

# Green And Grey

## New Model Army

The time I think most clearly  
The time I drift away  
Is on the busride that meanders  
Up these valleys of green and grey  
I get to think about what might have been  
And what may yet come true  
And I get to pass a rainy mile  
Thinking of you

And all the while, all the while  
I still hear that call  
To the land of gold and poison  
That beckons to us all

Nothing changes here very much  
I guess you'd say it never will  
The pubs are all full on Friday nights  
And things get started still We spent hours last week with Billy boy  
Bleeding, yeah queueing in consualty Staring at those posters we used to laugh at  
Never never land, palm trees by the sea

Well there was no need for those guys  
To hurt him so bad  
When all they had to do  
Was knock him down  
But no one asks to many questions like that anymore  
Since you left this town

And tomorrow brings another train  
Another young brave steals away  
But you're the one I remember  
From these valleys of green and the grey

You used to talk about winners and losers  
All the time - as if that was all there was As if we were not of the same blood family  
As if we live by different laws  
Do you owe so much less to these  
Rain swept hills  
Than you owe to your good self  
Is it true that the world has always got  
To be something that always seems  
To happen - somewhere else  
For God's sake don't you realise  
That I still hear that call  
Do you think you're so brave  
Just to go running  
To that wicked beckons to us all

And tomorrow brings another train  
Another young brave steals away  
But you're the one I remember  
From these valleys of green and the grey

No, not for one second Did you look behind you

As you were walking away  
Never once did you wish any of us well  
Those who had chosen to stay  
And if that's what it takes to make it  
In the place that you live today  
Then I guess you'll never read these  
Letters that I send From the valleys of the green and the grey