

Our Lady Of The Campfire
Frank Turner

Capo on 1st

Tonight is her night, and the city holds its breath,
Caught twixt life and death, as she rolls in from the suburbs,
The garrison flees and the city will burn.

(chorus)

Corinna rides like Boadicea tonight.
London town trembles at the sight.

Because tonight is her night.
And the youth course through the streets to lay down at her feet,
And she runs a regal eye to choose who lives and decide who dies.

She keeps her counsel, smiles when she speaks now, from ear to ear.
She s getting married, or so they tell me, when the spring is here.
She hums a tune from a song she knows from warm summers past,
A song that was sung by kids around campfires in the quiet southwest.