

# To Take You Home

Frank Turner

I come from the land of the Wessex down  
From the Hampshire hills near Winchester town  
In the country where the soft South rivers flow down  
To English channel I roam, this is where I call home  
I sing for my supper and I'm pretty well fed  
My cross is silent and I make my bed  
Where I can find a crown and somewhere to lay my head  
And the travelling day is done, and all my songs have been sung

But honey I was lonely on the road, I was all on my own  
Hanging outside at the back of a death metal show  
I saw you standing there with your hair down low  
A kink in your step that made me want to know  
If you would like to take me home  
Who'd of thought that a French kiss from a Parisian girl  
could capture an English boy

She comes from the channels of a distant shore  
From the land of revolution and Agincourt  
From the Kings blood stain on a tricolour  
And the culture a little too high, for an English boy like me  
She doesn't know the Island I grew up upon  
The valleys and the hills that I've roamed along  
And she doesn't like my clothes and she doesn't like my songs  
But she's still my Mademoiselle and it goes to show you never can tel  
l.

Cos she was a quiet one  
She was a shy one  
She was the prettiest at the show  
She crept up so slowly  
She crept up behind me  
But still she pretended that she didn't know  
But all that she thinks of me, and she kissed me  
And she's yet to let me go though I'm far away  
Across of sea I'm singing for the hope that she would ever remember m  
e

So honey when you're lonely on the road, you're all on your own  
Hanging outside at the back of the country show  
Picture me there with hat down low  
A smile upon my face to let you know  
That I would like to take you home  
That I would like to take you home, to the hills that I know  
I would like to take you home, to the places I go  
I would like to take you home  
And that's the way that a French kiss from an English boy  
can capture a Parisian girl