

New Model Army, R.I.P.

This all started the way things do
With a laugh and a cup of tea around the fire
As we sheltered from those wicked winds in front of that old TV
And we traded ideas as we watched each other with those ambitious bright eyes
Those eyes that saw every detail of the world so clear
And we bided our time impatiently until the hunger really burned
And the softest sweetest kisses were lost amidst the thunder in our hearts

We watched the people round us getting up, getting on, getting old
But the game we were going to play so well - we'd get to stay young forever
To begin with they just smiled and stepped around our little fire
But remember how pretty soon that all began to change
But now bitter in this great city all the little children should go home
Because the big men want to make deals
When they find you've got something they want
The party's gone, the party's done, the party's over children
You'd better go home

Funny how they all come running if you let your pockets jangle a little
And there's that strange queasy feeling
Every time someone holds a door open for you
Such sweetness, such kindness - while they manoeuvre you into position
And we all know how hard it is to bite the hand that feeds you
Remember all those old films we used to watch every Friday night on TV
However fast you run, however slow the Mummy walks
It always catches you in the end
The party's gone, the party's done, the party's over children
You'd better go home
This ain't no place anymore for little girls or little boys
Not unless you want them to spoon-feed you all your life
The party's gone, the party's done, the party's over children
This dream is gone, this dream is dead, this dream is over, children
You'd better go home