

James Reyne

"English Girl"

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Rain slickered off the Lillian Way
Brompton afternoon so cold and grey
I was singing sky songs when I could
You thought that I was burning witches
I was just burning wood

And it was once upon a wintertime
Bells were singing the marriage chime
I fell in love with my English girl.

Love will soften anything except perhaps your mind
Its brutal and barbaric and it sneaks up from behind
And London seasons needs in rightfuls never rang me
wrong
And all I was doing was an awful lot of chewing
On the carcass of some silly old song

I sailed the wild blue yonder
Yes it was alright
Still I caught the last tube home
To my English Girl.

Some old shadow has come a knocking
Let get out of here
And if the boat starts rocking
Shoot the mutineer! Shoot the mutineer! says my
English Girl..

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