

# Alison Moyet, Money Mile

Into your car park drive obsolete motors  
With petrol consumption at too higher price  
Sell us through windows at backroom board meetings  
Blindfolded and handcuffed and in single file

On your money mile  
We are the faceless, the nameless, the homeless  
On your money mile  
There in your fortress where you couldn't care less  
On your money mile  
We are the caseless, the raceless, the hopeless  
On your money mile  
You were caught in the crossfire hauling the flag right down

Send us to battle send us to the frontline  
Point us at the enemy  
Lest we forget  
It's for our protection that we lay here slaughtered  
It's for our survival we bury our dead

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