

And into the sea  
Goes pretty England and me  
Round the Bay of Biscay  
And back for tea  
Hit traffic on the Dogger Bank  
Up the Thames to find a taxi rank  
Sail on by with the tide  
And go to sleep  
And the radio says...

This is a low  
But it won't hurt you.  
When you're alone, It will be there with you,  
Finding ways to stay solo.  
On the Tyne, Forth and Cromarty,  
There's a low in the high forties  
And Saturdays locked away on the pier  
Not fast enough, dear.  
And on the Malin Head, Blackpool looks blue and red  
And the Queen, she's gone round the bend,  
Jumped off Land's End.

And the radio says...

This is a low, But it won't hurt you.  
When you're alone, It will be there with you.  
This is a low, But it won't hurt you.  
When you're alone, It will be there with you,  
Finding ways to stay solo.

La la la la la la la la la la  
La la la la la la la la - ha ha  
La la la la la la la la la la  
La la la la la la la la - ha ha  
La la la la la la la la la la  
La la la la la la  
Eighteen times a week, love  
Ha ha ha ha ha!