

An English Gentleman

James Dean Bradfield

An officer and an English gentleman
Are driving west to see who we are
No cashmere coat, just flowers and a smiling face
So this is our home, perhaps we're the sameA walking down your street again
With our sleeping bags under our arms
And it feels like we're never going homeBut you gave us more than we need, my friend
And we're so happy to be at the door
Of an English gentleman
An English gentlemanWhat mischief makes
Is confusion in a dreary man
But it's not your fault
You just understandThat there are no lies
It's just the way we feel today
So this is our home
Perhaps we're the sameNow we're walking down your street again
With our sleeping bags and our plans
And it feels like we're never going homeBut you gave us more than we needed, friend
We were so happy to be at the door
Of an English gentleman
Yeah, an English gentlemanBut you gave us more than we needed, friend
We were so happy to be at the door
Of an English gentleman
An English gentleman
Yeah, an English gentleman

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