

After Something

New Model Army

We traced the contours of the West across the hanging highlands
Kicking snow from our boots huddled outside the cafe door
Lee Marvin on the jukebox and all our hearts stolen
The beginning is in feeling things we never even saw
I remember sleeping in the long grass
I could hear the traffic rolling
I woke early in the morning and I felt the fallen dew
And when the motorbikes roared out of the woods
I just stood there smiling
We were always after something
We were always chasing something

Now the white birds have long flown across unraveling nations
And a thousand ghosts pass through us all every day
They blow like the wind through empty rooms of empty houses
Until nothing feels as close to us as far away
And when the wheels came off the tracks
Worn out by years of rolling
I was thrown from the wreckage and landed beneath the trees
Through the half-light I looked above
And watched the branches waving
We were always after something
We were always chasing something
Until moving becomes everything
Until moving just becomes everything