

New Model Army, 1984

The vans they come in convoys now, stealing through the dawn
Silent in the countryside in the hills up to the north
There's road blocks on the Meden bridge
There's click, click clicking on the phone
They're sealing off our villages, sealing off our homes
This ain't some tin-pot story arriving from a distant shore
But our own sweet, green and pleasant land in 1984
Her father crossed the battle lines in the first months of the war
She frowns down at the soup kitchen - she doesn't have a father anymore
It's cold in the early mornings, standing with your mates
Staring at the thick blue line armed and ready at the gates
This ain't some tin-pot story arriving from a distant shore
But our own sweet, green and pleasant land in 1984
The servants of our great nation
Have lied in the name of us all
While the officers of peace and order
Are busy breaking every law
There's hundreds on trumped-up charges
Hundreds on the streets
The future of our villages
Sown with bitter seeds
And hatred starts to rumble where there was no hate before
In our own sweet green and pleasant land in 1984
Nobody wanted to see the blood
As the blue lights flash through in the night
But all the words fell on deaf ears
And now the blind frustration bites
Two nations under one crown divided more and more
In our own sweet green and pleasant land in 1984