

English Boys

Blondie

When I was 17, I saw a magazine
It had those English boys, who had long hair
When I was on my own, they moved into my town
And I just called 'em up and they'd be there
In 1969, I had a lousy time
I listened to the songs, read letters sent from Nam
Now peace and love were gone, the tired soldiers home
Ideal society gunned down the seventies
Does it feel the same to you? Why do you act the way you do?
Pack it up or pack it in, there's no excuse
Could the hands of time reverse? Would we wake or take the ride
And again speak with one voice?
We knew each other well, although we never met
Messages passed to tell equal respect
Coincidence recurred, I had to laugh a lot
One week hung up superb, said maybe not
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