

# This Green And Pleasant Land

Pendragon

Our country is cobbled lanes of London town  
The valleys of Wales the Devon tides  
Built on hard won freedom honour and pride

So it's crazy it seems  
We've become helpless like babies again  
Just waiting for someone or something  
To bail us out at the slightest twinge of pain

My granddad Michael Barrett took shrapnel in the neck  
Uncle Ken was a padre in Burma he returned a living wreck  
Uncle John was a major and was stranded on the shoreline at Dunkirk

It's beyond my comprehension this kind of sacrifice  
So many gave themselves up  
And in the end so many would fall  
It's not legal to say what I think anymore  
Cos I don't believe in sharia law  
But I can honestly say we've pissed it up the wall

Can we please stop all this madness before it's too late  
No one takes responsibility and wants a free life on a plate  
He can close the door switch off the light  
Stick his head deep in the sand  
The death throes of this green and pleasant land

Is this really where our passion goes?  
Is this really where our energy flows?

I awoke on Christmas day  
But Christmas is a word you can no longer say

Is this really where our passion goes?  
Is this really where our energy flows?

The hospitals are just another business plan  
Like justice and the law of the land  
An old war hero dies of cold alone in his flat  
While British Gas and their shareholders are getting richer getting fat

Take only what you need and be on your way  
Is this really where our passion goes?  
Take only what you need and be on your way  
Is this really where our energy flows?  
Take only what you need and be on your way

Everybody hears but nobody listens  
Empathy oh empathy  
The robot people with robot answers  
Invasion of the body snatchers is here finally  
10:58 Wootton Bassett every Tuesday that plane goes right over my head

Cos I can't get the drugs for cancer of the kidney my  
life is in the hands of  
Something called Nice how nice

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