

Especially True

Marillion

I gazed upon you from the bleachers
A creature so foreign to me
With the stars and the stripes wrapped around you
Well how could I know there was England below?
I gazed upon you and I wondered
Cheerleader with hair of red flame
But that was first glance, I saw only the dance
And the distance from New York to Yorkshire
Truth's always stranger than fiction
And here it's especially true
Here in the home of Miss USA
What's a wide-eyed English boy going to do?
I never knew much about baseball
But I was quick with the US cliché
The crowd gave a roar and I don't know what for
The Major League rules get me so confused
Truth's always stranger than fiction
The cheerleader showed me around
You with the heart of the USA
And me with the spite of a small English town
Central Park after dark, is safe these days
Depending on the game you play.
America, house of Blues
What do you know?
Gimme the news.
America, shock and awe.
Not any more.
America I'm ready for you
Tell me what to do
Tell me what to do
Tell me what to do.

Songwriters

MARK KELLY (T), PETER JOHN TREWAVAS, IAN MOSLEY (T), STEVEN HOGARTH (T), STEVEN
THOMAS ROTHERY (T) Published by

Lyrics © BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.
Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>