

## Roots

## Show Of Hands

Now it's been twenty-five years or more  
I've roamed this land from shore to shore  
From Tyne to Tamar, Severn to Thames  
From moor to vale, from peak to fen  
Played in cafes and pubs and bars  
I've stood in the street with my old guitar  
But I'd be richer than all the rest  
If I had a pound for each request  
For 'Duelling Banjos' 'American Pie'  
Its enough to make you cry  
'Rule Britannia' or 'Swing Low'  
Are they the only songs the English know?

Seed, bud, flower, fruit  
They're never gonna grow without their roots  
Branch, stem, shoots - they need roots

After the speeches when the cake's been cut  
The disco's over and the bar's been shut  
At christening, birthday, wedding or wake  
What can we sing until the morning breaks?  
When the Indian, Asians, Afro, Celts  
It's in their blood, below the belt  
They're playing and dancing all night long  
So what have they got right that we've got wrong?

Seed, bud, flower, fruit  
Never gonna grow without their roots  
Branch, stem, shoots - we need roots

Haul away boys let them go  
Out in the wind and the rain and snow  
We've lost more than well ever know  
Round the rocky shores of England

And a minister said his vision of hell  
Is three folk singers in a pub near Wells  
Well I've got a vision of urban sprawl  
It's pubs where no one ever sings at all  
And everyone stares at a great big screen  
Over-paid soccer stars, prancing teens  
Australian soap, American rap  
Estuary English baseball caps  
And we learn to be ashamed before we walk  
Of the way we look and the way we talk  
Without our stories or our songs  
How will we know where weve come from?  
I've lost St George in the Union Jack  
It's my flag too and I want it back

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Never gonna grow without their roots  
Branch, stem, shoots - we need roots

Haul away boys let them go  
Out in the wind and the rain and snow  
We've lost more than we'll ever know

Round the rocky shores of England