

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

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