

New Model Army, Brave New World

The office lines are busy and the girls are working hard
Tonight they'll be out clubbing with their boyfriends busy wishing they were
Gentlemen please take your seats, there's champagne in the boardroom
Let's drink a toast to prosperity, tell the waiting pressmen that
No, there's nothing wrong here, nothing at all
Remember locking all the doors before you went to bed
Then waking with those racing dreams ringing round your head
The future's full of shining cars on shining tarmac roads
Cutting through the wasted years and all the old abandoned tracks and
No, there's nothing wrong here, nothing at all
So keep that smile on your face, have a drink to help you sleep at night
They got what they desired - We're passive in their brave new world
We are not young and beautiful, we are not rich and bold
And we are not your people who bought the dreams you sold
And we hate your smiling faces and we hate what you have done
We hate your patronising and we hate your cold blue eyes
And we all feel this raging and we all feel the same
This crazy blinding fury that we cannot explain
And we all see reflections in our lover's eyes
We live with so few troubles but with so many, many lies and
No, there's nothing wrong here, nothing at all