

Nigel The Nightingale

Ralph McTell

Nigel, the Nightingale of London Town
Nigel, the Nightingale of London

I say old chap, what-ho?
Tootle pip and jolly good show
Your friends all love the things you say
Though no one speaks like that today

Except Nigel, the Nightingale of London Town
Nigel, the Nightingale of London

Well, life down on the farm
Can't do you any harm
But when you are a London bird
You miss the things you've seen and heard

London, there is no place quite like it
London, there is no place like London

And, oh, what joy you bring
When we hear you sing
Though starlings croak and pigeons coo
There is no-one who sings like you

Nigel, welcome home to London Town
Nigel, welcome home to London

Your friends in Berkeley Square
Glance up and know you're there
And strangers look when they hear your sound
And Londoners say 'He's back around'

That's Nigel, the Nightingale of London Town
Nigel, the Nightingale of London

I say old chap, what-ho?
Tootle pip and cheerio
So never leave this square again
Except Hyde Park on spring weekends

Nigel, the Nightingale of London Town
Nigel, the Nightingale of London