

Green and Grey

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 the 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
You used to 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 too many questions like that any more
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 the 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? And tomorrow brings another train
Another young brave steals away
But you're the one I remember
From these valleys of the green and the grey No, not for one second did you look behind you
As you were walking away
Never once did you wish any of us well
Those who had chosen to stay And if that's what it takes to make it
In the place that you live today
Then I guess you'll never read these letters that I send
From the valleys of green and the grey Valleys of the green and the grey

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