

Sweet Albion Blues

Frank Turner

I came down from Newcastle town
To the part of the south coast that I love the most.
I was stretched out tight after a couple of nights
Going crazy in Glasgow, I think you all know how that goes.
I needed some peace, somewhere to stand still,
Through the Cotswold hills down to Portland Bill,
And to charge up my batteries for next weekend,
Where I'd be cruising through Cardiff and ending up in Southend
.

So don't go stopping and putting down roots
Or your shoes won't fit in your travelling boots.

I met a guy from Cornwall who'd never left the county,
I told him about the big smoke, I don't think he believed me.
I told him about the scene along the south coast to Kent,
Across the estuary to East Anglia, and then I think he knew what I meant.

A man is bored of life if he's bored of these islands,
All creation is here from Hythe to the Highlands.
The Black Country witnessed my basest predations
And the road up to Hull is paved with wicked intentions.
So don't go stopping and putting down roots
Or your shoes won't fit in your travelling boots.

All across the hills and valleys,
From the A roads to the seas,
The suburbs lead up to the cities,
And that's where you'll find me.

Go mad in Manchester, wind down in Winchester,
Roaming the home counties, where the parties are free,
Circling London like dirt round a storm drain and
Somewhere near Holborn's the heart of the beast.
Don't go stopping and putting down roots
Or your shoes won't fit in your travelling boots.

Sweet Albion around me, everywhere I go,
Sweet Albion surround me, you're everything I know.