

Made in England

Ian Anderson

Somewhere in a town in England
lay a babe with a curious smile.
He was of your father's children.
Born each side of a dry-stone mile.

He grew up through the schools and factories,
Brunel's tunnels and bridges bold.
Grey towers built high on that Kingdom
with apartments still unsold.

Somewhere in a town in England.
Could be Newcastle, Leeds or Birmingham.
And were you made in
England's green and pleasant land?

He accepts no unemployment
and is to indeterminate station bred.
Is possessed of skills and reason.
Flies the flag upon his head.

Watches the democratic process
grind it's way through the Commons cold,
filled with fiery infiltrators
who would pave the streets with England's gold.