

# New Model Army, Brother

It's been a long dry season in tinderbox town  
And the ghetto cars go cruising up and down and round and round  
With tinted windows and the screech of tires  
Poverty likes to ride in the best disguise  
The boys get bored, set fire to the sheds at the end of my street  
The thick black smoke rises up into the dusk  
Sirens scream out across the hills  
Turn into the close as the boys all swagger.  
I've got no quarrel with you brother  
But the war is getting closer  
Down at the Union there we stood  
And embraced like brothers should  
The fire catches when your back is turned  
And now we watch as the city burns  
And now we watch as the city burns

We used to joke about the colour of our skins  
We used to joke about the names of God  
But now the racist cops come round  
Put your cousin up against the wall  
A little crowd gathers round and takes up sides  
The white trash come out of their doorways and mutter  
There's a macho stand off with sullen faces all around  
And all the middle ground is washing away  
And no one really wants it there anyway  
It's a time of pack dogs brother  
And the war's getting closer  
Down at the Union there we stood  
And embraced like brothers should  
The fire catches when your back is turned  
And now we watch as the city burns  
And now we watch as the city burns

And I, I accuse you, you want so much  
But you give nothing of yourself  
And I, I believe you, you want so much  
But you keep nothing of yourself