

# This Is Not Your Country

Morrissey

Road blocks and fire  
Barb wire upon barb wire  
This is not your country

Armoured cars, corrugated scars  
Grafitti scrawls:  
"This is not your country"

Home sweet fortress  
Gunshot - we hate your kind  
Get back!  
This is not your country

I need some air  
And I'm stopped and repeatedly questioned:  
"Born and raised?"  
But this is not my country

We're old news  
All's well  
Say BBC scum  
One child shot, but so what?

Laid my son  
In a box, three feet long  
And I still don't know why

A short walk home becomes a run  
And I'm scared  
In my own country

We're old news  
All's well  
Say BBC scum  
Everybody's under control  
Of our surveillance globes

We're old news  
All's well  
And thirty years could be a thousand  
And this Peugeot ad  
Spins round in my head  
British soldier pointing a gun  
And I'm only trying to post a letter  
A short walk home becomes a run  
And I'm scared, and I'm scared, I am scared

Old news  
All's well  
BBC scum  
You've got more than the dead, so zip up your mouth  
Zip up your mouth  
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