

Peter Doherty

"The Last Of The English Roses"

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Honey, honey
My you did look dapper in your mothers
Old green scarf
With your famous Auntie Aurthurs 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 nees 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 tit from her tat
And Winstons from her Enoks
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'arrose mystique?
Ha, vas-y
C'est mon monde de soleil

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