

# 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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