

Something About England
The Clash

C **F**
They say immigrants steal the hubcaps
Dmsus2 **Am**
Of the respected gentlemen
F
They say it would be wine an roses
D **C**
If England were for Englishmen again

C
Well I saw a dirty overcoat
Am
At the foot of the pillar of the road
G7
Propped inside was an old man
Am
Whom time would not erode
C
When the night was snapped by sirens
Am
Those blue lights circled fast
G7
The dancehall called for an ambulance
Am
The bars all closed up fast

My silence gazing at the ceiling
While roaming the single room
I thought the old man could help me
If he could explain the gloom
You really think it s all new
You really think about it too
The old man scoffed as he spoke to me
I ll tell you athing or two

C **F**
I missed the fourteen-eighteen war
Am **Em** **Am**
But not the sorrow afterwards
Dm **F**
With my father dead and my mother ran off
C **G**
My brothers took the pay of hoods

The twenties turned the north was dead
The hunger strike came marching south

At the garden party not a word was said
The ladies lifted cake to their mouths

C

The next war began and my ship sailed

Am

With battle orders writ in bed

G7

In five long years of bullets and shells

Am

We left ten million dead

C

The few returned to old Piccadilly

Am

We limped around Leicester Square

G7

The world was busy rebuilding itself

Am

The architects could not care

But how could we know when I was young
All the changes that were to come?
All the photos in the wallets on the battlefield
And now the terror of the scientific sun
There was masters and servants and servants and dogs
They taught you how to touch your cap
But through strikes and famine and war and peace
England never closed this gap

C

F

So leave me now the moon is up

Am Em

Am

But remember all the tales I tell

Dm

F

The memories that you have dredged up

C

Are on letters forwarded from hell

The streets were by now deserted
The gangs had trudged off home
The lights clicked off in the bedsits
An old England was all alone