

New Model Army "Western Dreams"

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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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