

New Model Army

"My People 4 38"

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(Sullivan)

Stare across the crowd, the fear and love in their faces
The children of the tribes, prisoners of the flags
unfurling
Protect us in these changing times
The warm embrace, the killing price...
My people right or wrong
Remember running from the hall as the voices
screamed behind us
I felt I'd die for you in the sunlit hills of our home
The moments come the recede away
The empty words, the hollow light of day...
My people right or wrong
And outside is cold
Staring up at the lighted window

And in the bitter home
The thicker the blood the faster it keeps on flowing
Get in your place, boy
Let's take what's ours, boy
Understand the price, boy
I've seen those who try to make a life without kin for
ever
So I've taken my place uncertain at your shoulder
The last few prayers, the whistle blow,
And into the fray once more we go
My people right or wrong

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