

England My Home

The Levellers

You gave me my birth
Then you made me pay
What is it worth
Cast me away
You've really done it now
Dying in my arms
You stand here with nothing
But you've still got english charm

Oh England, you're my home
My heart's heart
Crashing thunder of love
You're a place of the poor
Open wound
The lost rites of love

You cut your own throat
Then you let it bleed
Misleading your people
From what they all need
Roots forgotten
That's what we all say
But what does it matter
You're the USA

Why is it England
I feel like rubbish on your streets
Why is it when I care
If feel incomplete
Why does our future seem
Such a feat
When will our consciousness
Finally meet

Oh, whatever happened to
My green and pleasant land