

The Company Car

The Tangent

Another soul dies in a tenement in England
Takes his first ride in a company car
His family will pay all their lives for this service
Dictated to them by economics and the law

oh England! My heart goes out to you tonight

Hanging around in the shopping blocks and precincts
Some kid from school is on his way home
he sees his dreams in a mobile phone shop window
And builds a microcosm of his own

oh England! My heart goes out to you tonight

Can this be real, can this be true?
Is this really all there is to life?
Is this the vision that we had in the past?
A country built from sellotape and glue?

And as the rain slants down and washes the colour from the streets
We hide in pubs and houses in front of old TVs
With the colour set to maximum in the hope that it can reach
The heart of our innermost despair