

## **Pete Townshend**

### **"English Boy"**

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Hello, Ruth Streeting  
Here once again with "Streeting's Street"  
Where you get the word straight from the street  
This is the show that dishes the dirt on the dirt  
Strictly no rock star bullshit on my show

I don't review pop anymore  
I talk about anything I like or anything I hate  
Talking of which, remember  
That clapped-out 60's hell-raiser Ray High?  
Rumor has it the sad old lush can't do it anymore  
I mean, make records

I'm an English boy, I was brought up right  
Hold me down and I will bite  
I know no fear, I serve with joy  
I'm proud to be here an English boy

I feel like a stray dog  
Blurred like a movie  
You say you've come to arrest me  
But you're just trying to test me

I'm bored with your prejudice  
Spreading like a fever  
Your promises to train me  
Are just attempts to restrain me

I'm an English boy, precisely made  
You can pin me down, I am not afraid  
I show no fear, I will serve with joy  
I'm proud to be here, an English boy

Use me like a headline  
Cut pieces to pieces  
I'm black on the tube line  
Red on the touch-line

Freezing up the future  
Stopping every stopwatch  
You say we're moving like an oil slick  
Thicker than a house brick

I'm an English boy, I was brought up right  
If you raise your dress then I will bite  
My voice is clear, I got perfect poise  
Good to be down here with other English boys

And I don't know where I am now  
Or where I'm gonna go  
I just keep going 'round and 'round on the circle line  
Like some demented kind a commuta  
Trying to avoid paying for my ticket

I'm a lost soul  
I read about myself in the newspapers  
I'm a pig, I'm a thug  
I've got nowhere to go but down

I hear his manager, Rastus Knight  
Is pulling what's left of his hair out  
The only thing Ray's writing these days  
Are large checks to his booze merchants

He's a serious recluse now  
Hasn't seen daylight or another woman  
Since his old lady walked out two years ago.  
Poor little sausage, brooding in that  
Twenty-two room glass mansion  
Life's a bitch and so am I

Feel like I'm kicking at a dead man  
Kicking in the chorus  
I'm broken by hatred  
While politicians just ignore us

You never gave me any value  
You didn't give me any reason  
There's no tools and no toys  
For any English boys

I'm an English boy, I was brought up right  
Hold me down and I will bite  
I know no fear, I will serve with joy  
I'm proud to be here, an English boy, yeah

I'm an English boy, yeah  
I'm an English boy  
I'm an English boy  
No tools, no toys for any English boy  
English boy, English boy

