

Here Comes Geordie

Richard Thompson

Here comes Geordie, back in town again
Here comes Geordie, strutting down the lane
Girls all want to toy with his affection
The boys all say he loves his own reflection

Hey now, Geordie, sing us all a song
Whoa there, Geordie, where's your mother tongue?
That don't sound like Tyneside to me
Geordie, are you from Jamaicee?

Here comes Geordie in his private plane
Got to save the planet once again
Good old Geordie, righteous as can be
Chop down the forest just to save a tree

Good old Geordie went to buy a hat
Geordie says, "My head won't fit in that"
It's so swollen, much to my surprise
They're all too small, there's nothing in my size

And here comes Geordie acting in a play
He's no Gielgud or Olivier
Stiff as cardboard, isn't it a drag?
Can't act his way out of a paper bag

Here comes Geordie, back in town again
Here comes Geordie, strutting down the lane
Girls all love him, think he is the end
The boys all say the mirror's his best friend

Here comes Geordie, good old Geordie
Here comes Geordie, good old Geordie