

# English Boys

Blondie

When I was 17  
I saw a magazine  
It had those English Boys  
Who had long hair  
When I was on my own  
They moved into my town  
And I just called 'em up  
And they'd be there

In 1969  
I had a lousy time  
I listened to the songs  
Read letters sent from Nam

Now peace and love were gone  
The tired soldiers home  
Ideal society  
Gunned down the 70s

Does it feel the same to you?  
Why do you act the way you do?  
Pack it up or pack it in  
There's no excuse

Could the hands of time reverse?  
Would we wake or take the ride  
And again speak with one voice?

We knew each other well  
Although we never met  
Messages passed to tell  
Equal respect

Coincidence recurred  
I had to laugh a lot  
One week hung up superb  
Said maybe not

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