Pound Land

Trampolene

I saw a distant light from afar
Was it a shop or was it a spar?
through my thin fingers
Past my chapped hands
I saw this mirage in the sands
And it was clear

It was Poundland

This is Poundland
You're in Poundland
Shabba do wah
Shabba do way
We Love Poundland
Hip hip hooray

So swallow your pride
And step inside
Some parts are calm
And some parts are hectic
The tall and the small
And the anorexic
Pregnant teenagers pushing prams
Dogs in handbags sniffing I-ams
I'm overcome with a strange sense of peace
How much is this liquorice please?

It's a pound love
Everythingâ€™s a pound
You're in Poundland
This is poundland

Shabba doo wah
Shabbah doo way
We love poundland
(hip hip hooray)

I dream I find the dream girl
Of my dreams in Poundland
Somewhere beyond the toilet duck spillage

In aisle 4 Next to the celebrity mask image
She's the pale girl with dreadlocks
Searching for the organic section
"Excuse me - how much for this CD of One Direction"

It's a pound love
Everythingâ€™s a pound
You're in Poundland
This is Poundland

Shabba doo wah
Shabba doo way
We love Poundland.
(hip hip hooray)

If somehow I could contrive
To make Kevin Turvey come alive
He'd investigate Poundland
And he'd realise
The Poundland is Britainâ€™s last paradise
Of democracy and fairness and calm
Where all people are equal
And work on Maggie's farm
From Moldova to Madrid
Whether your on or off the grid
They think the same thought
"Is this really a quid?"

I wonder if Kevin would think it was cool
That the churches are empty
But Poundland is full.

This is Poundland
You're in Poundland
Shabba doo wah
Shabba doo way
We love Poundland
(hip hip hooray)

Lyrics Submitted by Anthony W.

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