

Thea Gilmore "Gun Cotton"

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Silence in the courtyard, silence in the street
The powers that be, out by the river, are shuffling their feet
But the night is full of car alarms and sideways glances
In this land of milk and money you don't get your second chances

Cars are burning on the slip roads, the bars are full of sailors
Spent a long time trying to fathom which were trips and which were trailers
England has been bleeding into every police station
Into every schoolyard, every war and every state occasion

We're the gun cotton
They'll blast us all in line
This time

Children in the boxes paint the underpass red
The graffiti on the park bench, the faded A to Z
They'll make you fat with dreams and sequence on the silver screen
'Til you're full of hope and tragedy and crash-site steam

We're the gun cotton
They'll blast us all in line
This time
Said, we're the gun cotton
They'll blast us all in line
This time

England has been bleeding, she can't leave it at that
She's waiting round the corner wit a switch-blade in her hand
So let's dance for our lives, boys, in this Vaudeville show
Take your time and take a bow; this place is gonna blow

We're the gun cotton

They'll blast us all in line
This time
Said, we're the gun cotton
They'll blast us all in line
This time
In line, this time
In line, this time

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