No Rest

New Model Army

Four o' clock in the morning and still we cannot sleep
Turning over, turning 'round, twisting in our sweat
They say there is no rest for the wicked ones
Dear God, what have we done?
There is no rest for the wicked ones
Dear God, what is this evil that we've done?Is it that we wanted more than you gave?
Why did you put us then in this small town grave?
Humility, is that what you want?
Why did you make us then, the way you did?Yes, we have pride, is this our sin?
Is it the times that we've been out fighting?
Well, I'll tell you all those times, we never really hurt anybody
Or is it that we were eating while other people were starving?
Is this our crime?Four o' clock in the morning and still we cannot sleep
Turning over, turning 'round, twisting in our sweat
They say there is no rest for the wicked ones
Dear God, what have we done?
There is no rest for the wicked ones
Dear God, what is this evil that we've done?Is it the times we laughed about it all
Through all those whisky nights, so far away?
Yes, we betrayed you, is this our crime?

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