

The Best of 'Em

The Dreadnoughts

Well the news came down
At quarter past three
The wretched duel is won
Your George is safe
And Julian is free
So go on out
Into the sun

And wave your flags
And pound your feet
And kiss the strangers out on Downing Street
And leave me here
With a heart of stone
For the best of 'em
Don't come home

Well yours took shelter in an old wooden shack
And yours worked safely on the wire
And yours spent six months laid away in a bed
While my Billy ran into the fire

So wave your flags
And pound your feet
And kiss the strangers out on Downing Street
And leave me here
With a heart of stone
For the best of 'em
Don't come home