

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