

Grand Old English Oak Tree

Dodgy

My grand old English oak tree, in late last summer's
evening sun
A shadow of your former self when you were great and
proud and strong
The hills, they stretch so far beyond whatever you
could ever hope to see
Here is where your glory lies, beneath these fields of
apathy and greed
How can I trust you when your boughs have broken
beneath my feet
A thousand times before?
How can I love you when your leaves are always brown?
They fall around me without shame

My grand old English oak tree, in late last summer's
evening sun
You took the P out of my pride, I've been taken for a
ride
Will you grow forever till your leaves can mingle with
the furthest stars?
And millions come from miles around to shelter
underneath your holy palms

How can I trust you when your boughs have broken
beneath my feet
A thousand times before?
How can I love you when your leaves are always brown?
They fall around me without shame

Without an ounce of shame

No hope and glory left I said, How can we have let you
down?
Laughing Jack and the Union Star, I hope I'll be around