

Mike Scott, Old England

A man looks up on a yellow sky
and the rain turns to rust in his eye
rumours of his health are lies
old england is dying

his clothes are dirty shade of blue
and his ancient shoes worn through
he steals from me and he lies to you
old england is dying

still he sings an empires song
and still he keeps his beliefs strong
and he sticks his flag where it all belongs
old england is dying

you're asking what makes me sigh now
what it is makes me shudder so
well

I just FREEZE in the wind
and I'm numb from the pummeling of the snow
that falls from high in yellow skies
where the well loved flag of england flies
Where the homes are warm and the mothers sigh
where comedians laugh and babies cry
where criminals are televised politicians fraternized
journalists are dignified and everyone is civilised
and children stare with heroin eyes, heroin eyes, heroin eyes
Old England!

evening has fallen
the swans are singing
the last of Sundays bells is ringing
the wind in the trees is sighing
and old england is dying