The Maccabees, All In Your Rows

So it's stars and crosses
Reasoning for losses
You learn right from wrong
And then you write the book yourself
Right the wrongs you know,

But then you're all in your rows
All in your rows
All in your row-oh-ohs
All in your rows
All in your row-oh-ohs

Domination fading with war-torn tradition
Picking holes in holy
And in blinkered vision
You left us standing with no understanding
There's no give
There's no give

And then you're all in your rows
All in your rows
All in your row-oh-ohs
All in your rows
All in your row-oh-ohs

So cityscape and countryside
You've got local boys, they're going nationwide
So here's your church and here's your steeple
And you're locking your doors to keep in all the people

Let them go