

West Country Man

The Dreadnoughts

Will I have a cider?
Will I have a scrumpy?
Turbo, Merridale, Wilkins' Cidery
Doesn't really matter much to me
I drinks it in the morning and I drinks it all the day
I own it is the finest in the land
plain to see
The only life for me
I am a west Country man

Will I take a lady?
Sarah, Jess or Katie?
Fat hips, red lips, sweet as sugar pie
That's the type of pretty girl for I
we're rollin' in the hay, jubilee, jubilee
I own she is the fairest in the land
plain to see
the only life for me
I am a west Country man

I'll travel far and wide
With comrades at my side
West Country is a place that you can find
But furthermore, a state of mind
so drink thee cider down
pass the jug around,
listen the Wurzels when you can
live loud and free, soon enough you'll be
a real West Country Man