

# This Is England

The Clash

I hear a gang fire on a human factory farm  
Are they howling out or doing somebody harm  
On a catwalk jungle somebody grabbed my arm  
A voice spoke so cold, it matched the weapon in her palm

This is England  
This knife of Sheffield steel  
This is England  
This is how we feel

Time on his hands, the freezing in those clothes  
He won't go for the carrot, they beat him by the pole  
Some sunny day confronted by his soul  
He's out at sea, too far off, he can't go home

This is England  
What we're supposed to die for  
This is England  
And we're never gonna cry no more

Black shadow of the Vincent, falls on a Triumph line  
I got my motorcycle jacket but I'm walking all the time  
South Atlantic wind blows, ice from a dying creed  
I see no glory, when will we be free

This is England  
We can chain you to the rail  
This is England  
We can kill you in a jail

Hey, British boots go kick them and got 'em in the head  
Police ain't watchin' the newspapers been read  
Who cares to protest here, to the eye like a flare  
Out came the batons and the British warned themselves

This is England  
The land of illegal dances  
This is England  
Land of a thousand stances

This is England  
This knife of Sheffield steel  
This is England  
This is how we feel

This is England  
This is England