

# Martin Rybczyński, Englishman In New York (Prz

I don't drink coffee, I take tea, my dear  
I like my toast done on one side  
And you can hear it in my accent when I talk  
I'm an Englishman in New York

See me walking down Fifth Avenue  
A walking cane here at my side  
I take it everywhere I walk  
I'm an Englishman in New York

Whoa, I'm an alien, I'm a legal alien  
I'm an Englishman in New York  
Whoa, I'm an alien, I'm a legal alien  
I'm an Englishman in New York

If "Manners maketh man", as someone said  
Then he's the hero of the day  
It takes a man to suffer ignorance and smile  
Be yourself no matter what they say

Whoa, I'm an alien, I'm a legal alien  
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Modesty, propriety can lead to notoriety  
You could end up as the only one  
Gentleness, sobriety are rare in this society  
At night a candle's brighter than the sun

Takes more than combat gear to make a man  
Takes more than a licence for a gun  
Confront your enemies, avoid them when you can  
A gentleman will walk but never run

If "Manners maketh man", as someone said  
Then he's the hero of the day  
It takes a man to suffer ignorance and smile

Be yourself no matter what they say (x3)

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