Gene "The British Disease"

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With the world on its knees
And the British diseased
I'll stumble forward
I will offer my hand
My intensions are grand
Bring your firearms on board
We will give you more

No promise broken Will be forgotten I guarantee

Now the cynical few Rise above me and you From street to seashore Do we get what we're due Can I take my cue From those still adored? We will give more

No promise broken Will be forgotten No blind devotion No lies forgiven I guarantee

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