

The Wurzels

"Rock Around The A38"

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(Alright)

Way down Taunton on the A38
Just around the corner there's a five-bar gate
Over in the field stands old Farmer Joe
Cranking up his tractor trying to make the thing go
No-one seems to care, or try to understand
It's hard to make a living when your working on the
land
Go Go
Let the cider flow

Alright there young 'un

Farmer's son in the pig sty mixing up the swill
Bubbling and a steaming enough to make thee ill
Sow she came a borin' like a hurricane
Rollin' over n'over n'over n'over again
no-one there around, to give that boy a warnin'
they couldn't dig him out until the very next mornin'
Go Go
Let the cider flow

C'mon there my beauty, c'mon right there

Farmer's daughter Mable rolling in the hay
With them village lads she were the caberet
Swinging through the rafters in her tight blue jeans
Polo neck all ruffled n' bursting from the seams
No-one seems to care, or try to understand
The ups and downs a man gets when he's working on
the land
Go Go
Let the cider flow

Farmer's wife out working picking up the eggs
She's gettin' on she ain't too steady on her legs
Basket in her arms and right from full
She crossed the field and she got chased by a bull
No-one there around to get the bull away
Now Joe's got scrambled eggs for his breakfast every
day

C'mon here my beauty, c'mon 'ere
Giv'm a grt big dog, he he.

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