

Old Albion

Skrewdriver

The scent of an English meadow wafts gently through the
bars

The sounds of summer harvesting can be heard from afar
The beauty of old Albion, a beauty hard to beat
But the heart has been corrupted, by the changing
power-seat

(chorus)

Will we stand and watch them taking our freedom away?
Will we stand and watch them taking our freedom away?
Our warriors are slandered, and thrown into their jails
And kept from their loved ones, in dungeons deep and
stale

They say that self-defence is no offence, until the law

starts with their lies

They'll send you down for protecting your own, already
guilty in their lying eyes

(chorus)

instrumental break

(chorus)

Our hearts are full of love and pride, for England is
our home

The hills and dales are in our souls, and the forests
ours to roam

But now we lie back in our cells, and think of times
gone by

We think back of our lives and homes, and the girls who
wait and cry

(chorus) x2