

Hull or Hell

Chumbawamba

Of larks trains windows and brooks
The poet he writes it all down in his book
Won't meet your eye but he wants you to look
In Hull or hell he lies

Lambs in the winter and swans in the spring
Children at play they're like birds on the wing
And the poet he writes that the sun seems to swing
In Hull or hell he lies

Away from the world and away from the page
Hidden in corners the gathering of age
Retreats to the wings where he once held the stage
In Hull or hell he lies

The dirt and the filth that we don't get to see
That's eating his language away
This yellow-eyed nastiness hides from the light of the day

Resenting the everyday growing so old
Where winter once pictured as flowers in fold
Turned frosty and bitter and weathered and cold
In Hull or hell he lies

His housemaid she tried but the dirt grew so fast
The darkest of colours he nailed to the mast
Stuck in his ways like he's stuck in the past