

## Waterboys "Old England"

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A man looks up on a yellow sky  
And the rain turns to rust in his eye  
Rumors of his health are lies  
Old England is dying

His clothes are a dirty shade of blue  
And his ancient shoes, worn through  
He steals from me and he lies to you  
Old England is dying

Still he sings an Empire's song  
Still he keeps his navy strong  
And he sticks his flag where it all belongs  
Old England is dying

You're asking what makes me sigh now  
What it is makes me shudder so  
Well, I just freeze in the wind  
And I'm numb from the pummeling of the snow

That falls from high in yellow skies  
Where the well loved flag of England flies  
Where the homes are warm and the mothers sigh  
Where comedians laugh and babies cry

Where criminals are televised, politicians fraternized  
Journalists are dignified and everyone is civilized  
And children stare with heroin eyes, heroin eyes,  
heroin eyes  
Old England, old England, old England is dying, dying

Evening has fallen, swans are singing  
The last of Sunday's bells is ringing  
The wind in the trees is sighing  
And old England is dying

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