

Up the Pool

Ian Anderson

I'm going up the `pool from down the smoke below
to taste my mum's jam sarnies and see our Aunty Flo.
The candyfloss salesman watches ladies in the sand
down for a freaky weekend in the hope that they'll be
meeting

Mister Universe.

The iron tower smiles down upon the silver sea
and along the golden mile they'll be swigging mugs of
tea.

The politicians there who've come to take the air
while posing for the daily press
will look around and blame the mess
on Edward Bear.

There'll be bucket, spades and bingo, cockles, mussels,
rainy days,
seaweed and sand castles, icy waves.
Deck chairs, rubber dinghies, old vests, braces
dangling down,
sun-tanned stranded starfish in a daze.

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Oh Blackpool,
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