

Million Dead

"After the Rush Hour"

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I am the small town linesman, and you'll find me out
here on the line,
searching ceaselessly to simply find a place I can call
mine,
and every corner of this country criss-crossed out with
coloured lines,
a city lies before me, another city's sprawling out
behind.

I am a frontiers man,
trapped in suburban England.

And since the scramble ended,
and since the west was won with wagon trails,
and since Mazzini's paradisiacal panopticon prevailed,
my walkabouts no longer take me beyond the choice of
different jails.
Why should I have to choose a state when every one of
them has failed?

I am frontiers man,
trapped in suburban England.
and I promise not to overthrow the state
if allowed to redraw the atlas before I emigrate.

So I have sailed the seven seas alone,
trying to find a shore I can call home
But all I found are different flags,
and double-speaking diplomats
and I do not have time for that.
So I'll declare my own sovereign state,
the borders based on the bottoms of my boots,
and I will open embassies wherever the hell I please,
And at assemblies you will see me sat
but never on my knees.

I am a frontiers man,
trapped in suburban England.
And I promise not to overthrow the state
if allowed to redraw the atlas before I emigrate
And I'd gladly leave your Metternich's alone,

as long as where I lay my head I can be my very own.

I am the Winchester line man,
I am a frontiers man,
trapped in suburban England,
But here I will not remain,
I'll ride into the sunset,
my horse waits on the plain -
and I'll keep walking the line.

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