

One Man's England

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I was six when they came in to my uncle's shop
And the 'put put put' just wouldn't stop
But I felt too small to fight them all

We were sat out on the steps drinking lemonade
And the 'GO HOME' graffiti had begun to fade
And I had grown to almost 6 feet tall

When their lager soaked breath just marched on past
Coupling German 'siege heil' with their Union Jacks
That's one arranged marriage, you'd have to agree

The real arranged marriage affecting this town
Is the white who'd beat his daughter for marrying a brown
That's one arranged marriage the media don't see

One man's last orders
Is another man's last round bell
Making one man's England
Another man's hell
East vs. West will always land in England's lap
From the banning of the burqa
By the fool in baseball cap

Well, the white man's wheeling and dealing
Whilst the black man's simply dealing
Hypocrisy pours from the cracks in the floor
To the gaps that appear in the ceiling

They say, 'Jamaicans are laid back and lazy'
'West Indies is full of damn crazies'
But Usain laid back is quicker on track
Than white man in latest Mercedes

Immigration cheat, welfare scrounger
Ain't the real fraud
It's that meeting with accountant
To move their cash abroad

The real criminal ain't living
In a run down council flat
He's residing on a beach somewhere
Panama cigar and hat

The real terrorist ain't sporting a beard
Or reading the Quran
He's sitting in 10 Downing Street
And he works for Uncle Sam