

## Smalltown England

### New Model Army

Turn left at the lights about 50 yards down  
There's a pub in the corner and I'll meet you inside  
About quarter to eight and we'll go into town  
And find out what everybody's been saying about us

Smalltown walls have eyes and ears  
Stories fly thick and fast round here  
Truth and lies are all the same  
Whatever you do don't rock the boat  
You've got to play the game, play the game  
Ch: Is it a crime to want something else?  
Is it a crime to believe in something different?  
Is it a crime to want to make things happen?  
To spit in the faces of the cynical fools

The incrowd know that the shell is thin  
So they all protect the cage they're in  
Get drunk and stoned and wrecked again  
No tears of rage, no cries of pain  
Nothing ventured, nothing gained  
In smalltown England  
Because the world outside the pint in hand  
Is all so hard to understand  
And if visions of the world come clear  
They're not allowed to interfere  
Ch: Is it a crime to want something else? . . .

The smell of hot food from the takeaway curry  
Diesel fumes from a passing lorry  
Waiting in the queue in the pouring rain  
For the chip shop up on Bowling Lane  
Well, last week we all got really smashed  
We couldn't stand up, it was a real laugh  
And this week's going to be just the same  
And the next and the next, again and again  
They say you've got to have fun while you're young  
'Cause they can't believe there's anything else except this