

Magazine, Feed The Enemy

It's always raining over the border
there's been a plane crash out there
in the wheatfields
they're picking up the pieces
we could go and look
and stare

How many friends have we over there ?
the border guards fight unconvincingly
whatever we do
it seems things are arranged
we always have to feed the enemy

You could dance for me
and punch me through
dance for me

We watched them trash the last camera
glued to all our TV's
the actors on the replay
trying again to touch you and me

But they always seem to know
exactly what they're talking about
now they've got you in a corner
you've got no room to move
you've got no room for doubt
that's exactly what they're talking about
now they're got you in a corner
no room to move
no room for doubt