

# England Rolls Away

John Smith

I woke up in an alleyway  
In Liverpool the ship of fools was sinking  
As I rose up from the depths  
I stumbled down the road a ways  
Found London in a haze of weary violence  
It is hard to get my rest  
In looking for the best of her  
Well I have seen the worst she's had to offer  
But there's nothing I'll not keep

England

Blood on the thorn of an English rose  
I gather belongings, travelling clothes  
Now slowly drifting out of London Bridge  
It could be a year  
It could be ten  
Until she begs me back again  
And all my miles are measured in an inch

Every fear that's taken over  
This wide-eyed waking, rambling rover  
Has grown within the heart that is my home

England!  
In-ger-land!  
England rolls away.