

## 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