

# It's Nice To Be Out In The Morning

Herman's Hermits

It's nice to be out in the morning  
When you've got somewhere to go  
But seeing the same old faces  
That can make you feel so low

Ardwick Green where the grass is grey  
Beswick, Hulme, and Harpurhey  
Whalley Range where the tomcats roam  
They're not the sights of Rome  
But it's home

It's nice to be out in the morning  
When you've got somewhere to go  
But seeing the same old places  
That can make you feel so low

Besses o' the Barn where the brass bands blow  
Home of the heights where the chimneys grow  
Boggart Hall Clough with its concrete flowers  
It's not the Taj Mahal  
But it's ours

But the town is people more than things  
It's the mums and dads and kids and love that give it life

Oh, it's nice to be out in the morning  
When you've got somewhere to go  
But seeing the same old places  
That can make you feel so low

United's ground where the champions score  
A hundred goals to the reds stand's roar  
And Bobby Charlton, Best and Law  
It's a most fantastic day  
When they play

It's nice to be out in the morning  
When you've got somewhere to go  
It makes you feel good when you're riding  
To the places that you know

Ardwick Green where the grass is grey  
Beswick, Hulme, and Harpurhey  
Whalley Range where the tomcats roam  
They're not the sights of Rome  
But it's home