

Lindisfarne

"Fog On The Tyne"

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Sittin' in a sleazy snack-bar
Suckin', sickly sausage rolls
Slippin' down slowly, slippin' down sideways
Think I'll sign off the dole

~Cause the fog on the Tyne is all mine, all mine
The fog on the Tyne is all mine
The fog on the Tyne is all mine, all mine
The fog on the Tyne is all mine

Could a copper catch a crooked coffin maker
Could a copper comprehend
That a crooked coffin maker is just an undertaker
Who undertakes to be a friend?

And the fog on the Tyne is all mine, all mine
The fog on the Tyne is all mine
The fog on the Tyne is all mine, all mine
The fog on the Tyne is all mine

Tell it to tomorrow, today will take it's time
To tell you what tonight will bring
Presently we'll have a pint or two together
Everybody do their thing

We can swing together, we can have a wee wee
We can have a wet on the wall
If someone slips a whisper that its simple sister
Slapped them down and slavered on their smalls

'Cause the fog on the Tyne is all mine, all mine
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