

Camera Aztec

"Good Morning Britain With Mick Jones"

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Jock's got a vote in Parochia

Ten long years and he's still got her

Paying tax and doing stir

Worry about it later

And the wind blows hard and the winds blows cold

But it blows us good so we've been told

Music's food 'til the art-biz folds

Let them all eat culture

The past is steeped in shame,

But tomorrow's fair game,

For a life that's fit for living

Good morning, Britain

Twenty years and a loaded gun

Funerals, fear and the war ain't won

Paddy's still a figure of fun

It lightens up the danger

And a corporal sneers at a catholic boy

And he eyes his gun like a rich man's toy

He's killing more than celtic joy

Death is not a stranger

Taffy's time's gonna come one day

It's a loud sweet voice and it won't give way

A house is not a holiday

Your sons are leaving home, Nell

In the hills and the valleys and far away

You can hear the song of democracy

The echo of eternity

With a Rak-a-Rak-a-feel.

Chorus

>From the Tyne to where the Thames does flow

My English brothers and sisters know

It's not a case of where you go

It's race and creed and colour

>From the police cell to the deep dark grave

On the underground's just a stop away

Don't be too black, don't be too gay

Just get a little duller.

But in this green and pleasant land,

Where I made my home I'll make my stand

Make it cool just to be a man,

A uniform's a traitor.

Love is international and if you stand or if you fall,

Just let them know you gave your all,

Worry about it later.

Chorus

