Heartland

The The

Beneath the old iron bridges, across the Victorian parks
And all the frightened people running home before dark
Past the Saturday morning cinema that lies crumbling to the ground
And the piss stinking shopping center in the new side of town
I've come to smell the seasons change and watch the city
As the sun goes down againHere comes another winter of long shadows and high hopes
Here comes another winter waitin' for utopia
Waitin' for hell to freeze overThis is the land where nothing changes
The land of red buses and blue blooded babies
This is the place, where pensioners are raped
And the hearts are being cut from the welfare state
Let the poor drink the milk while the rich eat the honey
Let the bums count their blessings while they count the moneySo many people can't express what's on their minds
Nobody knows them and nobody ever will
Until their backs are broken and their dreams are stolen
And they can't get what they want then they're gonna get angryWell it ain't written in the papers, but it's written on the walls
The way this country is divided to fall
So the cranes are moving on the skyline
Trying to knock down this townBut the stains on the heartland, can never be removed
From this country that's sick, sad, and confusedHere comes another winter of long shadows and high hopes
Here comes another winter waitin' for utopia
Waitin' for hell to freeze overThe ammunition's being passed and the lords been praised
But the wars on the televisions will never be explained
All the bankers gettin' sweaty beneath their white collars
As the pound in our pocket turns into a dollarThis is the 51st state of the U.S.A.
This is the 51st state of the U.S.A.
This is the 51st state of the U.S.A.
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