

## **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