

XTC, You're A Good Man Albert Brown (Curse You

Well you're a good man Albert Brown
And you was wounded in the war
And though you shot some people down
You're still a good man Albert Brown
Well you're a good man Albert Brown
Though you are drunk upon the floor
And if you're buying the next round
Then you're a good man Albert...

Brown was the colour of the mud across the Somme
Red was the blood you spilled upon it
Pink were the fingers of the nurse who dressed your wound
White was the starch upon her bonnet
And you married that nurse
And her name was Else
And then along came dad

Well you're a good man Albert Brown
And you was wounded in the war
And though you shot some people down
You're still a good man Albert Brown
Well you're a good man Albert Brown
Though you are drunk upon the floor
And if you're buying the next round
I'll have another pint of...

Brown is the colour of your old walking boots
Green is the cash you'd love to squander
Gold is the colour of your wife's faithful heart
So get yourself home, no more to wander
And you married that nurse
And her name's still Else
And another child was had

You're a good man Albert Brown