

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

