

Cockermouth

The Mekons

You take the high I'll take the low
Off through the gorse and brambles
Far off the road and far from home
I ramble

A hornets' nest lies on the track
Its half formed larvae scattered
A workers cottage broken down
And left in shambles

Leave the path strike out alone
Up on the ridge I ramble
Back to the wind face wet with rain
Above the fields of cattle

High in the ferns I find a scull
I see the flashing shadows
Jet fighters swooping loud and low
Rehearse for Armageddon

You don't have to believe in the end
You have to believe this is the end

Over the hills and far away
All through the day I ramble
I rock 'n' roll in standing stones
With Brian Jones I ramble

You don't have to believe in the end
You have to believe this is the end

Strike out alone -- I ramble
I lose my way -- I ramble
I lose my clothes -- I ramble
On to the end -- I ramble
Back in time -- I ramble
All left behind -- I ramble
H. D. Thoreau -- I ramble
Nowhere to go -- I ramble