

## **Robbie Seay Band**

### **"Bag Full Of Silly"**

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You al'right; how's it goin' man?  
Yeah, fine, fine  
Fine, fine!

Gloomy Manchester, always rainin'  
Full of chippy, max entertainment  
Groovy Manchester, June split the atom  
O-1-6-1, England's Seattle

And I know I should have written it down  
The Southern Comfort, I've forgotten you somehow

Last night this girl in my bed  
I was telling her what I said  
When all I had was potential  
And a head-full of dreadful  
With a bag full of silly  
Walking through Picadilly  
And I... well anyway, anyway

Who knew worstly would do so much to hurt me  
Parts of Manchester make me feel dirty  
Hacienda, on a gay night  
Dropping little fellas, to make me feel right

And I think about you now and then  
When I'm talking towns to my friend

Last night this girl in my bed  
I was telling her what I said  
When all I had was potential  
And a head-full of dreadful  
With a bag full of silly  
Walking through Picadilly  
And I... well anyway, anyway

We all made out in places  
And I've been to a few  
What I need now is an aerial view  
'Cause I can see for myself  
That I can't see for myself

But oh... anyway anyway

Now Iâ´d like to go to Manchester  
To my surprise  
Ain't 500 M6  
Then just close my eyes  
Close my eyes  
Close my eyes  
Close my eyes

Last night this girl in my bed  
I was telling her what I said  
When all I had was potential  
And a head-full of dreadful  
With a bag full of silly  
Walking through Picadilly  
And I... well anyway, anyway

Oh, oh, oh  
Uh-oh, Uh-oh

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