

New Model Army

"Bd 3"

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Adolescent dreams and the ghost of Tupac
Still the devil has all the best beats
Hip hop and an image to keep
Brother hardware under the seat
On the wall "Bin Laden was here"
Turn around and it disappears
Soft spring rain and wild skies
Wild hope in all the kids' eyes
And no one's really sure if this is home

We close early when the nights are slow
Hit the shell garage, Thornton road
Take a long drive up on the moors
Park up in a place we know

Sat in the back seats getting stoned
To forget everything at home
Mess about with bleeping phone
Gazing down on the city below
Where no one's really sure if this is home

Check the rear view mirror at the lights
To see who else is about tonight
The mongrel dogs that run the streets

And the families all with secrets to keep

I lie awake and I hear the sounds
The sirens' wail and the car alarms
A call to prayer and a call to arms
The bass subs of the boom-box cars
The first riffs on the cheap guitars
Tinker ponies on the edge of the park
Drunks roll home and the dogs they bark
I know the sounds like the beat of my heart

And it's not where you're from or where you've been
It's not a matter of blood or family tree
Everybody believes what they want to believe
But they come from some kind of refugee
Running from something, turned out of somewhere
All looking for somewhere, exiled from something

And no one's really sure if this is home

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