

Lady Saw

"My England"

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It ain't about the tea and biscuits, I'm one of those
English misfits,
I don't drink tea I drink spirits, and I talk a lot of slang in
my lyrics,
These goes a horse, horses for courses, nah more like
corpses on corners,
And Staffordshire Bull Terriers and late night crawlers,
Polics carry guns not truncheons, make your on
assumptions,
London ain't all crumpets and trumpets, it's one big
slum pit.

[Chorus]

We ain't all posh like the queen, we ain't all squeaky
clean,
Now do the Tony Blair, throw your hands in the air now
everywhere,
We ain't all posh like the queen, we ain't all squeaky
clean,
Now do the Tony Blair, throw your hands in the air now
everywhere,
This is the picture I painted my low down, This my
London that I call my home twon,
It's where I'm living and this is my low down,
This is my England I'm letting you know now,

No I don't watch the Antiques Roadshow, I'd rather
listen Run the Road,
And smoke someone's fresh homegrown,
And not get bloated on a plate of scones,
Cricket, bowls, croquet, nah PS2 all the way, in an
English council apartment,
We don't all wear bowler hats and hire servants,
More like 24 hour surveillance and dog shit on
pavements,

[Chorus]

We ain't all posh like the queen, we ain't all squeaky
clean,
Now do the Tony Blair, throw your hands in the air now
everywhere,

We ain't all posh like the queen, we ain't all squeaky clean,
Now do the Tony Blair, throw your hands in the air now everywhere,
This is the picture I painted my low down,
This my London that I call my home town,
It's where I'm living and this is my low down,
This is my England I'm letting you know now,

Big up Oliver Twist, letting us know the nitty gritty of what London really is,
It ain't all pretty, deal with the realness, it's all gritty, deal with the realness,
Ohh the changing of the Queen's guard, that's nothing for me to come out of the house form
Tra la la, I'd rather sit on my arse,
And have a glass of Chardonnay, nah
We ain't all Briget Jones clones, who say pardon me,
More like gwanin mate, You get me...
Now i can select a few, paper people like to reject all my views,
Well I'm letting you know the news and
Well, this is the straight up truth,

[Chorus]

We ain't all posh like the queen, we ain't all squeaky clean,
Now do the Tony Blair, throw your hands in the air now everywhere,
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