

An English Gentleman

James Dean Bradfield

An officer and an English gentleman
Are driving west to see who we are
No cashmere coat
Just flowers and a smiling face
So this is our home
Perhaps we're the same

A-walking down your street again
With our sleeping bags under our arms
And it feels like we're never going home

But you gave us more than we need my friend
And we're so happy
To be be at the door

Of an English gentleman
An English gentleman

What mischief makes
Is confusion in a dreary man
But it's not your fault
You just understand
That there are no lies
It's just the way we feel today
So this is our home
Perhaps we're the same

Now we're walking down your street again
With our sleeping bags and our plans
And it feels like we're never going home

But you gave us more than we needed friend
We were so happy
To be at the door of an English gentleman
Yeah, an English gentleman

But you gave us more than we needed friend
We were so happy
To be at the door of an English gentleman
An English gentleman
Yeah, an English gentleman