

Badly Drawn Boy, Born In The U.K.

Then you see it happen again
The world turned over
Wouldn't it be something to live
Your Life On Mars
Or at least demanding
Of some kind of masquerade

I never never ever believed
In things uncertain
Hanging round the corner
Just when do you start doing time
In the case of I, my, me and mine
October Nineteen sixty nine

Where were you in Seventy Six
The long hot summer
You wanna be a rebel
Then turn your hosepipes on
With two years to wait
For the sound of Jilted John

Virginia Wade was winning our hearts
She made us want to live
Vicious and his brothers
Were trying to set us free
But much more than this to you and me
This was the Silver Jubilee

We made something out of nothing
A sense of loathing and belonging

Some of us were gonna be rich
With the Iron Lady
Lennon's gone already
Let's post the boys to war
Oh mother, what're you worrying for
It's somewhere he's not been before

Then you see the Union Jack
And it means nothing
But somehow you know
That you will find your own way
It's a small reminder every day
That I was born in the U.K.