

The Wurzels

"Sunny Weston-Super-Mare"

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I packed me bags and left the farm
I packed it up for sure
I swore I'd never drive
A tractor anymore.
Old Mother said "Thee'se must be mad"
As I walked out the door
And Father shouted - "Lazy lout!!
Don't come back no more".

CHORUS

I'm off now!
Off to sunny Weston-Super-Mare, Super-Mare, Super-
Mare
I'm off to sunny Weston-Super-Mare,
They say you'll always find a welcome way down there.

A farmer's life is very good
As people often say
Lots of clean fresh air
And cider every day
But when the harvest time comes around
The sun it dries your lips
I'd sooner lay upon the beach
And eat me fish and chips.

CHORUS

I'm off now!
Off to sunny Weston-Super-Mare, Super-Mare, Super-
Mare
I'm off to sunny Weston-Super-Mare,
They say you'll always find a welcome way down there.

I'd longed to walk a golden beach
Where shady palm trees grow
Forget that muckin' out
And no more fields to mow
The icy cold at winter time
That makes you freeze and shake
I've left it all behind me
I've really made the break.

CHORUS

If paradise is half as nice
Then, this is where I'll stay
The farmyard's far away
From this lovely sandy bay
I'll walk along the promenade
Forget that country lane
Just write and tell the folks back home
I won't be back again.

CHORUS

CHORUS

CHORUS with changed first line to 'Come on Boys!' (to
fade)

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