

# 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  
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?  
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

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