

# Drag It Down (2005 Remastered Version)

## New Model Army

They started work this morning  
Down at city square  
They're pulling down the statues  
Of our great grandfather's hero  
The new books said he wasn't  
Such a great man after all  
And anyway remember that  
The times, they are a-changing  
Pull it down, drag it down  
Till there's nothing to look up to  
But the brand names  
On the posters all around  
They proved on television last night  
That God was just a lie  
He never made the world at all  
It was just some sweet old fashioned rite  
So melt down all the ornaments  
Move out all the graves  
And let us build the disco  
That we need for our young braves  
Pull it down, drag it down  
Till the hopes and dreams  
Of all the ages, past  
Are shattered on the ground  
We think we are so clever  
Killing heroes, killing magic  
Until everything that's sacred  
Is brought down to our level  
For mammon is a jealous master  
Leaves no room for any other  
All the questions left unanswered  
All the answers gone forever  
So bow to the woman in the finest fur  
Bow to the man with the ace street cool  
Bow to the woman with all the power  
Bow to the man with all the money  
In whose sight are we equal now  
Now, that we've killed God?

Songwriters

HEATON, ROBERT CHARLES/SULLIVAN, JUSTIN EDWARD/MORROW, STUART

ANTHONY  
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