

Lily Allen, Bass Like Home

If those feet in ancient time
Wrote that song in 1995
Set the scene, clouded hills
Mountains, green weather or making pills
Who gave you Shakespeare? Who gave you Lennon?
We gave you Gazza, twisted your melons
God save the queen with a pint of lager
I've been around, there's nowhere I'd rather be

Rule, Britannia, 'tannia rules the rave
We've been doin' it since way back in the day
Ayia Napa and Ibiza ain't the same thing
So what you're sayin'? There's no place like home

Move your feet, touch that crown
Dig your heels into the ground
Wind your waist, drop down low
Can't replace, cause there's no bass like home

Bass like home, bass like home
Bass like home, there's no bass like home
Bass like home, bass like home
Bass like home

Wish I'd have been there, I saw the stations
And 25 pipes, secret locations
Free the embargo, it sounded massive
Dressed in Moschinos, my Reebok classic dreams