

The Wurzels

"Down In Nempnett Thrubwell"

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If you find life a race, you just can't stand the pace,
Come with me to the West Country - the perfect hiding
place:

Pack your bags, and make your way to Somerset, and I
will lay

Ten to one you'll wanna stay down in Nempnett
Thrubwell.

There's not a pub, there ain't a shop, you never see a
traffic cop

Drink up, and no-one says "stop", down in Nempnett
Thrubwell.

That's where the cider's strong, the days, forty-eight
hours long

They've got frogs as big as dogs, that harmonise in
song

The pheasants all take part in shoots, the big barn owls
don't give two hoots,

All the fleas wear hobnail boots, down in Nempnett
Thrubwell.

Now they don't care for house or car, as long as
they've a cider jar

They've never heard of Ringo Starr, down in Nempnett
Thrubwell.

You never hear of rain or snow, no hail or sleet, or
rough winds blow

You can hear the grasses grow, down in Nempnett
Thrubwell.

Rabbits there as big as sows, the hens there look the
size of cows

All the pigs do Irish jigs, and pigeons pull the ploughs
So leave me there, let me grow fat, and live and laugh,
and after that

Bury me in a cider vat, down in Nempnett Thrubwell.

Sleepy Nempnett Thrubwell, dear old Somerset.

