

Morrissey, National Front Disco

David, the wind blows,
The wind blows
Bits of your life away.
Your friends all say,
"Where is our boy?
Ah, we've lost our boy".
But they should know,
Where you've gone,
Because again and again you've explained
That you're going to . . .
Oh, oh, oh, going to . . .
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
"England for the English",
"England for the English".
David, the wind's blown,
The wind's blown
All of my dreams away.
And I still say,
"Where is our boy?
Ah, we've lost our boy".
But I should know
Why you've gone,
Because again and again you've explained
You're going to the National . . .
Ah, to the National . . .
There's a country,
You don't live there,
But one day you would like to.
And if you show them what you're made of,
Ah, then you might do.
But David, we wonder,
We wonder if the thunder
Is ever really gonna begin,
Begin, begin
Your mum says,
"I've lost my boy".
But she should know
Why you've gone,
Because again and again you've explained
You're going to the National,
To the National,
To the National Front disco,
Because you want the day to come sooner,
You want the day to come sooner,
You want the day to come sooner,
When you've settled the score.
Oh, the National,
Oh, the National,
Oh, the National,
Oh, the National,
Oh, the National