

# Green and Grey (live)

## New Model Army

The time I think most clearly, the time I drift away  
Is on the bus-ride that meanders up these valleys of green and grey  
I get to think about what might have been and what may yet come true  
And I get to pass a rainy mile thinking of you  
And all the while, all the while, I still hear that call  
To the land of gold and poison that beckons to us all  
Nothing changes here very much, I guess you'd say it never will  
The pubs are all full on Friday nights and things  
get started still  
We spent hours last week with Billy boy, bleeding, yeah queuing in Casualty  
Staring at those posters we used to laugh at,  
Never Never Land, palm trees by the sea  
Well there was no need for those guys to hurt him so bad  
When all they had to do was knock him down  
But no one asks to many questions like that since you left this town  
And tomorrow brings another train  
Another young brave steals away  
But you're the one I remember  
From these valleys of green and the grey  
You used to talk about winners and losers all the time, as if that was all  
there was  
As if we were not of the same blood family, as if we live by different laws  
Do you owe so much less to these rain swept hills than you owe to your good self?  
Is it true that the world has always got to be something  
That seems to happen somewhere else?  
For God's sake don't you realize that I still hear that call  
Do you think you're so brave just to go running to that which beckons to us all?

Songwriters

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