

Primrose Hill

Loudon Wainwright III

Living on the side
Of Primrose Hill
Drinking cans of Tennants
Just can't seem to get my fill
Got a beat up guitar
And a dirty old sleeping bag
And this mangy dog
Whose tail don't wag
Sun's been shining down
On my hillside bed
That's not the only reason
My face is so red
This nasty cut on my nose
Is not from no fight
I just fell down yesterday
Or maybe it was last night
And I used to sing and play
Down in the underground
But a few years back
They started cracking down
Now I'm living on the side
Of Primrose Hill
I'm no tourist attraction
But I give them a thrill

Yeah I see you
Riding by on your flash bicycle
Yeah they can do you for that on Primrose Hill
A pretty young mother goes by
She's pushing her pram
Her little baby leans out
Just to see what I am
From the top of the hill
There's a hell of a view
Houses of Parliament and London Zoo
Those politicians all chatter
They trumpet and roar
That must be what those hyenas all
Are laughing for
When you come up to London
It sure is something to see
It's somewhere to go
But it's no place to be
And there's two things
Keeping me from going 'round the bend
I got my music
And this dog for a friend

'Cause life gets slippery
When you're living on the side
Yeah I know I should quit drinking
But I haven't even tried
My mutt's licking my fingers
And I'm wetting my lips
I got a can of extra strong
And a bag of chicken and chips
If I had a little money

I'd get a few things
Like a bottle of vodka
And a pack of new guitar strings
I guess I could die here
On the side of this hill
I'm no tourist attraction
But I'd give them a chill
And I'm living on the side
Of Primrose Hill
Drinking cans of Tennants
Just can't seem to get my fill
Got a beat up guitar
And dirty old sleeping bag
This mangy dog
Whose tail won't wag