

# Feed the Enemy

## Magazine

It's always raining over the border  
There's been a plane crash out there  
In the wheat fields  
They're picking up the pieces  
We could go and look and stare How many friends have we over there?  
The border guards fight unconvincingly  
Whatever we do it seems things are arranged  
We always have to feed the enemy You could dance for me and punch me through  
(Dance for me)  
You could dance for me and punch me through  
(Dance for me) You could dance for me and punch me through  
(Dance for me)  
You could dance for me and punch me through  
(Dance for me) We watched them trash the last camera  
Glued to all our TV's  
Well the actors on the replay  
Trying again to touch you and me But they always seem to know  
Exactly what they're talking about  
Because they've got you in a corner  
You've got no room to move  
You've got no room for doubt That's exactly what they're talking about  
Because they've got you in a corner  
No room to move, no room for doubt

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