

Sweet Albion Blues
Frank Turner

NOTE: LOOK AT VIDEO FOR TIMING, ETC.

VIDEO: HUCK presents... frank Turner - Sweet Albion Blues

Intro: **E**

Verse:

E -(MUTED/MUFFLED)

I came down from Newcastle town **E**
To the part of the south coast that I love the most.

E -(MUTED/MUFFLED)

I was stretched out tight after a couple of nights **E**
Going crazy in Glasgow, I think you all know how that goes.

A

I needed some peace, somewhere to stand still,
Through the Cotswold hills down to Portland Bill,

E

And to charge up my batteries for next weekend,
Where I d be cruising through Cardiff and ending up in Southend.

B

So don t go stopping and putting down roots

A-(MUTED/MUFFLED)

E

Or your shoes won t fit in your travelling boots.

Verse:

E -(MUTED/MUFFLED)

I met a guy from Cornwall who d never left the county **E**
I told him about the big smoke, I don t think he believed me.

E -(MUTED/MUFFLED)

I told him about the scene along the south coast to Kent, **E**
Across the estuary to East Anglia, and then I think he knew what I meant.

A

A man is bored of life if he s bored of these islands,
All creation is here from Hythe to the Highlands.

E

The Black Country witnessed my basest predations
And the road up to Hull is paved with wicked intentions.

B

So don t go stopping and putting down roots

A-(MUTED/MUFFLED)

E

Or your shoes won t fit in your travelling boots.

Instrumental:

hide this tab

RIFF:

E

E --3--0-----3--0-----

B -----3--0-----3--0-----

G -----3--4--0-----3--4-----

D -----2-----2---

A -----

E -----

A E

E --3--0-----

B -----3--0-----

G -----3--4--0-----

D -----2---

A -----

E -----

BREAK: (PLAY RIFF OVER THESE WORDS)

All across the hills and valleys,
 From the A roads to the seas,
 The suburbs lead up to the cities,
 And that s where you ll find me.

BREAK: (PLAY RIFF OVER THESE WORDS)

All across the hills and valleys,
 From the A roads to the seas,
 The suburbs lead up to the cities,
 And that s where you ll find me.

Verse:

A

Go mad in Manchester, wind down in Winchester,
 Roaming the home counties, where the parties are free,

E

Circling London like dirt round a storm drain and
 Somewhere near Holborn s the heart of the beast.

B

Don t go stopping and putting down roots
 A-(MUTED/MUFFLED) E

Or your shoes won t fit in your travelling boots.

OUTRO:

E A B E

Sweet Albion around me, everywhere I go,

E A B E

Sweet Albion surround me, you re everything I know.

E A B E

Sweet Albion around me, everywhere I go,

E

A

B

E

Sweet Albion surround me, you re everything I know.