

Chumbawamba

"8. Walking The Penine Way"

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It's not so much the distance nor the time it takes
It's not even the cold nor the pains or aches
I can cope with blisters and the weight of my pack
And I don't mind the rain if I've got my mac
But have I cursed Wainwright in my time
To be fair, he said it's all muck and slime
The creeping sludge, the never-ending peat
It were that that nearly finished me, it nearly had me
beat
Peat bogs, peat bogs, more peat bogs
You'd never credit it--they burn the stuff instead of logs
Peat bogs, peat bogs, more peat bogs
Well it's such a funny stuff is peat, it's nature's own
glue
It got to me, it did, and by the end of day, too
I thought, I'm only carrying on so that I can say
If I've done nothing else, I've walked the Penine way
But I did it seven years ago, so why do it again?
Well I don't really know, and I didn't know then
Unless it's this that's been nagging at my noggin
Peat bogs and me have got this love/hate thing
Peat bogs, peat bogs, more peat bogs
You'd never credit it--they burn the stuff instead of logs
Peat bogs, peat bogs, more peat bogs

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