

Fog On The Tyne

Lindisfarne

Sittin' in a sleazy snack bar sucking,
Sickly sausage rolls.
Slippin' down slowly, slippin' down sideways,
Think I'll sign off the dole.

'Cause the fog on the Tyne is all mine all mine.
The fog on the Tyne is all mine.
The fog on the Tyne is all mine all mine.
The fog on the Tyne is all mine.

Could a copper catch a crooked copper maker,
could a copper comprehend.
That a crooked copper maker's,
Just an undertaker,
A one it takes to be your friend.

Tell it to tomorrow,
Today will take its time,
To tell you what tonight will bring.
Presently we'll have a pint or too together,
Everybody do their thing.

We can swing together,
We can have a wee wee,
We can have a wet on the wall.
If someone slips a whisper,
That its simple sister,
Slap em down and saliver on their smalls.