

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