

# 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