

# New Model Army, Tales Of The Road

The caravan flipped over two, three times  
Went spinning down the carriageway  
Breaking up into splinters  
Wheels turning around in the dust at the foot of the hill  
And all the old clothes, the pots and pans and the photographs  
The little things of those people's lives  
Lay strewn across the road  
Ch: We just want what we cannot have  
We've driven so far, we can never get back  
Sitting in the all night cafe in a curl of smoke  
Telling tales of the road

By the glow of a flickering lighter  
We went stumbling forward through the corridor  
Up the broken stairway to the top of the trail of shattered glass  
Damp mattresses in the doorway, an old abandoned take-away  
Nothing much to tell us if and where you'd gone  
By now you could be miles away  
Ch: We just want what we cannot have  
We've driven so far, we can never get back  
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And everyone just keeps moving on, you turn around and find them gone  
The lights go out one by one, the prodigal son is not coming home  
Down at the Ferrybridge junction  
Beneath the cooling towers a man stood hitching a ride  
And in the long grass at the side of the road his son was laid asleep  
He said - nothing's left to keep us in the city where we come from  
Take us far away from here - looking for work and the wishing-well  
This afternoon the sunlight spilled shadows across the golden hills  
They searched us at the border but they're not looking for what we're hiding  
They're not looking for what we're hiding  
Ch: We just want what we cannot have  
We've driven so far, we can never get back  
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