Upon The Heath

Mr Hudson

Upon the heath we sit
Trying to make some sense of it
These mushrooms help a bit
Help us think
How we ought to think
There's nothing in our way
And no one's dying here
There's nothing in our way
We've nothing left to fear
There's nothing in our way
And no one's dying here
Down into town we stroll
I suggest no more rock and roll
Canary Wharf our Christmas tree
Sucking up electricity
There's nothing in our way
No one's dying here
Nothing in our way
Nothing left to fear
Nothing in our way
No one's dying here
Not that I can see
Nothing in our way
No one's dying here

Nothing in our way
Nothing left to fear
Oh, nothing in our way
No one's dying here
I see Battenberg houses
Night club sky
I hear nursery rhymes
Fill my eyes write these lines
I see Battenberg houses
Night club sky
I hear nursery rhymes
Fill my eyes write these lines
Down into town we stroll
Down into town we stroll

Upon the heath we sit
Upon the heath we sit
Down into town we stroll
I insist, no more rock and roll
No more rock and roll
No more rock and roll
No more rock and roll
No more rock and roll

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