

## The Beach Is Free

Billy Bragg

Well, the fields belong to the farmers  
And the forests belong to the king  
These days our pleasures are all behind fences  
We have to pay for everything

So turn around and come on down  
The beach is free  
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Well, the cities are teeming with people  
And the highway is jammed up with cars  
And the airport is a nightmare in season  
But you don't have to go that far

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Well, they take all the flags down in the evening  
And the soldiers stand guard at the keep  
But the beaches are always open  
'Cause the ocean, she never sleeps

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