

New Medicine

"Modern Times"

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It seems strange to write about these things now
But the time has probably come when we should
Accept whatever is past and gone and never will return.
Looking back to the beginning
I see a flood of painful memories
And the bitter hurt and wounded pride that comes with
our defeat
We set out with our heads held high,
So sure our ground, our righteousness,
The new Jerusalem to be built with love and guts and
truth
But in the end we surrendered easily.
It's no use pretending otherwise . . .
Well most of us had a little something to lose, enough
to break our nerve.

Well, some of us made an easy peace and moved into
the Brave New World;
It's hard for the true believers to look back now and
realise
That for many of the crowd it was just the fashion, the
cause of the moment,
Well we if anyone should know that you can look pretty
dumb
Standing in last year's clothes.
And some of us, shell-shocked still, ran for shelter and
do the rituals
The same old way pretending that someone out there
cares
And some of us live in the modern world.
We give unto Caesar what is due
And harbour the bitterness of defeat and daydreams
of revenge.

Now nothing you see out there is real,
It matters not what you believe in.
It matters less what you say but only what you are.
It matters what you are. It matters what you are.

