

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 loser 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
Every winner means a loser in the western dream

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