

Ashby-de-la-Zouch (Remember Me)

Step on your brakes
There's a wide load stuck near Junction 22
Where the fog has had its say
Well you could wait
In a side road until the sunlight squeezes through
You could wait from June till May



Grey driving rain
Spins the whole of England round Ashby-de-la-Zouch
And the queues tail back miles
I'm looking sane
In my old soft top, but the screws are coming loose
I'll get wet, soaked in style

Foreigners will come
But they'll never see the sun
And wonder how we all survive
The cold and grey you say often resembles me
Has assembled me
Will you remember me?
Will you remember me?

Two nodding dogs
Look knowingly from the back of the 206
They can tell I've lost my way
Ten dozen logs
From a low-loader are piled up like pick-up-sticks
I can watch the road turn to clay

Foreigners will come
But they'll never see the sun
And wonder how we all survive
The cold and grey you say often resembles me
Has assembled me
Will you remember me?

Will you remember me?
Somewhere near Ashby-de-la-Zouch