

Nothing Ever Happens Down Here

Gerry Rafferty

I like the trees and the birds and the bees
I'm a sucker for peace and quiet
But two weeks alone in this sweet little home
And I feel like starting a riot
I've been stuck in this old house too long
I need a little change of atmosphere
Let's go little darlin', nothin' ever happens down here.
I greet the day in my usual way
On my brow there's one more wrinkle
I can't speak, I ain't shaved in a week
And I look like Rip Van Winkle
We've got people in this neighbourhood
Who've been sleeping for a thousand years
Let's go little darlin', nothin' ever happens down here.
Let's take a train, or a boat and a plane
And go all the way to China
Let's stay alive till a hundred and five
Well nothing could be finer
I want to make sweet love to you, beneath a silver moon.
Same old scene on the T.V. screen
There's an inner city burning
It's dog eat dog, live high on the hog
But the lady's not for turning
We've got violence on the picket lines
And police in their riot gear
Let's go little darlin', nothin' ever happens down here.
Let's take a train, or a boat and a plane

And go all the way to China
Let's stay alive till a hundred and five
Well nothing could be finer
I want to make sweet love to you, beneath a silver moon.
I like the trees and the birds and the bees
I'm a sucker for peace and quiet
But two weeks alone in this sweet little home
And I feel like starting a riot
Let's take a trip up north, to Sauchiehall Street
And wish everyone a happy new year
Let's go little darlin', nothin' ever happens down here.

Let's go little darlin', nothin' ever happens down here
Let's go little darlin', nothin' ever happens down here
(dog ate the dog, the cat ate the mouse)

Drums/Percussion: Arran Ahmun

Bass Guitar: Pete Zorn

Keyboards: Gerry Rafferty

Electric Guitars: Jerry Donahue

Fiddles: Rick Sanders

Accordion: Geraint Watkins

Vocals: Gerry Rafferty

Lyrics provided by

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