

Mike Spine

"Primrose Hill"

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Primrose Hill Primrose Hill I sit alone and drink your
swill

Primrose Hill Primrose Hill watching London gets its fill

Of the sun of the sun the illusive northern sun

Shown its face shown its face for first time in many
days

Shown its face first time in many days

There's a boy shoots down the hill on a custom type big
wheel

It's all fun it's all laughs â€™til he has to turn around

The hipsters and hotties sit black hair walks and swings
her hips

Skinny legs and well endowed draws the eye of much
the crowd

Draws the eye of much the crowd

Well the boys kick their balls as the frisbee discs sail on

Dogs walk through the long grass in warm coats that
can't be shed

There are hundreds all around and there's millions in
this town

But I only know a few so I sing the Primrose blues

Singing the Primrose Hill blues

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