

# King, Mind yer toes

I am a victim of history  
An empire child wrapped in civility  
But only mad dogs and Englishmen  
Would believe that one  
For from her shores there grew a great nation  
The Ronald Coleman humble heroes  
With the manic stares  
And the nightclub glares  
Mind yer toes  
Mind yer toes  
While cornbeef bombs  
Were mashing British Tommies  
The cries from home  
Could turn your blood cold  
Forget the victims  
Forget appearances  
Mind yer own  
I can survive as long as you are with me  
I will skip up and down  
The pastures green  
Forget the animals  
Because I love you  
I love you