

Merrie Land

The Good, the Bad & the Queen

If you're leaving please still say goodbye
And if you are leaving can you leave me my silver jubilee mug
My old flag
My dark woods
My sunrise

If you're leaving can you please say goodbye
And if you are leaving can you leave your number
I'll pack my case
And get in a cab
And wave you goodbye

I drive in the early hours down to the sea
I stand on the beach where the storms amplify
All the voices that I care for
And the ghosts I hold sacred

In this alignment that lasts for a day
There's nothing that I can do anyway, anyway
What am I doing here?
Waiting for you?

Hey

So rebuild the railways
Firm up all the roads
No one is leaving
Now this is your home
The horses, the foxes, the sheep, and the cows
Bow down on their knees
To the fanfare of progress, it's always the same
We cheer on the clowns as they roll into town
But their faces look tired and sad to me
And carry the terrible things they've seen

All lost in a painting of a sky coloured oil

In this Merrie Land

You are my crows, my window rattlers
Perfumed valley criers
Oh the dark ponds of Merrie England
The deep space echoes
Get on your mo...
What did you say? Mobility (You can fly)
Get on your mobilised hooters... (to the moon)
Hooters... Haha
Mobilised Hooters... Haha
(One day)
Get hold of those mobilised hooters
They are half price

This is not rhetoric
It comes from my heart
I love this country
Daneland, I am your kin
You were the ones who work together

Put the money in the pockets
Of the few and their fortunes
Who crowd the school benches
And jeer at us all because they don't care about us
They are graceless and you shouldn't be with them
Because they are all disconnected and raised up in mansions
And two hundred plastic bags in a whale's stomach
So you turn to the trident
Are we green are we pleasant?
We are not either of those Father
We are a shaking wreck where nothing grows
Lost in the sky coloured oils of Merrie Land