

Pink

"Your Possible Pasts"

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They flutter behind you, your possible pasts
Some bright-eyed and crazy
Some frightened and lost
A warning to anyone still in command
[Commander:] "Ranks, Fire!"
Of their possible future, to take care
In derilict sidings the poppies entwine
With cattle trucks lying in wait for the next time

Do you remember me?
How we used to be?
Do you thing we should be closer?

She stood in the doorway the ghost of a smile
Haunting her face like a cheap hotel sign
Her cold eyes imploring the men in their macs
For the gold in their bags or the knives in their backs
Stepping up boldly one put out his hand
He said, I was just a child then
Now I'm only a man

Do you remember me?
How we used to be?
Do you thing we should be close?

By the cold and religious we were taken in hand
Shown how to feel good and told to feel bad
Strung out behind us the banners and flags
Of our possible pasts lie in tatters and rags

Do you remember me?
How we used to be?
Do you thing we should be closer?

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