

Festival at Home

The Humdrum Express

Got a bucket hat, wellies on and sunscreen applied
Though I know this weekend, I won't venture outside
My friends have all gone, and left me on my own
I couldn't get a ticket, so I'm festival-ing at home...

Got cheap cans of cider, scattered on the floor
And, although I'm not quite sad enough to pitch a tent indoors
I've been studying the line up to see who's on, when and where
And I hope that watching on TV's as good as being there!

For those in attendance, there's a price to be paid
Low battery catastrophe for the 'I was there' brigade
In a field of thousands, I'd feel alone
When the crowd all sing that song that was used to sell iPhones

They all go Woah, oh, oh, oh, oh!

There's a grumble in the wine tent, where service seems slow
The glampers stocks of ice are worryingly low
They'll voice their disapproval at the hospitality
Later on that evening from their five star tepee

Of course, the TV coverage fails to come close
It's all described as wonderful - And I think I've overdosed
There's no sign of the bands that I'd have enjoyed
But a full set on the red button - From the ones that I'd avoid

They all go Woah, oh, oh, oh, oh!

I know it's cruel to raise a smile as I watch the pouring rain
And the wind blows the sound to a town eight miles away
But pretty soon, a payback for my pettiness will come
When I try avoiding crashing bores who've left their wristbands on!

They all go Woah, oh, oh, oh, oh!

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