

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 stare How 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 enemy 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 through
You could dance for me
And punch me through We 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

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