

To Take You Home

Frank Turner

I come from the land of the Wessex down
From the Hampshire hills near Winchester town
In the country where the soft South rivers flow down
To English channel I roam, this is where I call home
I sing for my supper and I'm pretty well fed
My cross is silent and I make my bed
Where I can find a crown and somewhere to lay my head
And the travelling day is done, and all my songs have been sung

But honey I was lonely on the road, I was all on my own
Hanging outside at the back of a death metal show
I saw you standing there with your hair down low
A kink in your step that made me want to know
If you would like to take me home
Who'd of thought that a French kiss from a Parisian girl
could capture an English boy

She comes from the channels of a distant shore
From the land of revolution and Agincourt
From the Kings blood stain on a tricolour
And the culture a little too high, for an English boy like me
She doesn't know the Island I grew up upon
The valleys and the hills that I've roamed along
And she doesn't like my clothes and she doesn't like my songs
But she's still my Mademoiselle and it goes to show you never can tel
l.

Cos she was a quiet one
She was a shy one
She was the prettiest at the show
She crept up so slowly
She crept up behind me
But still she pretended that she didn't know
But all that she thinks of me, and she kissed me
And she's yet to let me go though I'm far away
Across of sea I'm singing for the hope that she would ever remember m
e

So honey when you're lonely on the road, you're all on your own
Hanging outside at the back of the country show
Picture me there with hat down low
A smile upon my face to let you know
That I would like to take you home
That I would like to take you home, to the hills that I know
I would like to take you home, to the places I go
I would like to take you home
And that's the way that a French kiss from an English boy
can capture a Parisian girl