

Faithless, Hope

When I arrive eyes wide fired up
Tried not to slide and let the side down
Now the planes on the ground I'll find a good profession it's 1957
I've come to the mother land to make a home to put my bed in
This weather does my head in some people are less than kind I wish
Mamma was here so I could unwind
But I'm supposed to be the good news so I lace up these hard black shoes
And look more work the streets whenever paved with gold
They simply make my feet hurt, they just make my feet hurt

Just a little money in my pocket and a little bit left for those I love
To have enough food on my table and a little bit more for those who call
In this land of hope and glory you'd think there's enough for us all
You'd think there's enough for us all

When I arrive eyes wide petrified
Tried not to cry and let the side down
Now the planes on the ground, it's 20 years later mummas in the arrival lounge
I take a few seconds to kiss her then look around at what's happened to my home town

What's going on, but papa doesn't look too strong
Rush home in a cab, windows up
Now I hear dad cough, we gotta get in before they switch the lights and water off
For the night, I have to get to know the guard dogs cause they bite
Progress just pass us by to the right

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