

# New Blood, Old Veins

[Ian Anderson](#)

New blood, old veins, ringing in the new dawn.  
Like it, lump it, old chips with curry on.  
Let's get to it! Tempus fugit.  
Time to cheat the coroner.  
Affordable package tours to the  
land of Johnny Foreigner. New blood, old veins, kids can't wait to be gone.  
Next door, jealous neighbours peeping  
through the curtains drawn.  
Half-timbered Morris Traveller.  
Pop the luggage in the back.  
On the ferry, getting merry,  
bending over, builder's crack.  
Out there, far beyond Victorian  
piers and palisades.  
Have to toss the candy floss. No more  
ginger beers or lemonades.  
Roll on, roll off. Duty free, Dover, Calais.  
Wet the lip, a hefty sip. Cheap  
brandy, jolly Beaujolais. Time to visit fresher places, don't  
be fearful, we'll join the clan.  
Just be mindful of who's the master,  
don't pinch the sun bed. Understand:  
we're going mental, continental,  
socks and sandals, Tapas bar.  
Got a phrasebook, bought a timeshare,  
lessons in Spanish guitar.  
Goodbye Blackpool, going  
where sun is guaranteed.  
Drink it down, throw it up. Watneys  
Red: just what I need.  
Knotted hankie worn too late,  
melanoma's such a pain.  
Not too far from hot Malaga to  
Luton Airport in the rain.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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