

# Anderson Ian, Made In England

Anderson Ian  
Walk Into Light  
Made In England  
Somewhere in a town in England  
lay a babe with a curious smile.  
He was of your father's children.  
Born each side of a dry-stone mile.

He grew up through the schools and factories,  
Brunel's tunnels and bridges bold.  
Grey towers built high on that Kingdom  
with apartments still unsold.

Somewhere in a town in England.  
Could be Newcastle, Leeds or Birmingham.  
And were you made in  
England's green and pleasant land.

He accepts no unemployment  
and is to indeterminate station bred.  
Is possessed of skills and reason  
Flies the flag upon his head.

Watches the democratic process  
grind it's way through the Commons cold  
Filled with fiery infiltrators  
who would pave the streets with England's gold.