

Something About England  
The Clash

**D** **G**  
They say immigrants steal the hubcaps  
**Emsus2** **Bm**  
Of the respected gentlemen  
**G**  
They say it would be wine an roses  
**E** **D**  
If England were for Englishmen again

**D**  
Well I saw a dirty overcoat  
**Bm**  
At the foot of the pillar of the road  
**A7**  
Propped inside was an old man  
**Bm**  
Whom time would not erode  
**D**  
When the night was snapped by sirens  
**Bm**  
Those blue lights circled fast  
**A7**  
The dancehall called for an ambulance  
**Bm**  
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

**D** **G**  
I missed the fourteen-eighteen war  
**Bm** **F#m** **Bm**  
But not the sorrow afterwards  
**Em** **G**  
With my father dead and my mother ran off  
**D** **A**  
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

**D**

The next war began and my ship sailed

**Bm**

With battle orders writ in bed

**A7**

In five long years of bullets and shells

**Bm**

We left ten million dead

**D**

The few returned to old Piccadilly

**Bm**

We limped around Leicester Square

**A7**

The world was busy rebuilding itself

**Bm**

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

**D**

**G**

So leave me now the moon is up

**Bm F#m**

**Bm**

But remember all the tales I tell

**Em**

**G**

The memories that you have dredged up

**D**

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