

This Is England

Fukpig

I hear a gang fire on a human factory farm
Are they howling out or doing somebody harm
On a catwalk jungle somebody grabbed my arm
A voice spoke so cold, it matched the weapon in her palm
This is England
This knife of Sheffield steel
This is England
This is how we feel
Time on his hands, the freezing in those clothes
He won't go for the carrot, they beat him by the pole
Some sunny day confronted by his soul
He's out at sea, too far off, he can't go home
This is England
What we're supposed to die for
This is England
And we're never gonna cry no more
Black shadow of the Vincent, falls on a Triumph line
I got my motorcycle jacket but I'm walking all the time
South Atlantic wind blows, ice from a dying creed
I see no glory, when will we be free
This is England
We can chain you to the rail
This is England
We can kill you in a jail
Hey, British boots go kick them and got 'em in the head
Police ain't watchin' the newspapers been read
Who cares to protest here, to the eye like a flare
Out came the batons and the British warned themselves
This is England
The land of illegal dances
This is England
Land of a thousand stances
This is England
This knife of Sheffield steel
This is England
This is how we feel
This is England
This is England

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