

## Primrose Hill

Loudon Wainwright III

Living on the side  
Of Primrose Hill  
Drinking cans of Tennants  
Just can't seem to get my fill  
Got a beat up guitar  
And a dirty old sleeping bag  
And this mangy dog  
Whose tail don't wag  
Sun's been shining down  
On my hillside bed  
That's not the only reason  
My face is so red  
This nasty cut on my nose  
Is not from no fight  
I just fell down yesterday  
Or maybe it was last night  
And I used to sing and play  
Down in the underground  
But a few years back  
They started cracking down  
Now I'm living on the side  
Of Primrose Hill  
I'm no tourist attraction  
But I give them a thrill

Yeah I see you  
Riding by on your flash bicycle  
Yeah they can do you for that on Primrose Hill  
A pretty young mother goes by  
She's pushing her pram  
Her little baby leans out  
Just to see what I am  
From the top of the hill  
There's a hell of a view  
Houses of Parliament and London Zoo  
Those politicians all chatter  
They trumpet and roar  
That must be what those hyenas all  
Are laughing for  
When you come up to London  
It sure is something to see  
It's somewhere to go  
But it's no place to be  
And there's two things  
Keeping me from going 'round the bend  
I got my music  
And this dog for a friend

'Cause life gets slippery  
When you're living on the side  
Yeah I know I should quit drinking  
But I haven't even tried  
My mutt's licking my fingers  
And I'm wetting my lips  
I got a can of extra strong  
And a bag of chicken and chips  
If I had a little money

I'd get a few things  
Like a bottle of vodka  
And a pack of new guitar strings  
I guess I could die here  
On the side of this hill  
I'm no tourist attraction  
But I'd give them a chill  
And I'm living on the side  
Of Primrose Hill  
Drinking cans of Tennants  
Just can't seem to get my fill  
Got a beat up guitar  
And dirty old sleeping bag  
This mangy dog  
Whose tail won't wag