

The New Diana

Black Box Recorder

I was born a blonde, I've always been a princess
A queen of hearts, now a mother
Where is the replacement for the world's front cover?
From one English Rose to another
I want to be the new Diana
Lying on a yacht reading photo-magazines
I want to be the new Diana
Visiting the shore occasionally
Shimmering blue ocean, diving in at starboard
Perfection for a second away from the hoard
Deep-sea fishermen toil in the sunset
Dragging in a mermaid caught in the fishing-nets
I want to be the new Diana
(OK!, Hello)
Lying on a yacht reading photo-magazines
I want to be the new Diana
(OK!, Hello)
Visiting the shore occasionally
Miss South Of England, Miss United Kingdom
The heart that healed, the hand that fed
Lady of the lake, lady in red
Island in an island, in an island I want to be the new Diana
(OK!, Hello)
Lying on a yacht reading photo-magazines
I want to be the new Diana
(OK!, Hello)
Visiting the shore occasionally
Politics and minefields, press and P.R.
These are bad places for a queen of hearts
Where are the heads, where's the republic,
Where are the songs that made the nation cry?
I want to be the new Diana
(OK!, Hello)
Lying on a yacht reading photo-magazines
I want to be the new Diana
(OK!, Hello)
Visiting the shore occasionally
I want to be the new Diana
(OK!, Hello)
Lying on a yacht reading photo-magazines
I want to be the new Diana
(OK!, Hello)
Visiting the shore occasionally
Visiting the shore occasionally
Visiting occasionally
Just visiting