

## **Ramble Song**

Have I ever seen an untouched part of this Great Britain?  
I was born into an age where man has made the land a vehicle  
For his ambition, his creation, his rail-station, his motorway  
With these crazy-days-long so trying yet fun  
Our land is a towel we are running dry

Things aren't how they used to be

When the feeling is right I'll carve a path  
Away from my friends, away from my home  
I'll tread on the land so fertile and green  
So pleasantly so very lovely

Things aren't how they used to be

Is this for the better or the worse?