

Archway Towers

New Model Army

Rolling up tab ends that the baby's collected
Waiting for the number that clicks on the wall.
It's open season on the weak and the feeble
Their meagre ambitions, their impotent fury
There's bullet proof glass in case there is trouble
No doors in the building between this side and that side. I've tried to wrestle some unbalanced nightmare
Tell myself over that I don't really live here
But the boys run away leaving blood on the pavement
And a little crowd gathered to watch you pick yourself up
Joining the queue at the video library
To watch ninety five minutes of simulated torture
The conference hall rings to the standing ovation
The people in blue ties rise from the podium
Crazy with power, blinded by vision
The mass-chosen leaders for a brutalised nation

Lyrics provided by

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