

# Billy Bragg, The Home Front

Father mows the lawn and Mother peels the potatoes  
Grandma lays the table alone  
And adjusts a photograph of the unknown soldier  
In this Holy of Holies, the Home  
And from the TV an unwatched voice  
Suggests the answer is to plant more trees  
The scrawl on the wall says what about the workers  
And the voice of the people says more salt please

Mother shakes her head and reads aloud from the newspaper  
As Father puts another lock on the door  
And reflects upon the violent times that we are living in  
While chatting with the wife beater next door  
If paradise to you is cheap beer and overtime  
Home truths are easily missed  
Something that every football fan knows  
It only takes five fingers to form a fist

And when it rains here It rains so hard  
But never hard enough to wash away the sorrow  
I'll trade my love today for a greater love tomorrow  
The lonely child looks out and dreams of independence  
From this family life sentence

Mother sees but does not read the peeling posters  
And can't believe that there's a world to be won  
But in the public schools and in the public houses  
The Battle of Britain goes on  
The constant promise of jam tomorrow  
Is the New Breed's litany and verse  
If it takes another war to fill the churches of England  
Then the world the meek inherit, what will it be worth

Mother fights the tears and Father, his sense of outrage  
And attempts to justify the sacrifice  
To pass their creed down to another generation  
'Anything for the quiet life'  
In the Land of a Thousand Doses  
Where nostalgia is the opium of the age  
Our place in History is as  
clock watchers, old timers, window shoppers.