

From Northenden to Partington, it's rain
From Altrincham to Chadderton, it's rain
From Moss Side to Swinton, hardly Spain
It's a picture postcard of 'Wish they never came'

And whilst that deckchair in the garden it makes no sense
It doesn't spoil the view or cause offense
Those Floridas, Bavarias and Kents
Make gentlemen wear shorts but don't make gents

So convertible stay garage bound
Save after sun for later
If rain makes Britain great
Then Manchester is greater

As you dry your clothes once again
Upon the radiator
What makes Britain great
Makes Manchester yet greater

From Cheetham Hill to Wythenshawe, it's rain
Gorton, Salford, Sale, pretty much the same
As I'm caught up without my jacket once again
The raindrops on my face play a sweet refrain

And as winter turns reluctantly to spring
For the clouds above the city there's one last fling
Swallows build their nests, chaffinch sing
And the sun strolls into town like long lost king

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And the mood of this whole sodden place is melancholy
Like the sun came out to play, shone through the clouds
But dropped its lolly
And everyone looks so disappointed, so, so sorry
Like the rain blew into town, kidnapped the sun
And stole its brolly

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