

Little Englander

Simply Red

We think we're important
We are, we're a car, we're a shell
When you hit that city road
You sure give them hell
Are you sure he's showing off?
Or are you showing us yourself?
Little Englander, Little Englander
In your search to be a star
You became the prick you are
Little Englander, Little Englander
Little Englander, Little Englander
Judge me go on, it amuses me
As you pickle through your tirade
You prattle on to the point of a laugh
Your Hieronymus Bosch-like soul
Betrays who you really are
Little Englander, Little Englander
Little Englander, Little Englander
Little Englander, Little Englander
Little Englander, Little Englander
Let me smash the plastic face of my country
Let me smash the plastic face of my country
My country, my lovely country

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