



Praying for Time

These are the days of the open hand
They will not be the last
Look around now
These are the early days
Don't look back, you just have to go on
Don't look back, you just have to go on
But I can't be your friend anymore
I'm dreaming of a time when the English are
sick to death of Labour
And Tories
And spit upon the name Oliver Cromwell
And denounce this royal line
That still salute him
And will salute him forever

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