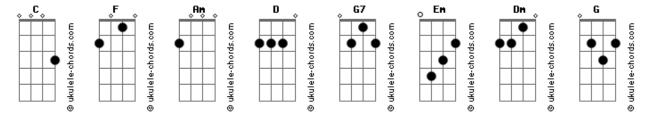
The Clash - Something About England

Tom: C The twenties turned the north was dead The hunger strike came marching south C At the garden party not a word was said F They say immigrants steal the hubcaps The ladies lifted cake to their mouths Dmsus2 Am Of the respected gentlemen The next war began and my ship sailed They say it would be wine an' roses Δm With battle orders writ in bed D If England were for Englishmen again **G7** In five long years of bullets and shells Am Well I saw a dirty overcoat We left tem million dead Am At the foot of the pillar of the road The few returned to old Piccadily **G7** Am Propped inside was an old man We limped around Leicster Square Am **G7** Whom time would not erode The world was busy rebuilding itself С Am When the night was snapped by sirens The architects could not care Am Those blue lights circled fast But how could we know when I was young G7 All the canges that were to come? The dancehall called for an' ambulance All the photos in the wallets on the battlefield And now the terror of the scientific sun Am The bars all closed up fast There was masters an' servants an' servants an' dogs They taught you how to touch your cap My silence gazing at the ceiling But through strikes an' famine an' war an' peace While roaming the single room England never closed this gap I thought the old man could help me If he could explain the gloom You really think it's all new So leave me now the moon is up You really think about it too Am Em Am The old man scoffed as he spoke to me But remember all the tales I tell I'll tell you athing or two Dm The memories that you have dredged up C I missed the fourteen-eighteen war Are on letters forwarded from hell Am Em Am But not the sorrow afterwards The streets were by now deserted The gangs had trudged off home Dm The lights clicked off in the bedsits With my father dead and my mother ran off

My brothers took the pay of hoods

Acordes



An' old England was all alone