

Pete Doherty

"Last Of The English Roses"

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Honey, honey
My you did look dapper in your mother's
Old green scarf
With your famous Auntie Arthur's trousers on
You were slapped by that slapper
And how we all laughed
But she laughed the loudest
Oh in '93
You could charm the bees knees of the bees

'Cheeky?' you'd say and we all fell around
Rolling 'round the playground

'Saucy?' you'd say and we all fell about
Rolling 'round the playground

In the '94
We all sang
Skipping and dancing hand in hand
Yeah with all the boys together
And all the girls together

She's the last of the English roses
She's the last of the English roses

(I wish to be so whirl awake again)
She knows her Rodneys from her Stanleys
And her Kappas from her Reeboks
And her tits from her tats
And her Winstons from her Enochs
It's fine and take what I

Coming out, coming alive

Round the Snooker table
You dance the Frutti-Tutti

She almost spilled her lager
Toasting girls of great beauty

But the closing moved by
Coming of age, coming alive

All the boys together
And all the girls together

She's the last of the English roses
She's the last of the English roses
Yeah she's the last of the English roses
She's the last of, last of the English
English roses

Ah sometimes you can't change
There'll be no place
Ce soir, disons chez moi
Enfin je compte de toi
Je te drague la rose mystique
Tu l'arroses mystique?
Ha, vas-y
C'est mon monde de soleil

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