

Heartland

The The

Beneath the old iron bridges
Across the Victorian parks
And all the frightened people
Running home before dark
Past the Saturday morning cinema
That lies crumbling to the ground
And the piss stinking shopping centre
In the new side of town

I've come to smell the seasons change
And watch the city as the sun goes down again

Here comes another winter
Of long shadows and high hopes
Here comes another winter
Waitin' for Utopia
Waitin' for hell to freeze over

This is the land where nothing changes
The land of red buses and blue blooded babies
This is the place where pensioners are raped
And the hearts are being cut from the welfare state
Let the poor drink the milk
While the rich eat the honey
Let the bums count their blessings
While they count the money

So many people can't express what's on their minds
Nobody knows them, nobody ever will
Until their backs are broken, their dreams are stolen
And they can't get what they want
Then they're gonna get angry
Well, it ain't written in the papers
But it's written on the walls
The way this country's dividing to fall
So the cranes are moving on the skyline
Tryin' to knock down ... this town
But the stains on the heartland
Can never be removed
From this country that's sick, sad and confused

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Of long shadows and high hopes
Here comes another winter
Waitin' for Utopia
Waitin' for hell to freeze over

The ammunition's been passed
And the Lord's been praised
But the wars on the televisions
Will never be explained
All the bankers gettin' sweaty
Beneath their white collars
As the pound in our pocket
Turns into a dollar

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