New Model Army, R&R

Days into weeks of Sunday afternoons
Nothing much for us to say nothing real for us to do
Just watch the carousel go round and round in endless circles
in the pupil of the Deadeye until you just feel numb
It's virtual Jerusalem. There's not much trouble anymore
it's mostly the blissed-out stuff that people really go for
and the juggernaut tyranny of oblivion 4/4
Double, triple bluff and then back on itself
a world of ironies and tribute bands, everything downsized
I don't know where it was but I swear I've heard that song
it was a century of answers and all of them have been wrong.
Wake me in a thousand years

Sorry little island, you look better in the rain You looked more honest in blue or something we can't see through and out across the world I see four billion claims and all of them have faces and all of them have names Enough. Wake me in a thousand years

The Prozac dawn opens milky white I don't remember what it was I got so passionate about It's all now digitally synthesised, seduced, stainless the bad smell of poverty disguised, deodorised There's just the scent of money and Privilege still intact A century of madness put to sleep to start over again Here comes the Presidential train.

We looked into the crystal and we felt the Fear but it's already here, it's already too late We're learning to love the things that we hate We're learning to love the things that we hate