

Peter Doherty

Down in Albion
Ah, they're black and blue
But we don't talk about that
Are you from 'round here?
How do you do?
I'd like to talk about that
Talk over
Gin in teacups
And leaves on the lawn
Violence in bus stops
And the pale thin girl with eyes forlorn
Aah, gin in teacups
And leaves on the lawn
Violence in dole queues
And the pale thin girl behind the checkout
But if you're looking for a cheap sort
Glint with perspiration
There's a four-mile queue
Outside the disused power station
Now come away, won't you come away
We'll go to
Deptford, Digbeth, Tuebrook
Anywhere in Albion
Yellowing classics

And canons at dawn
coffee wallows and pith helmets
and oh an English sun
Yellowing classics
And canons at dawn
coffee wallows and pith helmets
and oh an English sun
But if you're looking for a cheap sort
That's in false anticipation
It'll be waiting in the photo booth
At the railway station
Ah come away, won't you come away
We're going to...
Watford, Enfields

Anywhere oh
If you're looking for a cheap sort
That's in false anticipation
It'll be waiting in the photo booth
At the underground station
Oh come away, won't you come away
We're going to...

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