

# Camden Town

## Suggs

Sing up tourists, sing  
There's a great crowd of tourists and they're coming down the street  
Pleased as punch with brand new Doctor Marten's on their feet  
Past stalls with leather jackets, old bric-a-brac  
Indian sunglasses or a Chinese bobble hat  
Tramps stare in the window of the local butcher's shop  
Like a pack of wild dogs they'd run off with the lot  
In Primrose Hill, an angry man his hair standing on end  
Shouts and rants in the ear of his imaginary friend  
In Camden Town I'll meet you by the underground  
In Camden Town we'll walk there as the sun goes down  
In Camden Town  
In Camden Town you can do anything you want to  
A drunken busker hits the pavement, sending hot-dogs in the air  
Towards a broken down bus full of people going nowhere  
A string of Irish pubs as far as you can see  
Greek, Indian, Chinese or would you like a cup of tea?  
There's tapas, fracas, alcohol, tobaccos  
Bongs, bongo bingo, Portuguese maracas  
There's reggae in the jeggae, music everywhere  
Every kind of song and dance, madness in the air  
In Camden Town I'll meet you by the underground  
In Camden Town we'll walk there as the sun goes down  
In Camden Town  
The tourists sing  
Ooooh, they sing  
Ooooh, sing up  
Ooooh  
And what's my name in invisible game?  
The two fat Americans interrupt their stay  
They put down their bags, they were clamped and towed away  
There's Turksh cakes, designer fakes, fathers dressed as nuns  
Every kind of music here, the night has just begun  
In Camden Town I'll meet you by the underground  
In Camden Town we'll walk there as the sun goes down  
In Camden Town  
In Camden Town you can do anything you want to do  
In Camden Town  
In Camden Town  
In Camden Town  
In Camden Town

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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