

Mitch Benn

"Always Get To Whinge About The Weather"

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If I seem nervous
A little skittish
It's just who are you,
What have you done with the British?

Are these our athletes
Or are they aliens?
Even Yorkshire's got more gold than the Australians

I couldn't recognise
My dear old Britain less
Can we function without cynicism and bitterness?
We're not equipped for success and winning things
Our people have turned into fresh faced clear eyes
grinning things

Where is my grey unpleasant land of yesterday?
People who once said harumph now proudly shout
hooray
And those without a racist thought or racist word to say
Are waving Union Jacks in a completely non-ironic way

We need a flash flood, a sudden deep freeze
We'll stay indoors and listen to Radiohead and
Morrissey
We need a train strike, another riot
Some pieces in the daily mail about how fibre in your
diet
Will give you cancer in every organ

Nobody on TV but Jeremy's Kyle and Clarkson
And Piers Morgan
That'll do it
We'll be reduced to
The kind of misery and depression that we're used to

Do we want to
Can we go back to
Giving a toss about who's winning the X Factor?
Katie Price and Peter Andre
We've caught a glimpse of how we could be better one

day

It has been quite the revelation
Don't have to be a Little Englander to love your little
nation
There is nothing that we can't do together
And we'll always get to whinge about the weather,
whatever
We will always get to whinge about the weather

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