

# Pete Doherty, Last of The English Roses

Honey, honey  
My you did look dapper in your mothers  
Old green scarf  
With your famous Auntie Aurthurs trousers on  
You were slapped by that slapper  
And how we all laughed  
But she laughed the loudest  
Oh in 93  
You could charm the bees nees of the bees

Cheeky youd say and we all fell around  
Rolling round the playground

Saucy youd say and we all fell about  
Rolling round the playground

In the 94  
We all sang  
Skipping and dancing hand in hand  
Yeah with all the boys together  
And all the girls together

Shes the last of the English roses  
Shes the last of the English roses

(I wish to be so whirl awake again)  
She knows her Rodney's from her Stanley's  
And her Kappas from her Reeboks  
And her tit from her tat  
And Winstons from her Enoks  
Its fine and take what I  
Coming out, coming alive  
Round the Snooker table  
You dance the Frutti-Tutti

She almost spilled her lager  
Toasting girls of great beauty

But the closing moved by  
Coming of age, coming alive  
All the boys together  
And all the girls together

Shes the last of the English roses  
Shes the last of the English roses  
Yeah shes the last of the English roses  
Shes the last of, last of the English  
English roses

Ah sometimes you cant change  
Therell be no place  
Ce soir, disons chez moi  
Enfin je compte de toi  
Je te drague la rose mystique  
Tu larose mystique?  
Ha, vas-y  
Cest mon monde de soleil