

Kinks, The

"Muswell Hillbilly"

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Well I said goodbye to Rosie Rooke this morning,
I'm gonna miss her bloodshot alcoholic eyes,
She wore her Sunday hat so she'd impress me,
I'm gonna carry her memory 'til the day I die.

They'll move me up to Muswell Hill tomorrow,
Photographs and souvenirs are all I've got,
They're gonna try and make me change my way of
living,
But they'll never make me something that I'm not.

Cos I'm a Muswell Hillbilly boy,
But my heart lies in old West Virginia,
Never seen New Orleans, Oklahoma, Tennessee,
Still I dream of the Black Hills that I ain't never seen.

They're putting us in little boxes,
No character just uniformity,
They're trying to build a computerised community,
But they'll never make a zombie out of me.

They'll try and make me study elocution,
Because they say my accent isn't right,
They can clear the slums as part of their solution,
But they're never gonna kill my cockney pride.

Cos I'm a Muswell Hillbilly boy,
But my heart lies in Old West Virginia,
Though my hills, they're not green,
I've seen them in my dreams,
Take me back to those Black Hills,
That I ain't never seen.

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But my heart lies in Old West Virginia,
Though my hills, they're not green,
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