

## Country Life

### Show Of Hands

Working in the rain cutting down wood  
Didn't do my little brother much good  
Lost two fingers in a chainsaw bite  
All he does now is drink and fight  
Sells a bit of grass hots up cars  
Talks of travel never gets far  
Loves his kids left his wife  
An everyday story of country life

And the red brick cottage where I was born  
Is the empty shell of a holiday home  
Most of the year there's no-one there  
The village is dead and they don't care  
Now we live on the edge of town  
Haven't been back since the pub closed down  
One man's family pays the price  
For another man's vision of country life

My old man is eighty four  
His generation won the war  
He left the farm forever when  
They only kept on one in ten  
Landed gentry county snobs  
Where were you when they lost their jobs  
No-one marched or subsidised  
To save a country way of life

Silent fields empty lanes  
Drifting smoke distant flames  
Picture postcard hills on fire  
Cattle burning in funeral pyres  
Out to graze they look so sweet  
We hate the blood we want the meat  
Buy me a beer I'll take my knife  
Cut you a slice of country life

If you want cheap food well here's the deal  
Family farms are brought to heel  
Hammer blows of size and scale  
Foot and mouth the final nail  
The coffin of our English dream  
Lies out on the village green  
While agri-barons CAP in hand  
Strip this green and pleasant land  
Of meadow, woodland, hedgerow, pond  
What remains gets built upon

No trains, jobs  
No shops, no pubs

What went wrong  
Country life  
It's a little bit of country life