

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 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
To be at the door of an English gentleman
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