

Upon The Heath

Mr Hudson

Upon the heath we sit
Trying to make some sense of it
These mushrooms help a bit
Help us think
How we ought to think

There's nothing in our way
And no ones dyeing here
There's nothing in our way
We've nothing left to fear
Thers nothing in our way
And no ones dyeing here

Down into town we stroll
I suggest no more rock and rooll
Canary wharf our chrstimas tree
Sucking up electricity

There's nothing in our way
No ones dyeing here
Nothing in our way
Nothing left to fear
Nothing in our way
No ones dyeing here
Not that I can see
Nothing in our way
No ones dyeing here
Nothing in our way
Nothine left to fear
Oh nothing in our way
No ones dyeing here

I see battenburg houses
Night club sky
I hear nursery rhymes
Fill my eyes write these lines
(Repeat)

Down into town we stroll
Down into town we stroll
Upon the heath we sit
Upon the heath we sit
Down into town we stroll
I insint no more rock and roll
No more rock and roll
No more rock and roll
No more rock and roll
No more rock and roll