R&R

New Model Army

Days into weeks of Sunday afternoons
Nothing much for us to say nothing real for us to do
Just watch the carousel go round and round in endless circles
in the pupil of the Deadeye until you just feel numb
It's virtual Jerusalem. There's not much trouble anymore
it's mostly the blissed-out stuff that people really go for
and the juggernaut tyranny of oblivion 4/4
Double, triple bluff and then back on itself
a world of ironies and tribute bands, everything downsized
I don't know where it was but I swear I've heard that song
it was a century of answers and all of them have been wrong.
Wake me in a thousand yearsSorry little island, you look better in the rain
You looked more honest in blue or something we can't see through
and out across the world I see four billion claims
and all of them have faces and all of them have names
Enough. Wake me in a thousand yearsThe Prozac dawn opens milky white
I don't remember what it was I got so passionate about
It's all now digitally synthesised, seduced, stainless
the bad smell of poverty disguised, deodorised
There's just the scent of money and Privilege still intact
A century of madness put to sleep to start over again
Here comes the Presidential train.We looked into the crystal and we felt the Fear
but it's already here, it's already too late
We're learning to love the things that we hate
We're learning to love the things that we hate

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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