

Third Track Main Camera Four Minutes

Half Man Half Biscuit

I got three from each section on the fixed odds coupon
But I still don't want to go to Cuba
Cause Cuba's the new destination
Cuba's the new Iceland
And it'll be full of Italia Conti rejects
So no, I don't want to go to Cuba
I'd much rather go down to Dorset, with its
Wonderful Bulbarrow Hill
Wonderful Bulbarrow Hill, alright

I've got fur in my kettle and a film on my tea
I'm living in a hard water town
But I don't let it get me down

Far from it
Should any man wish to make himself immortal by
painting a picture of wretchedness, then he'd be
wasting his time knocking on my door. Maybe go to Mr
Galbraith's over the road. There he is now, look, alone
in his polytunnel with his pitiful competition onions,
neglected for two weeks in Cuba. A no-rosette situation
for Mr Galbraith.

Oh he shouldn't have gone to Cuba
He should have just gone down to Dorset with its
Wonderful Bulbarrow Hill
Wonderful Bulbarrow Hill

Ahhh, ahhh
Pots and pans
Ahhh
Take your coat off or you won't feel the benefit
Ahhh
And now I'm going to tell you something
Ahhh
Alright, here we go
If ever an album title was in dire need of an
exclamation mark
If ever an album title was in dire need of an
exclamation mark
It surely had to be
Frampton Comes Alive
Frampton Comes Alive
Run for the hills
Frampton Comes Alive
One more time
Frampton Comes Alive