

# "Something about England"

The Clash

(Sandinista - 1980)

They say immigrants steal the hubcaps  
Of the respected gentlemen  
They say it would be wine an' roses  
If England were for Englishmen again

Well I saw a dirty overcoat  
At the foot of the pillar of the road  
Propped inside was an old man  
Whom time would not erode  
When the night was snapped by sirens  
Those blue lights circled fast  
The dancehall called for an' ambulance  
The bars all closed up fast

My silence gazing at the ceiling  
While roaming the single room  
I thought the old man could help me  
If he could explain the gloom  
You really think it's all new  
You really think about it too  
The old man scoffed as he spoke to me  
I'll tell you a thing or two

I missed the fourteen-eighteen war  
But not the sorrow afterwards  
With my father dead and my mother ran off  
My brothers took the pay of hoods  
The twenties turned the north was dead  
The hunger strike came marching south  
At the garden party not a word was said

The ladies lifted cake to their mouths

The next war began and my ship sailed

With battle orders writ in bed

In five long years of bullets and shells

We left them million dead

The few returned to old Piccadily

We limped around Leicester Square

The world was busy rebuilding itself

The architects could not care

But how could we know when I was young

All the changes that were to come?

All the photos in the wallets on the battlefield

And now the terror of the scientific sun

There was masters an' servants an' servants an' dogs

They taught you how to touch your cap

But through strikes an' famine an' war an' peace

England never closed this gap

So leave me now the moon is up

But remember all the tales I tell

The memories that you have dredged up

Are on letters forwarded from hell

The streets were by now deserted

The gangs had trudged off home

The lights clicked off in the bedsits

An' old England was all alone