

The Five Bridges Suite

The Nice

Five bridges cross the Tyne
And the city sits close by
For some go north and some go south
But each one seems to cry

There's no good complaining bout dirty air
'Cause there's nothing much else to breathe
It's no good shouting from nine to five
If you haven't got the guts to leave
You do not wanna leave
But then you make yourself believe
That you've got something up your sleeve

Won't you take a walk with me down to the Jesmond Dene?
Very green

Take me to Northumberland Street
Where Northumberland people test their feet
On a pavement
On a crowded afternoon
But no one wants to change this
But I bet they'll do quite soon

Take me to the new town hall
With the light show on the wall
In the evening
All crimson, green and blue
Has your mother ever noticed?
Perhaps she will quite soon

Take me to St James's Park
Where St James's people park their feet
On a Saturday
United there they stand
Now everybody's dad's there
With a bottle in his hand

Take me down to Grey Street
Where no great people ever meet
On Grey Street
It's all too very calm
I don't suppose you've been there
That don't change the rule

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And the city sits close by
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But each one seems to cry

It's no good complaining bout dirty air
'Cause there's nothing much left to breathe
And it's no good shouting from nine to five
If you do not wanna leave
You do not wanna leave
But then you make yourself believe

That you've got something up your sleeve
Because you do not want to leave
And so you make yourself believe