

## This Is a Low

Blur

And into the sea goes pretty England and me  
Around the Bay of Biscay and back for tea  
Hit traffic on the dogger bank  
Up the Thames to find a taxi rank  
Sail on by with the tide and go asleep  
And the radio says

This is a low  
But it won't hurt you  
When you are alone it will be there with you  
Finding ways to stay solo

On the Tyne forth and Cramity  
There's a low in the high forties  
And Saturday's locked away on the pier  
Not fast enough dear  
On the Malin head, Blackpool looks blue and red  
And the Queen, she's gone round the bend  
Jumped off Land's End  
And the radio says

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