

## **New Model Army "Headlights"**

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Lit up like a Christmas tree, the oil refinery glows in the night;

and down by the shoreline the seagulls fly white,  
against the black.

The great moon riding shotgun - rolling out across the  
veil of clouds,

and you were small, and lying awake listening to the  
noises in the house.

With the best of them you ran, like all of us, in our  
season

Casting memory aside - your history, all forgotten;  
driven onwards through the years in love with each  
distraction.

But all the while, the past is close behind;  
like headlights on your tail, headlights on your tail.

Your pulse is beating faster now, like a bird flying hard  
against the wind;

trying to understand all the crazed compulsions that  
you feel.

And all the little jealousies and betrayals, they echo in  
the dark;

and somewhere back through it all, the key is still  
turning in the lock.

Now the ghosts that you have laid, they all come out to  
greet you;

the knowledge that you've gained - well, none of this  
protects you.

You've been so very far, still peace will not embrace  
you,

for all the while the past is close behind.

Like headlights on your tail, headlights on your tail.

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