

## The Babys

### "Albion"

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Down in Albion  
Ah, they're black and blue  
But we don't talk about that  
Are you from 'round here?  
How do you do?  
I'd like to talk about that  
Talk over  
Gin in teacups  
And leaves on the lawn  
Violence in bus stops  
And the pale thin girl with eyes forlorn

Aah, gin in teacups  
And leaves on the lawn  
Violence in dole queues  
And the pale thin girl behind the checkout

But if you're looking for a cheap sort  
Glint with perspiration  
There's a four-mile queue  
Outside the disused power station  
Now come away, won't you come away  
We'll go to  
Deptford, Digbeth, Tuebrook  
Anywhere in Albion

Yellowing classics  
And canons at dawn  
Coffee wallows and pith helmets  
And oh an English sun

Yellowing classics  
And canons at dawn  
Coffee wallows and pith helmets  
And oh an English sun

But if you're looking for a cheap sort  
That's in false anticipation  
It'll be waiting in the photo booth  
At the railway station

Ah come away, won't you come away  
We're going to...  
Watford, Enfields  
Anywhere oh

If you're looking for a cheap sort  
That's in false anticipation  
It'll be waiting in the photo booth  
At the underground station

Oh come away, won't you come away  
We're going to...

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