

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