

White Coasts

New Model Army

Well we know what makes the flowers grow
But we don't know why
And we all have the knowledge of DNA
But we still die
We perch so thin and fragile here
Upon the land
And the earth that moves beneath us
We don't understand
So we rush towards the judgement day
When she reclaims
A toast to the luddite martyrs than
Who died in vain
Down at the lab they're working still
Finishing off
How do we tell the people in the white coasts
Enough is enough is enough is enough

Hey hey I listen to you pray
As if some help will come
Hey Hey she will dance on your graves
When we're dead and gone
When we're died and gone
You and I we made no suicide pact
We didn't want to die
But we watch the wall
Little darling
While the chemical trucks go by
This desperate imitation now of innocence
Those last few days at Jonestown
Ain't got nothing on this

Hey Hey I listen to you pray
Now beneath the fitted carpets
Beyond the padded cells
Within these crimes of passion
The naked truth she dwells
And this fury's just apart
And this thunder's just apart
Desire is just apart
The cracking ice this splitting rock

Hey Hey I listen to you pray ...
As children learn about the world
We built that wall of sand
Along the beach we laboured hard
With our bare hands we worked
Until the sun went down
Beneath the waves
And the tight call rolling splashing in
Washed the wall again
How do we tell the people in the white coasts
Enough is enough