

One for England  
One for trousers  
No-one knows what you discovered  
Ah-ah-ah

With your hair so soft and golden  
Would you miss another opening  
Ah-ah-ah

Now I want you so  
I want you now  
I want you for yourself

With the cross above the fire  
And uniforms that should retire  
Ah-ah-ah  
Ah-ah-ah

Now I want you so  
I want you now  
I want you for yourself

Open up the door and come  
Open up we're almost gone  
Almost gone  
Almost gone

Ah-ah

Wouldn't you miss your future  
Wouldn't you miss the past  
I see thee stood of the foot of the stairs  
And through the alphabet

Now I want you so  
I want you now  
I want you for yourself