

English Boys

Blondie

When I was 17
I saw a magazine
It had those English Boys
Who had long hair
When I was on my own
They moved into my town
And I just called 'em up
And they'd be there

In 1969
I had a lousy time
I listened to the songs
Read letters sent from Nam

Now peace and love were gone
The tired soldiers home
Ideal society
Gunned down the 70s

Does it feel the same to you?
Why do you act the way you do?
Pack it up or pack it in
There's no excuse

Could the hands of time reverse?
Would we wake or take the ride
And again speak with one voice?

We knew each other well
Although we never met
Messages passed to tell
Equal respect

Coincidence recurred
I had to laugh a lot
One week hung up superb
Said maybe not

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