# Think Of England

## Miss Derringer

In the grip of a winter came love and greed
Insane with faith I took the driving front seat
In the lowlight comfort of Berlin streets
The calm from emptiness duetted with my body heat
I was alone at the front line
The message I was told was to try and find
The joy of a lifetime
I just can't think of England
I can't see the picture
I'm still running from the fire, the fire
I just can't think of England
I can't see the picture
I'm still running from the fire, the fire, the fire
In the twilight hours of nervous rest
I bought the beast before believing the threats
In a foreign field I cut all regrets
But the poisoned stories just repeat themselves
In fucked-up mess
I was alone for the first time
The message I was told was to try and find
The joy of a lifetime
I just can't think of England
I can't see the picture
I'm still running from the fire, the fire
I just can't think of England
I can't see the picture
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