

Roland Bowman

"Gloucester"

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Gloucester

If you come to Gloucester.Be sure to fall

in love,Cause that is where I lost her.

To the angels up above.It happened on a hot day,At the
Guinee Jubilee.

Over wine and Salmon Soufle,We were happy as can
be.

We made love and then went swimming,In the channel
down the creek.

Then I lost her to the lemon in my tears, and I can't
speak..

She could'nt fight the undertow,I did call her name.

The river took her down below,and I'm going insane.

Gloucester is a fairground,There is Music in the Air.

Listen to my Love sound,Wear some flowers in your
hair.

Come and listen to me,I will play my ole' guitar.

Listen to my music.I will take you to a star.

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