

# England

Ralph McTell

What is it about you, makes me feel this way?  
When I'm leaving you, when I'm coming home  
I'm lost for words to say  
And I know your faults and failures  
And the troubles that you've been through  
But it's more about what happens now  
And what were coming to

And the echo from the green hills  
Runs through the city streets  
And the sun when it shines on England  
Well it lifts the heart in me

What is it about you that took men into war?  
Rows and rows of crosses, who remembers why what for?  
The corners of these foreign fields  
The dust in them concealed  
Out of sight but not out of mind  
Don't you know that England feels?

And the echo from the green hills  
Runs through the city streets  
The rain that falls on England  
Well it washes care from me

England, oh England  
England, oh England  
England, oh England

Don't make this out a battle hymn or a song for victory  
It's just a way to try to say what England means to me  
And our accents and our colours change  
From the city to the farmland  
From the moorland to the mountain  
From the river to the sea

And the echo from the green hills  
Runs through the city streets  
The wind that blows through England  
Breathes its life in you and me

England, oh England  
England, oh England  
England, oh England

From the rolling road to the winding lane  
From the field to factory  
From summer's haze to winter's glaze  
And all the colours in between  
It's a stillness in the evening  
It's the heartbeat that I'm feeling  
From Cornwall to Northumberland  
From the Pennines to the sea

And the echo from the green hills  
Runs through the city streets  
And the wind that blows through England

Well it breathes its life in you and me

England, oh England

England, oh England