**The Music of the North - poem transcript by Lizzie Lovejoy**

When you find where it could live

You’ll hear it's quite distinctive

It comes in a roaring metro ride

From inside

Underground tunnels

Which funnels

Thousands of feet

Up onto the street.

It comes in rain so loud

That each lad in the crowd

Considers wearing a coat

When in truth a boat

Might be better.

After you’re done getting wetter,

It comes in clinking glasses

And sleeveless lasses

In the winter.

Though it couldn’t hinder

Them.

It comes in accents

Without pretence

Of shy bairns

And rustling green ferns

By each river: Tees, Wear and Tyne,

And what a time,

It comes in laughter

With your Bezzie Marra,

In shouts of ‘Yall reet mates’

And feeling great

Walking on NE1

Next to anyone,

It comes with ordering a Parmo

On the go

Or at 3am,

Ready to do it all again.

The Music of the North.