

# Thea Gilmore, Gun Cotton

Silence in the courtyard, silence in the street  
The powers that be, out by the river, are shuffling their feet  
But the night is full of car alarms and sideways glances  
In this land of milk and money you dont get your second chances

Cars are burning on the slip roads, the bars are full of sailors  
Spent a long time trying to fathom which were trips and which were trailers  
England has been bleeding into every police station  
Into every schoolyard, every war and every state occasion

Were the gun cotton  
Theyll blast us all in line  
This time

Children in the boxes paint the underpass red  
The graffiti on the park bench, the faded A to Z  
Theyll make you fat with dreams and sequence on the silver screen  
Til youre full of hope and tragedy and crash-site steam

Were the gun cotton  
Theyll blast us all in line  
This time  
Said, were the gun cotton  
Theyll blast us all in line  
This time

England has been bleeding, she cant leave it at that  
Shes waiting round the corner with a switchblade in her hand  
So lets dance for our lives, boys, in this Vaudeville show  
Take your time and take a bow; this place is gonna blow

Were the gun cotton  
Theyll blast us all in line  
This time  
Said, were the gun cotton  
Theyll blast us all in line  
This time  
In line, this time  
In line, this time