

## Burn the Castle

### New Model Army

It's like a great lord in his castle owns everything that we do  
So we plough up his fields and tip our hats to the courtiers riding through  
And we polish up his suits of armour and we guard his hordes of gold  
In the hope that he'll protect us but he will not protect us  
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Down in the streets of Bedlam it's left for a free-for-all  
All fueled by debt and paranoia and rivers of alcohol  
And the streets are filled with the sound of sirens but no ambulance in sight  
While in the lighted windows of the turrets above  
They count the takings for the night  
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The smell of blood and buzzing flies  
As around the corpses the posse of newsmen rides  
To bring the fear and to bring it well  
Same old, same old, same old...

You know there's no great lord in the castle - just the courtiers and their men  
And we're still ploughing up their fields and wishing we could be like them  
And we build their fleets of armour and we guard their hordes of gold  
In the hope that they'll protect us but they will not protect us  
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