Old England

The Waterboys

Man looks up on a yellow sky
And the rain turns to rust in his eye
Rumors of his health are lies
Old England is dying
His clothes are a dirty shade of blue
And his ancient shoes worn through
He steals from me and he lies to you
Old England is dying
Still he sings an empire song
Still he keeps his navy strong
And he sticks his flag where it ill belongs
Old England is dying
You're asking what makes me sigh now
What it is makes me shudder so well
I just freeze in the wind and I'm
Numb from the pummelin' of the snow
That falls from high in yellow skies
Down on where the well loved flag of England flies
Where homes are warm and mothers sigh
Where comedians laugh and babies cry
Where criminals are televised politicians fraternize
Journalists are dignified and everyone is civilized
And children stare with Heroin eyes
Old England!
Evening has fallen
The swans are singing
The last of Sunday's bells is ringing
The wind in the trees is sighing
And old England is dying

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