

New Model Army "Western Dream"

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Sullivan/Heaton
Gather round and listen
And I'll tell you how's it's done
How they manage to make idiots
Out of everyone
Take a human population
With their hunger and their pain
And the weaknesses that cripple them
Again and again
Invent a splendid party
Where the dreams can be won
And with bright flashing lights
The heartaches are gone
With sex and with money
And with everything for free
Then show tantalising glimpses
Every night on TV.
Watch the dirty hands
That laboured hard for you
Stretching out like children
For a crumb that they can chew
Give a car and video
A little hit to spare
And go on promising
That more could be all theirs
All lies all lies
All schemes all schemes
Every winner means a loser
In the western dreams
The producer swears silently
It cannot be heard
And the camera crew are muttering
These for letter words
Another take is needed
So the show can go on
With a patronising smile
And a popular song
They tell you when to langle
They tell you when to cheer
So the audience at home
Will get the right idea
They watch like children

Left out of a playground gang
Can forming the lives
The way they hope will get them in
All lies all lies...
It seems to me sometimes
There's only two ways to choose
In this whirlpool made
Of a thousand years
Either live in these ghettos
And know your place
Or you trample over everyone
In the human race
I wish we could find
Another way to go
Without the Ghost of Cain
In everything we do
The bitterness in failure
And the dirt in success
This is the choice
This is our choice
All lies all lies

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