

## **New Model Army Lyrics by New Model Army**

### **"1984 Sullivan 1984 Produced By New Model Army"**

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- The vans they come in convoys now - Stealing through  
the dawn - Silent in the  
countryside  
- In the hills up to the north - There's road blocks on the  
Meden bridge - There's click click  
clicking on the phone - They're sealing off our villages -  
Sealing off our homes  
- Her father crossed the battle lines - In the first months  
of the war - She frowns down at  
the  
soup kitchen - She doesn't have a father anymore - It's  
cold in the early mornings -  
Standing  
with your mates - Staring at the thick blue line - Armed  
and ready at the gates  
- This ain't some tinpot story arriving from a distant  
shore - But our own sweet green and  
pleasant land in 1984  
- The servants of our great nation - Have lied in the  
name of us all - While the officers of  
peace and order - Are busy breaking every law -  
There's hundreds on the trumped-up  
charges  
- Hundreds on the streets - The future of our villages -  
Sown with bitter seeds  
- And hatred starts to rumble where there was no hate  
before - In our own sweet green  
and  
pleasant land in 1984  
- Nobody wanted to see the blood - As the blue lights  
flash through the night - But all the  
words fell on deaf ears - And now the blind frustration  
bites  
- Two nations under one crown divided more and more  
- In our own sweet green and  
pleasant  
land in 1984

