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

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