

# Old England

## The Waterboys

(Mike Scott)

Man looks up on a yellow sky  
And the rain turns to rust in his eye  
Rumours of his health are lies  
Old England is dying  
His clothes are a dirty shade of blue  
And his ancient shoes worn through  
He steals from me and he lies to you  
Old England is dying  
Still he sings an empire song  
Still he keeps his navy strong  
And he sticks his flag where it I'll belongs  
Old England is dying  
You're asking what makes me sigh now  
What it is makes me shudder so well  
I just freeze in the wind and I'm  
Numb from the pummelin of the snow  
That falls from high in yellow skies  
Down on where the well loved flag of  
England flies  
Where homes are warm and mothers sigh  
Where comedians laugh and babies cry  
Where criminals are televised politicians  
Fraternize  
Journalists are dignified and everyone is  
Civilized  
And children stare with Heroin eyes  
Old England!  
Evening has fallen  
The swans are singing  
The last of sunday's bells is ringing  
The wind in the trees is sighing  
And old England is dying

