

## **Mr. Hudson**

# **"Upon The Heath"**

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Upon the heath we sit  
Trying to make some sense of it  
These mushrooms help a bit  
Help us think  
How we ought to think

There's nothing in our way  
And no one's dying here  
There's nothing in our way  
We've nothing left to fear  
There's nothing in our way  
And no one's dying here

Down into town we stroll  
I suggest no more rock and roll  
Canary Wharf our Christmas tree  
Sucking up electricity

There's nothing in our way  
No one's dying here  
Nothing in our way  
Nothing left to fear

Nothing in our way  
No one's dying here  
Not that I can see

Nothing in our way  
No one's dying here  
Nothing in our way  
Nothing left to fear

Oh, nothing in our way  
No one's dying here

I see Battenberg houses  
Night club sky  
I hear nursery rhymes  
Fill my eyes write these lines

I see Battenberg houses  
Night club sky

I hear nursery rhymes  
Fill my eyes write these lines

Down into town we stroll  
Down into town we stroll  
Upon the heath we sit  
Upon the heath we sit

Down into town we stroll  
I insist, no more rock and roll  
No more rock and roll  
No more rock and roll  
No more rock and roll  
No more rock and roll

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