

# The Clash, Something About England

They say immigrants steal the hubcaps  
Of the respected gentlemen  
They say it would be wine an' roses  
If England were for Englishmen again

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

I missed the fourteen-eighteen war  
But not the sorrow afterwards  
With my father dead and my mother ran off  
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

The next war began and my ship sailed  
With battle orders writ in bed  
In five long years of bullets and shells  
We left ten million dead  
The few returned to old Piccadily  
We limped around Leicester Square  
The world was busy rebuilding itself  
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 an' servants an' servants an' dogs  
They taught you how to touch your cap  
But through strikes an' famine an' war an' peace  
England never closed this gap

So leave me now the moon is up  
But remember all the tales I tell  
The memories that you have dredged up  
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