

This Is a Low

Blur

And into the sea goes pretty England and me
Around 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 asleep
And the radio says

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

On the Tyne forth and Cramity
There's a low in the high forties
And Saturday's locked away on the pier
Not fast enough dear
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

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