

Tired Of England

Dirty Pretty Things

How can they be tired of England?
They'll never know the England that we know
Never know where the ones with dreams go, no
Never notice the skies with their eyes down low

We'll never be tired of England
United in rain in the cities
To channel the pain and the pity's woe
To carry them back to the place below

With the blues, the grays
The green, the brown

To lonely nights uptown
Don't let them bring you down
Lonely nights uptown
Don't let them bring us down, no

How can they be tired of London
The scents in the air on a warm day
Generation of hope that sees better days
But moving along in the same old ways

We'll never be tired of London
From Clerkenwell into the city
The state of the rudes is a pity though
Generations of cramps with their kids in tow

With the blues, the grays
The green, the brown

To lonely nights uptown
Don't let them bring you down
Lonely nights uptown
They'll never bring us down, no

While the queen of England sits on her throne
Of bingo cards and chicken bones

Don't drink yourself to a lonely death
In casinos on crystal meth
Don't drink yourself to a lonely death
In casinos on crystal meth

So sing your song of the Banbury-Cross
Don't breathe a word about your loss
Jack Frost, old Nick to follow down
With cut price cars and top shelf porn

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