

ENGLISHMAN IN NEW YORK (by Sting)

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

Chorus:

I'm an alien I'm a legal alien

I'm an Englishman in New York

I'm an alien I'm a legal alien

I'm an Englishman in New York

If, "Manners maketh man" as someone
said

Then he's the hero of the day

It takes a man to suffer ignorance and
smile

Be yourself no matter what they say

I'm an alien I'm a legal alien... (Chorus
x1)

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

Takes more than combat gear to make
a man

Takes more than a license for a gun

Confront your enemies, avoid them
when you can

A gentleman will walk but never run

If, "Manners maketh man" as someone
said

Then he's the hero of the day

It takes a man to suffer ignorance and
smile

Be yourself no matter what they say

I'm an alien I'm a legal alien... (Chorus
until the end)