

Darn That Thea London

Paul Ballington

Darn in That Thea London
When You're Northern Born and Bred
Don't Ask Anyone a Question
Cos It Might Go to Their Heads
Cos I went down there one week
And I were waitin' for a train
There was a man in a suit and an umbrella
I said, "Pal, is it gonna rain?"•

He turned around and looked at me
Like I had fallen out
Of a dog's arse and I'd shagged his mum
And I'd given his Missus a clout
I said, "Soory, pal. I didn't mean
To involve you in a chat
And he muttered under his breath
"You Fackin' Northern Twat."•

Well I know I shouldn'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, "Go on, Pretty Please."•

You jumped up Southern Tosspot
Why do you have to be so rude
Just cuz I'm from Up North
Don't mean I'm tryin' a nick your food
He said, "Northerners, you're all the same
We don't want your type down here
Go back to where you came from
Keep your gravy and your John Smith's beer

You can shove your countryside,
Your Gregg's and Yorkshire tea."•
And he blamed me for just all about
All teenage pregnancy.

I said, "Just cos you're from London
Doesn't really give you the right
To tell me that it's cold Up North
Cos come on, lad. Let's be right.

It really makes no difference
The weather's shit all round
If you think that one degree means owt
Then you really are a clown.
We're Northerners, Not Foreigners
And most of us are all right.
Just cuz we talk differently
Don't mean we're here to feight
So knock that chip from off your shoulder
Don't be so uptight
Just cuz you live near the Queen
We couldn't give a shite.

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