

Magazine "Feed The Enemy"

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It's always raining over the border
There's been a plane crash out there
In the wheat fields
They're picking up the pieces
We could go and look and stare

How many friends have we over there?
The border guards fight unconvincingly
Whatever we do it seems things are arranged
We always have to feed the enemy

You could dance for me and punch me through
(Dance for me)
You could dance for me and punch me through
(Dance for me)

You could dance for me and punch me through
(Dance for me)
You could dance for me and punch me through

(Dance for me)

We watched them trash the last camera
Glued to all our TV's
Well the actors on the replay
Trying again to touch you and me

But they always seem to know
Exactly what they're talking about
Because they've got you in a corner
You've got no room to move
You've got no room for doubt

That's exactly what they're talking about
Because they've got you in a corner
No room to move, no room for doubt

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