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James Reyne "English Girls"

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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 It's brutal and barbaric and it sneaks up from behind

And London season's needs in rightfuls never rang me wrong

And all I was doing was an awful lot of chewing

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 shadows come a' knocking Let's get out of here And if the boat starts rocking "Shoot the mutineer! Shoot the mutineer!" says my English Girl,..

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