

# New Model Army, Higher Wall

We're out here on the borders with our favourite few possessions  
Traded stories whispered round the fire  
As shadows in the searchlights, mugshots in the files  
Waiting in the camps behind the wire  
Kick the door until it opens, what you have you cannot hold  
We are young, forever hungry, you are fat and growing old  
Still every day you try to build a higher wall

We pick the leaves of coca, we stack the crates of cola  
We wait upon the tables where you dine  
And learn from you not to accept the little that we're given  
To take the piece of silver where we can  
Now clutching at these papers in another office line  
We're staring from the darkness up at windows filled with light  
And every day you try to build a higher wall

In my town we used to pray to idols sent from far away  
From out beyond the dusty days, we heard your voices call  
And in your town the streets are cleaned  
The order stands, the sirens scream  
You talk of peace, vacation dreams - and reinforce the wall

Now in the queues at immigration, in the border zone  
We are your bastard children, all coming home  
And every day you try to build a higher wall  
Every day you try to build a higher wall  
But your money cannot stop us  
And your violence cannot stop us  
No you will never stop us with your higher wall