

# New Model Army, No Mans Land 1984 Produced

(Sullivan)

Stare across the crowd, the fear and love in their faces  
The children of the tribes, prisoners of the flags unfurling  
Protect us in these changing times  
The warm embrace, the killing price...  
My people right or wrong  
Remember running from the hall as the voices screamed behind us  
I felt I'd die for you in the sunlit hills of our home  
The moments come the recede away  
The empty words, the hollow light of day...  
My people right or wrong  
And outside is cold  
Staring up at the lighted window  
And in the bitter home  
The thicker the blood the faster it keeps on flowing  
Get in your place, boy  
Let's take what's ours, boy  
Understand the price, boy  
I've seen those who try to make a life without kin for ever  
So I've taken my place uncertain at your shoulder  
The last few prayers, the whistle blow,  
And into the fray once more we go  
My people right or wrong