

## After Something

New Model Army

We traced the contours of the West across the hanging highlands  
Kicking snow from our boots huddled outside the cafe door  
Lee Marvin on the jukebox and all our hearts stolen  
The beginning is in feeling things we never even saw  
I remember sleeping in the long grass  
I could hear the traffic rolling  
I woke early in the morning and I felt the fallen dew  
And when the motorbikes roared out of the woods  
I just stood there smiling  
We were always after something  
We were always chasing something

Now the white birds have long flown across unraveling nations  
And a thousand ghosts pass through us all every day  
They blow like the wind through empty rooms of empty houses  
Until nothing feels as close to us as far away  
And when the wheels came off the tracks  
Worn out by years of rolling  
I was thrown from the wreckage and landed beneath the trees  
Through the half-light I looked above  
And watched the branches waving  
We were always after something  
We were always chasing something  
Until moving becomes everything  
Until moving just becomes everything