

# Last of the English Roses

Peter Doherty

Honey, honey  
My you did look dapper in your mother's  
Old green scarf  
With your famous Auntie Arthur's trousers on  
You were slapped by that slapper  
And how we all laughed  
But she laughed the loudest  
Oh in '93  
You could charm the bees knees of the bees  
"Cheeky" you'd say and we all fell around  
Rolling 'round the playground  
"Saucy" you'd say and we all fell about  
Rolling 'round the playground  
In the '94  
We all sang  
Skipping and dancing hand in hand  
Yeah with all the boys together  
And all the girls together  
She's the last of the English roses  
She's the last of the English roses  
(I wish to be so whirl awake again)  
She knows her Rodneys from her Stanleys  
And her Kappas from her Reeboks  
And her tit from her tat  
And her Winstons from her Enochs  
It's fine and take what I  
Coming out, coming alive  
Round the Snooker table  
You dance the Frutti-Tutti  
She almost spilled her lager  
Toasting girls of great beauty  
But the closing moved by  
Coming of age, coming alive  
All the boys together  
And all the girls together  
She's the last of the English roses  
She's the last of the English roses  
Yeah she's the last of the English roses  
She's the last of, last of the English  
English roses  
Ah sometimes you can't change  
There'll be no place  
Ce soir, disons chez moi  
Enfin je compte de toi  
Je te drague la rose mystique  
Tu l'arroses mystique?  
Ha, vas-y  
C'est mon monde de soleil