

## Half Man Half Biscuit

### "The Light At The End Of The Tunnel (Is The Light O")

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She stayed with me until,  
She moved to Notting Hill,  
She Said it was the place she needs to be,  
Where the cocaine is fair-trade,  
and frequently displayed,  
is the Buena Vista Social Club CD,

I thought you'd be back in three weeks,  
and we'd go wandering in the peaks,  
sojourn in my uncle Joe's ashram,  
And when you're in Matlock Bath,  
You dont need Sylvia Plath,  
Not while we've got Mrs. Gibsons jam,  
Alas I'm brooding along by the runnel,  
while shes in Capri with her swain,  
and the light at the end of the tunnel,  
Is the light of an oncoming train.

Well we both grew up in Eyam,  
and strange as it may seem,  
niether of us thought we'd ever leave,  
but the beak in Leek is weak,  
and she's moved it so to speak,  
with featureless TV producer Steve,  
And now it's all Eva Cassidy,  
and aphids in piccady,  
and so I can only ascertain,  
That the light at the end of the tunnel,  
Is the light of an oncoming train.

No frills, handy for the hills,  
that's the way you spell New Mills,  
brooding along by the runnel,  
while shes in Capri with her swain,  
and the light at the end of the tunnel,  
Is the light of an oncoming train.  
Is the light of an oncoming train.  
Is the light of an oncoming.....

Gimme that old type religion,  
Gimme that old type religion,

Gimme that old type religion,  
It's good enough for me.

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