

## up the pool

Jethro Tull

I'm going up the 'pool from down the smoke below  
To taste my mum's jam sarnies and see our aunty Flo  
The candy floss salesman watches ladies in the sand  
Down for a freaky weekend in the hope that they'll be meeting  
Mister Universe

The iron tower smiles down upon the silver sea  
And along the golden mile they'll be swigging mugs of tea  
The politicians there who've come to take the air  
While posing for the daily press, will look around  
And blame the mess on Edward Bear

There'll be bucket, spades and bingo, cockles, mussels  
Rainy days, seaweed and sand castles, icy waves  
Deck chairs, rubber dinghies, old vests, braces dangling down  
Sun tanned stranded starfish in a daze

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