

# R.I.P. (2005 Remastered Version)

## New Model Army

This all started the way things do  
With a laugh and a cup of tea around the fire  
As we sheltered from those wicked winds in front of that old TV  
And we traded ideas as we watched each other with those ambitious bright eyes  
Those eyes that saw every detail of the world so clear  
And we bided our time impatiently until the hunger really burned  
And the softest sweetest kisses were lost amidst the thunder in our hearts  
We watched the people round us  
getting up, getting on, getting old  
But the game we were going to play so well - we'd get to stay young forever  
To begin with they just smiled and stepped around our little fire  
But remember how pretty soon that all began to change  
But now bitter in this great city all the little children should go home  
Because the big men want to make deals  
When they find you've got something they want  
The party's gone, the party's done, the party's over children  
You'd better go home  
Funny how they all come running if you let your pockets jangle a little  
And there's that strange queasy feeling  
Every time someone holds a door open for you  
Such sweetness, such kindness - while they manoeuvre you into position  
And we all know how hard it is to bite the hand that feeds you  
Remember all those old films we used to watch every Friday night on TV  
However fast you run, however slow the Mummy walks  
It always catches you in the end  
The party's gone, the party's done, the party's over children  
You'd better go home  
This ain't no place anymore for little girls or little boys  
Not unless you want them to spoon-feed you all your life  
The party's gone, the party's done, the party's over children  
This dream is gone, this dream is dead, this dream is over, children  
You'd better go home

Songwriters

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