

## The Wurzels

### "Good Ole Somerset"

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Take me back to good ole Somerset.....

I still remember when I was a lad,  
Some times were good, and some times were bad,  
But we all made the most of what little we had,  
Down in Somerset.  
We played around at school, we thought it a game,  
And even now, I can't write me name -  
And I'm so glad to be back again,  
In good ole Somerset!

Chorus: When I'm dead, they'll bury me  
In the shade of a cider-apple tree,  
Take me back to good ole Somerset;  
Take me by the village inn,  
Hear the old folks, the yarns they spin,  
Take me back to good ole Somerset.

I took a rifle when I was sixteen,  
I went to fight for my King and Queen,  
And the boots I wore - ah, they was never so clean,  
In good ole Somerset!  
At the end of the fightin', I took me a wife,  
We settled down, and tried to make a good life,  
But all we seemed to find, was trouble and strife,  
Down in Somerset!

Repeat Chorus

All the kids are married, the old lady's gone,  
Just me and the dog, and a pint and a song,  
Now I'm back, where I belong,  
In good ole Somerset.

Repeat chorus (twice)

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