

Oh you'd love to be English,
and all you think it is -
The Queen and her Guards taking tea.
But the hatred and the bigotry won't go away...

No Blacks, no Irish, bring no dogs -
the shame of being something other than the same as everyone else...
Well, I don't want to be like you.

But my skin is so pale, my manner so fine,
You think that I am just like you...

And you're frightened to travel
'Till you make the world look just the same as home
While your kids buy guns and shoot their friends
And die alone...

No mind, no judgment lets you take the blame
"Send those bloody strangers back from where they came"

Does that mean me too...?
Or my Mother in her small red coat
Stepping off the boat
Doing jobs you're too damn lazy to...

All this greatness gone to waste
You hide your eyes and turn your face and
Nothing ever changes no,
Nothing ever changes,

So keep your bulldogs
Keep your flags
Cause talk is cheap and
Time will drag and
Nothing ever changes - no,
Nothing ever changes...

I will always be English
And all I hope it is
These shores that I will claim as my own
This broken down Jerusalem
Is still my home...