No Man's Land

New Model Army

You say that you'd rather be really poor
Than scratching, saving, scrimping all the pennies
Looking in the windows at what you can't afford
Always hungry, never starving
In no man's land the days are longYou say that you'd rather be really ill
Than just having headaches, never have no energy
All the little allergies and all the little pains
Never getting better, never getting worse
In no man's land the days are longYou say that you'd rather have no love at all
Than pathetic little words, half-hearted kisses
Never feeling anything, anything at all
Never no fire, never no passion
In no man's land the days are longDo you believe you can come out, fighting from you shell-hole
Or do you run for cover every time you hear a shot fired in anger?

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