

# XTC, You're A Good Man Albert Brown

Well you're a good man albert brown  
And you was wounded in the war  
And though you shot some people down  
You're still a good man albert brown  
Well you're a good man albert brown  
Though you are drunk upon the floor  
And if you're buying the next round  
Then you're a good man albert...

Brown was the colour of the mud across the somme  
Red was the blood you spilled upon it  
Pink were the fingers of the nurse who dressed your wound  
White was the starch upon her bonnet  
And you married that nurse

And her name was else  
And then along came dad

...i'll have another pint of...

Brown is the colour of your old walking boots  
Green is the cash you'd love to squander  
Gold is the colour of your wife's faithful heart  
So get yourself home, no more to wander  
And you married that nurse  
And her name's still else  
And another child was had  
You're a good man albert brown