

New Model Army

"Drag It Down"

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They started work this morning
Down at city square
They're pulling down the statues
Of our great grandfather's hero

The new books said he wasn't
Such a great man after all
And anyway remember that
The times, they are a-changing

Pull it down, drag it down
Till there's nothing to look up to
But the brand names
On the posters all around

They proved on television last night
That God was just a lie
He never made the world at all
It was just some sweet old fashioned rite

So melt down all the ornaments
Move out all the graves
And let us build the disco
That we need for our young braves

Pull it down, drag it down
Till the hopes and dreams
Of all the ages, past
Are shattered on the ground

We think we are so clever
Killing heroes, killing magic
Until everything that's sacred
Is brought down to our level

For mammon is a jealous master
Leaves no room for any other
All the questions left unanswered
All the answers gone forever

So bow to the woman in the finest fur
Bow to the man with the ace street cool

Bow to the woman with all the power
Bow to the man with all the money

In whose sight are we equal now
Now, that we've killed God?

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