

White Coats

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 then, who died in vain
Down at the lab they're working still, finishing off
How do we tell the people in the white coats
Enough is enough?

Hey, hey, I listen to you pray as if some help will come
Hey, hey, She will dance on our graves when we are dead 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 as if some help will come
Hey, hey, she will dance on our graves when we are dead and gone

Now beneath the fitted carpets, beyond the padded cells
Within these crimes of passion, the naked truth she dwells
And this fury's just a part and this thunder's just a part
Desire is just a part, the cracking ice, the splitting rock

Hey, hey, I listen to you pray as if some help will come
Hey, hey, She will dance on our graves when we are dead and gone

Hey, hey, to the suicide day, the blind man blunders on
Hey, hey, She will dance on our graves when we are dead and gone

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 tide came rolling splashing in, washed the wall away
How do we tell the people in the white coats
Enough is enough?