

Something For Kate, No Man's Land

Say good morning, same sick signs
Today you'll get your money's worth
To revolve or revolutionise
Or put it in the paperwork

You've been sold to any member
Take a bow and raise your glass to no man's land
And it all goes right to plan
Play another round for another chance

As simple as simple mistakes
You hang your trouble in the sky
And one boy scout gone bad
A piece of cake
And let the think tank decide

You bury your head in the sand
As you rise to raise your glass to no man's land
And it all goes right to plan
You play another round for another chance

You bury your head in the sand
Take a bow and raise your glass to no man's land
And it all went right to plan
And you play another round if you get another chance

No man's land