

# The Hunt

New Model Army

We went into town on the Tuesday night  
Searching all the places that you hang about  
We're looking for you

In the back street cellar dive drinking clubs  
In the discotheques and the gaming pubs  
We're looking for you

You will pay the price for my own sweet brother  
And what he has become  
And a hundred other boys and girls  
And all that you have done

We picked up the trail at the seven crowns  
One of your cronies, he was doing your rounds  
We followed him

Just a silhouette figure up market pass  
Where the headlamps shine on the broken glass  
We followed him

Over the bridge by the old canal  
Where the shadows dance on the lighted wall  
He stopped to light up a cigarette  
And we dived into a doorway

No police, no summons, no courts of law  
No proper procedures, no rules of war  
No mitigating circumstance  
No lawyer's fees, no second chance

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Well there are lasses getting trouble on their own home street  
There are old folk battered in the open street  
In this city of ours

There are eyes that see but say nothing at all  
There are ears that hear but they don't recall  
In this city of ours

So we followed your man back to your front door  
And we're waiting for you outside  
'Cause not everybody here is scared of you  
Not everybody passes on the other side

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And we could spent our whole lives waiting  
For some thunderbolt to come  
And we could spent our whole lives waiting  
For some justice to be done  
Unless we make our own