English Boy

Pete Townshend

Hello, Ruth Streeting
Here once again with "Streeting's Street"
Where you get the word straight from the street
This is the show that dishes the dirt on the dirt
Strictly no rock star bullshit on my showI don't review pop anymore
I talk about anything I like or anything I hate
Talking of which, remember
That clapped-out 60's hell-raiser Ray High?
Rumor has it the sad old lush can't do it anymore
I mean, make recordsI'm an English boy, I was brought up right
Hold me down and I will bite
I know no fear, I serve with joy
I'm proud to be here an English boyI feel like a stray dog
Blurred like a movie
You say you've come to arrest me
But you're just trying to test meI'm bored with your prejudice
Spreading like a fever
Your promises to train me
Are just attempts to restrain meI'm an English boy, precisely made
You can pin me down, I am not afraid
I show no fear, I will serve with joy
I'm proud to be here, an English boyUse me like a headline
Cut pieces to pieces
I'm black on the tube line
Red on the touch-lineFreezing up the future
Stopping every stopwatch
You say we're moving like an oil slick
Thicker than a house brickI'm an English boy, I was brought up right
If you raise your dress then I will bite
My voice is clear, I got perfect poise
Good to be down here with other English boysAnd I don't know where I am now
Or where I'm gonna go
I just keep going 'round and 'round on the circle line
Like some demented kind a commuta
Trying to avoid paying for my ticketI'm a lost soul
I read about myself in the newspapers
I'm a pig, I'm a thug
I've got nowhere to go but downI hear his manager, Rastus Knight
Is pulling what's left of his hair out

The only thing Ray's writing these days
Are large checks to his booze merchantsHe's a serious recluse now
Hasn't seen daylight or another woman
Since his old lady walked out two years ago.
Poor little sausage, brooding in that
Twenty-two room glass mansion
Life's a bitch and so am IFeel like I'm kicking at a dead man
Kicking in the chorus
I'm broken by hatred
While politicians just ignore usYou never gave me any value
You didn't give me any reason
There's no tools and no toys
For any English boysI'm an English boy, I was brought up right
Hold me down and I will bite
I know no fear, I will serve with joy
I'm proud to be here, an English boy, yeahI'm an English boy, yeah
I'm an English boy
I'm an English boy
No tools, no toys for any English boy
English boy, English boy

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