# Festival at Home

## The Humdrum Express

Got a bucket hat, wellies on and sunscreen applied
Though I know this weekend, I wonâ€™t venture outside
My friends have all gone, and left me on my own
I couldnâ€™t get a ticket, so Iâ€™m festival-ing at home...

Got cheap cans of cider, scattered on the floor
And, although Iâ€™m not quite sad enough to pitch a tent indoors
Iâ€™ve been studying the line up to see whoâ€™s on, when and where
And I hope that watching on TVâ€™s as good as being thereâ€¦

For those in attendance, thereâ€™s a price to be paid
Low battery catastrophe for the â€œI was thereâ€• brigade
In a field of thousands, Iâ€™d feel alone
When the crowd all sing that song that was used to sell iphones

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

Thereâ€™s a grumble in the wine tent, where service seems slow
The glampers stocks of ice are worryingly low
Theyâ€™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
Itâ€™s all described as wonderful - And I think Iâ€™ve overdosed
Thereâ€™s no sign of the bands that Iâ€™d have enjoyed
But a full set on the red button - From the ones that Iâ€™d avoid

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

I know itâ€™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 whoâ€™ve left their wristbands on!

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

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