

And into the sea
Goes pretty England and me
Round the Bay of Biscay
And back for tea
Hit traffic on the Dogger Bank
Up the Thames to find a taxi rank
Sail on by with the tide
And go to sleep
And the radio says...

This is a low
But it won't hurt you.
When you're alone, It will be there with you,
Finding ways to stay solo.
On the Tyne, Forth and Cromarty,
There's a low in the high forties
And Saturdays locked away on the pier
Not fast enough, dear.
And on the Malin Head, Blackpool looks blue and red
And the Queen, she's gone round the bend,
Jumped off Land's End.

And the radio says...

This is a low, But it won't hurt you.
When you're alone, It will be there with you.
This is a low, But it won't hurt you.
When you're alone, It will be there with you,
Finding ways to stay solo.

La la la la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la - ha ha
La la la la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la - ha ha
La la la la la la la la la la
La la la la la la
Eighteen times a week, love
Ha ha ha ha ha!