Eleven Years

New Model Army

Stevie said now don't look round they're watching us
Two girls in the corner of that dodgy club
And the grey eyes, the storm that I've come to know and wish for
Before I caught a breath, well, she was standing there.
We walked the streets of our town just talking
And the dawn broke grey and freezing through the deserted blocks
Just when your life is stale and there's reason there for everything
Something comes to kick you up inside
Eleven sweet years and no nearer home
A hundred thousands miles through this battle zone
Still high on the wire above the hollow darkness
Trying not to look downNo Rest for the wicked is still how it goes
Twisted up and turning in my bed alone
And separation pains like a blunted amputation
Pushing endless coins in the telephone
Eleven sweet years and no nearer home
A hundred thousands miles through this battle zone
Still high on the wire above the hollow darkness
Trying not to look downSo rest in these open arms and lie until they come for you
And tell me everything you've ever felt, tell me everything you want to see . . .Forever running even when we are standing still
Driven on and fired up as the whirlwinds blow
And shouting out inside "I'm proud of you, I'm proud of you"
Ten thousand footsteps echo down the Brixton Road
Eleven sweet years and no nearer home
A hundred thousands miles through this battle zone
Still high on the wire above the hollow darkness
Trying not to look down

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