

# LS43

## New Model Army

Busted out to the halfway house  
At the top of Undercliffe Road  
You and me and your motorbike  
In the ice and drifting snow  
3 a.m. and empty, the city ours alone  
And laughing through the trails of frozen breathing I swore to you that I could fly  
If you only let me go  
Holding on as we leant over  
the edge of Baildon Moor  
And far beneath the shadowed lands  
The rocks and shapeless dark  
And all that space for us to fall in  
And all I could feel was myself falling...Neon weekends and madhouse nights  
And so much time to taste  
We built monuments to the things we loved  
Then laid each one to waste  
All in suicidal vengeance  
Screaming 'justice justice now'  
As across the burning bridges we thundered Now all the rooms at the Inn are taken  
By those wiser than us  
We're still driving for the sunset, love  
And then on into the dusk  
Because all the dreams were meaningless  
And impossible to touch  
But we're still crazed enough to drive for ever  
I swear that I can stay awake forever

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