Darn That Thea London

Paul Ballington

Darn in That Thea London
When Youâ€™re Northern Born and Bred
Donâ€™t Ask Anyone a Question
Cos It Might Go to Their Heads
Cos I went down there one week
And I were waitinâ€™ for a train
There was a man in a suit and an umbrella
I said, â€œPal, is it gonna rain?â€•

He turned around and looked at me
Like I had fallen out
Of a dogâ€™s arse and Iâ€™d shagged his mum
And Iâ€™d given his Missus a clout
I said, â€œSoory, pal. I didnâ€™t mean
To involve you in a chat
And he muttered under his breath
â€œYou Fackinâ€™ Northern Twat.â€•

Well I know I shouldnâ€™t have risen
To his unfriendly nature
But a bird walked past and I asked her
If she would take our picture
I put my arm around him
I told him to say cheese
The look on his face was priceless
I said, â€œGo on, Pretty Please.â€•

You jumped up Southern Tosspot
Why dâ€™you have to be so rude
Just cuz Iâ€™m from Up North
Donâ€™t mean Iâ€™m tryinâ€™ a nick your food
He said, â€œNortherners, youâ€™re all the same
We donâ€™t want your type down here
Go back to where you came from
Keep your gravy and your John Smithâ€™s beer

You can shove your countryside,
Your Greggâ€™s and Yorkshire tea.â€•
And he blamed me for just all about
All teenage pregnancy.

I said, â€œJust cos youâ€™re from London
Doesnâ€™t really give you the right
To tell me thatâ€™s itâ€™s cold Up North
Cos come on, lad. Letâ€™s be right.

It really makes no difference
The weatherâ€™s shit all round
If you think that one degree means owt
Then you really are a clown.
Weâ€™re Northerners, Not Foreigners
And most of us are all reight.
Just cuz we talk differently
Donâ€™t mean weâ€™re â€˜ere to feight
So knock that chip from off your shoulder
Donâ€™t be so uptight
Just cuz you live near the Queen
We couldnâ€™t give a shite.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/