

# Englishman in New York – Sting (Piano P. Zalewski)

I don't drink coffee, I take tea, my dear  
I like my toast done on one side  
And you can hear it in my accent when I talk  
I'm an Englishman in New York  
See me walking down Fifth Avenue  
A walking cane here at my side  
I take it everywhere I walk  
I'm an Englishman in New York  
Oh, I'm an alien, I'm a legal alien  
I'm an Englishman in New York  
Oh, I'm an alien, I'm a legal alien  
I'm an Englishman in New York  
If "manners maketh man" as someone said  
He's the hero of the day  
It takes a man to suffer ignorance and smile  
Be yourself no matter what they say  
Oh, I'm an alien, I'm a legal alien  
I'm an Englishman in New York  
Oh, I'm an alien, I'm a legal alien  
I'm an Englishman in New York  
Modesty, propriety can lead to notoriety  
You could end up as the only one  
Gentleness, sobriety are rare in this society  
At night a candle's brighter than the sun  
If "manners maketh man" as someone said  
He's the hero of the day  
It takes a man to suffer ignorance and smile  
Be yourself no matter what they say  
Be yourself no matter what they say  
Be yourself no matter what they say



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych

