

# Pound Land

## Trampoline

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  
Everything'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  
Everything'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 Britain'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.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>