Feed the Enemy

Magazine

It's always raining over the border
There's been a plane crash out there
In the wheatfields they're picking up the pieces
We could go and look and stareHow many friends have we over there?
The border guards fight unconvincingly
Whatever we do it seems things are arranged
We always have to feed the enemyYou could dance for me
And punch me through
You could dance for me
And punch me through
You could dance for me
And punch me through
You could dance for me
And punch me throughWe watched them trash the last camera
Glued to all our TV's
The actors on the replay
Trying again to touch you and me

Songwriters
DAVID TOMLINSON, HOWARD DEVOTOPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC, MUSIC SALES CORPORATION Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/