

New Model Army

"1984 (sullivan) 1984 Produced By New Model Army"

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- The vans they come in convoys now - Stealing through
the dawn - Silent in the
countryside
- In the hills up to the north - There's road blocks on the
Meden bridge - There's click click
clicking on the phone - They're sealing off our villages -
Sealing off our homes
- Her father crossed the battle lines - In the first months
of the war - She frowns down at
the
soup kitchen - She doesn't have a father anymore - It's
cold in the early mornings -
Standing
with your mates - Staring at the thick blue line - Armed
and ready at the gates
- This ain't some tinpot story arriving from a distant
shore - But our own sweet green and
pleasant land in 1984
- The servants of our great nation - Have lied in the
name of us all - While the officers of
peace and order - Are busy breaking every law -
There's hundreds on the trumped-up
charges
- Hundreds on the streets - The future of our villages -
Sown with bitter seeds
- And hatred starts to rumble where there was no hate
before - In our own sweet green
and
pleasant land in 1984
- Nobody wanted to see the blood - As the blue lights
flash through the night - But all the
words fell on deaf ears - And now the blind frustration
bites
- Two nations under one crown divided more and more
- In our own sweet green and
pleasant
land in 1984

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