Ye Olde Trip to Nottingham

(inspired by the world's 4th best ukulele strum by Coveywood)

Words and Music by PETER FORREST

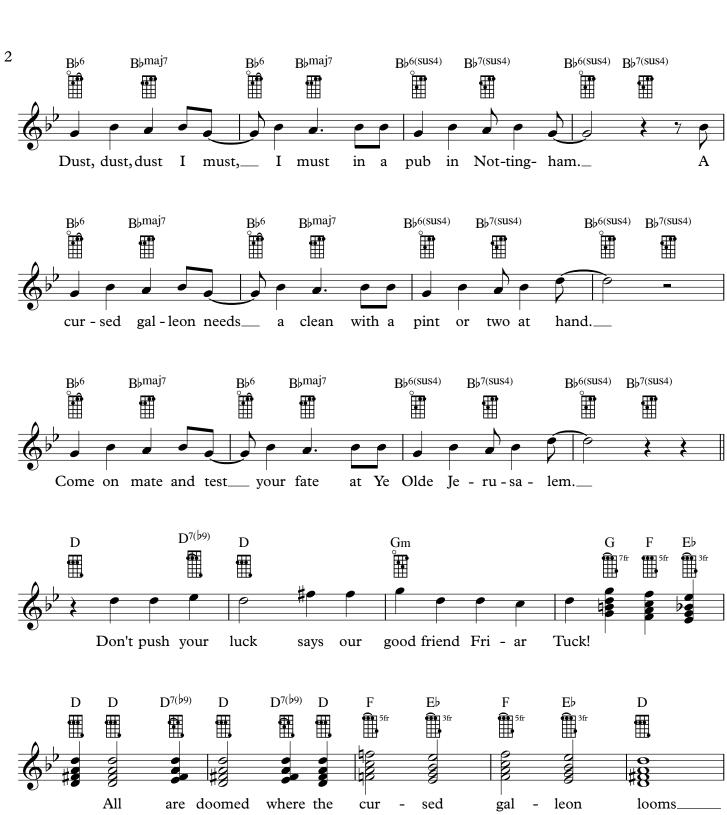




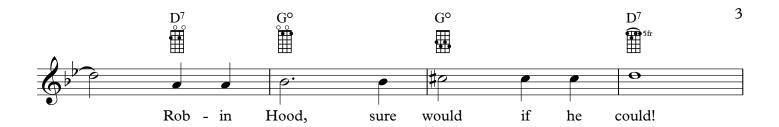
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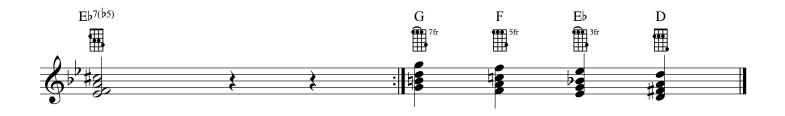
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When I visit England, have no time for Big Ben London Bridge is falling down, heard it's always on the mend It's a royal pain in London, when I'm squeezed from the Tube Now all Beefeaters are vegan, and all beer is Belgian brewed

The Tower of London ain't that fun, so I've made other plans Dust, dust, I must I must, in a pub in Nottingham A cursed galleon, needs a clean with a pint or two at hand Come on mate, and test your fate, at Ye Olde Jerusalem

Don't push your luck, says our good friend Friar Tuck All are doomed, where the cursed galleon looms... Robin Hood, sure would, if he could!

When I visit England, I will pray at St-Paul's
For a safe pilgrimage, to a pub in castle walls
My mother was a cleaner, sweeping, sweeping was a must
Off to Nottingham, to prove her right, and sweep away some dust

REPEAT CHORUS