

My Love of This Land

Killing Joke

The sun is setting in on England's green and pleasant land
At dusk I leave the town to tear the fences down
And I ignore the voice of education sighing and crying in my head

In the light of every dream, we're all coming home
Lazy days and summer haze, my love of this land

Memories of gentlemen and cricket fade away in the hot summer
But still they carry out traditions of the past without a meaning

In the light of every dream, we're all coming home
Lazy days and summer haze, my love of this land

New towns and concrete towerblocks, inhuman as they stand
And did those feel in ancient times, or was it just our imaginations?

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