New Model Army, If You Can't Save Me

In a nowhere bar-room on the east side of the city
There was a strange smell of burning outside in the street
I was giving a sermon like the son of a preacher
I was high on revolution and wild with belief
Across the table she was lighting a cigarette
And in the light of the flame her eyes flashed fury as she turned to me
She said - you're never going to save the world
If you can't save me

On Cavalry Hill, the sky turned black
And the wind blew the dust in the blistering heat
But the heavens were empty, no angels came
The only sound I remember was the crying of Mary and the mother's weep
And he cried out - you're never going to save the world
If you can't save me
It's all vanity and you're never going to save the world
If you can't save me