

The Wurzels

"Mevagissey"

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The lights of Mevagissey is a sight that I long to see,
To walk the old stone harbour, smell the salt air, and
the sea
Those fishin' boats, all safely moored, seagulls soar
above,
In that quaint old Cornish village - Mevagissey, you're
my love!

Chorus: Some folks like big cities, with their hustle and
bright lights,
The nightclubs and the restaurants, they say are
wondrous sights,
Although I'm not a Cornish lad, though I've lived down
in the West,
You can keep your bright-light cities; Mevagissey,
you're the best!

The motorways, and the factories, their chimneys
reach the sky,
People rushing everywhere, never knowing why;
So I'm glad I've had this chance in life, to take the time
and see,
You can keep your bright-light cities, Mevagissey is just
for me!

So if you yearn to leave it all, and I'm sure that you
might someday,
Remember what I tell you, as you pass along your way,
And you'll be glad that you're alive, these words I say
come true,
Forget those bright-light cities, Mevagissey is just for
you.

Some folks like big cities, with their hustle and bright
lights,
The nightclubs and the restaurants, they say are
wondrous sights,
Although I'm not a Cornish lad, though I've lived down
in the West,
Forget those bright-light cities, Mevagissey, you're the
best!

Yes, you can keep your bright-light cities, Mevagissey,
you're the best.

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