

# New Model Army, Western Dream

Gather round and listen and I'll tell you how's it's done  
How they manage to make idiots out of everyone  
Take a human population with their hunger and their pain  
And the weaknesses that cripple them again and again  
Invent a splendid party where dreams can be won  
And with bright flashing lights, the heartaches are gone  
With sex and with money and with everything for free  
Then show tantalising glimpses every night on TV.  
Watch the dirty hands that laboured hard for you  
Stretching out like children for a crumb that they can chew  
Give a car and video and a little bit to spare  
And go on promising that more could all be theirs  
Ch: All lies, all lies, all schemes all schemes  
Every winner means a looser in the western dream

The producer swears silently it cannot be heard  
And the camera crew are muttering those four letter words  
Another take is needed so the show can go on  
With a patronising smile and a popular song  
They tell when to laugh, they tell you when to cheer  
So the audience at home will get the right idea  
They watch like children left out of a playground gang  
Conforming their lives the way they hope will get them in  
Ch: All lies, all lies, all schemes all schemes  
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It seems to me sometimes there's only two ways to choose  
In this whirlpool made of a thousands years  
Either live in these ghettos and know your place  
Or you trample over everyone in the human race  
I wish we could find another way to go  
Without the Ghost of Cain in everything we do  
The bitterness in failure and the dirt in success  
This is our choice