

Last of the English Roses

Peter Doherty

Honey, honey
My you did look dapper in your mother's
Old green scarf
With your famous Auntie Arthur's trousers on
You were slapped by that slapper
And how we all laughed
But she laughed the loudest
Oh in '93
You could charm the bees knees of the bees
'Cheeky' you'd say and we all fell around
Rolling 'round the playground
'Saucy' you'd say and we all fell about
Rolling 'round the playground
In the '94
We all sang
Skipping and dancing hand in hand
Yeah with all the boys together
And all the girls together
She's the last of the English roses
She's the last of the English roses
(I wish to be so whirl awake again)
She knows her Rodneys from her Stanleys
And her Kappas from her Reeboks
And her tit from her tat
And her Winstons from her Enochs
It's fine and take what I
Coming out, coming alive
Round the Snooker table
You dance the Frutti-Tutti
She almost spilled her lager
Toasting girls of great beauty
But the closing moved by
Coming of age, coming alive
All the boys together
And all the girls together
She's the last of the English roses
She's the last of the English roses
Yeah she's the last of the English roses
She's the last of, last of the English
English roses
Ah sometimes you can't change
There'll be no place
Ce soir, disons chez moi
Enfin je compte de toi
Je te drague la rose mystique
Tu l'arroses mystique?
Ha, vas-y
C'est mon monde de soleil