

Sting, Englishman in New York

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

Whoa, I'm an alien, I'm a legal alien
I'm an Englishman in New York
Whoa, 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

Whoa, I'm an alien, I'm a legal alien
I'm an Englishman in New York
Whoa, I'm an alien, I'm a legal alien
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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 licence 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 (x3)

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