

Guessing

New Model Army

Some people know just what they want
They stare straight into the sun
And some they stand in no mans land
Waving at the devil that they know and the devil that they don't
As the gods smile down into the bowl of passions
I can feel when the thunder's coming
But fate comes quicker than a bullet to the back of the head

Halfway across the bridge is when I realise what I've done
But I cannot chase the sunset any quicker than I'm going
And I'm going like I never begun
And I thought that I believed in all the things that you sanctify
Bitter is the taste of freedom -more empty than the sky

And the taste of freedom is the thing that you won't deny
Through the hours of shell-hole desperation
Waiting, waiting - out here in no mans land
Waving at the devil that I know and the devil that I don't
More empty than the sky