

Down in Albion
They're black and blue
But we don't talk about that
Are you from 'round here?
How do you do?
I'd like to talk about that
Talk over
Gin in teacups
And leaves on the lawn
Violence in bus stops
And the pale thin girl with eyes forlorn

Gin in teacups
And leaves on the lawn
Violence in dole queues
And the pale thin girl behind the checkout

If you're looking for a cheap sort
Set in false anticipation
Ill be waiting in the photo booth
At the underground station
Now come away, won't you come away
We can go to
Deptford, Digbeth, Tuebrook
Anywhere in Albion

Yellowing classics
And canons at dawn
coffee wallows and pith helmets
and an English sun

New bought classics
And canons at dawn
Terrible warlords, good warlords
and an English song

But if you're looking for a cheap sort
Glint with perspiration
There's a four-mile queue
Outside the disused power station

Ah come away, won't you come away
We're going to...
Watford, Enfields
Anywhere oh

If you're looking for a cheap tart
Glint with perspiration
Theres a five mile queue
Outside the dissused power station

Oh come away, won't you come away
We're going to...
Anywhere in Albion