

After the Rush Hour

Million Dead

I am the small town linesman
And you'll find me out here on the line.
Searching ceaselessly to simply
Find a place I can call mine.
Every corner of this country
Criss-crossed out with coloured lines.
The city lies before me,
Another city sprawling out behind.
Since the Scramble ended,
Since the West was won with wagon trails,
It seems the Mazzini's paradisaical
Panopticon prevailed.
My walkabouts no longer take me
Beyond a choice of different gaols.
Why should I have to choose a state
When every one of them has failed?
I am a frontiersman,
Trapped in suburban England.
And I promise not to overthrow the state
If allowed to redraw the atlas before
I emigrate.
So I have sailed the seven seas alone, Trying to find a shore I can call home.
But all I found are different flags,
Double-speaking diplomats, and
I do not have time for that.
So I'll declare my own sovereign state,
The borders based on the
Bottoms of my boots,
And I will open embassies
Wherever the hell I please,
And at assemblies
You will see me sat
But never on my knees.
And I'd gladly leave your
Metternich's alone as long as where
I lay my head I can be my very own.
I am the Winchester lineman.
I am a frontiersman,
Trapped in suburban England,

But here I will not remain-
I'll ride into the sunset,
My horse waits on the plain,
And I keep walking the line.

Songwriters

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