

# James Dean Bradfield, An English Gentleman

An officer and an english gentleman  
Driving west to see who we are  
A Kashmir coat  
Just frowns and a smiling face  
Well this is our home  
Perhaps we're the same

Walking down the street again  
With the sleeping bags under arms  
And it feels like we're never going home

But you gave us more than we need my friend  
And we're so happy  
To be at the door of an English gentleman  
Yeah, an English gentleman

What mischief makes  
Is confusion in a dreary man  
But thats not your fault

You just understand That there are no lies  
It's just the way we feel today  
Well this is our home  
perhaps we're the same

Now we're walking down the street again  
With the sleeping bags and our friends  
And it feels like we're never going home  
But you gave us more than we needed friend  
We were so happy  
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