

What Do They Think We Are?
Words and music by Kevin Adams

[Intro:]

Had to leave our native city, which is really such a shame -
We are up the creek, what's more, we're all at sea.
Had to move out to the country which is nuthink like the same!
We're confused by all these fields and farms and trees.
And the locals' exhibition of unnatural suspicion
Doesn't cheer us up, what's more, it gets us down!
I check the mirror daily for me 'orns and tail so scaly.
And I wish that I was back in London Town.

[V1:]

Can you blame us for moving out of London?
Can you blame us for leaving it for dead?
When you've been fire-bombed and shot at you begin to feel quite got at
And you're wondering is it something what I said?
We are Townies there is no point in denying.
We are Townies and we're really proud of that!
We would go back there at the double if it weren't a pile of rubble,
If old Hitler hadn't tried to knock it flat.

[Chorus:]

What do they think we are? What do they think we are?
The pearly bloomin' monarchy, or dockers on an 'olidee?
A costermonger from the Mile End Road?
What do they think we are? What do they think we are?
Are we just characters from Dickens all out looking for rich pickings?
What do they think we are?

[V2:]

We can't help it if we weren't born in Bletchley.
We can't help it if we're not true country stock.
We come from tenements in Stepney, a one-room flat in Hackney,
Or a prefab round the back of Millwall Docks.
We can't help it if our kids aren't country bumpkins,
If their Cockney vowels drive teacher up the wall -
'Is complete exasperation Hat their lack of haspiration,
Has they find the letter Haitch is unpronounceable...

[Chorus]

[V3:]

We can't help it if we're not exactly local.
We can't help it if you think we don't fit in.
The air up here's less smoky and the houses ain't so poky -
But the novelty is wearing rather thin!
We extend the hand of friendship to our neighbours.
We say, 'Good Day!' and 'How are you?' for all we're worth.
Seems like friendship's out of fashion – or perhaps it's on the ration -
Maybe they haven't heard about it this far north!...

[Last chorus:]

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