

Our Lady Of The Campfire

Frank Turner

Tonight is her night,
And the city holds its breath,
Caught twixt life and death,
As she rolls in from the suburbs,
The garrison flees and the city will burn.

Because tonight is her night,
And the youth course through the streets
To lay down at her feet,
And she runs a regal eye,
To choose who lives and decide who dies.

Corinna rides like Boadicea tonight.
Fearful crowds part ways without a fight.
Corinna rides like Boadicea tonight.
London town trembles at the sight,
Because tonight is her night.

She keeps her counsel,
Smiles when she speaks now, from ear to ear.
She's getting married, or so they tell me,
When the spring is here.

She hums a tune from a song
She knows from warm summers past.
A song that was sung by
Kids around campfires in the quiet southwest