

Burn the Castle

New Model Army

It's like a great lord in his castle owns everything that we do
So we plough up his fields and tip our hats to the courtiers riding through
And we polish up his suits of armour and we guard his hordes of gold
In the hope that he'll protect us but he will not protect us
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Down in the streets of Bedlam it's left for a free-for-all
All fueled by debt and paranoia and rivers of alcohol
And the streets are filled with the sound of sirens but no ambulance in sight
While in the lighted windows of the turrets above
They count the takings for the night
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The smell of blood and buzzing flies
As around the corpses the posse of newsmen rides
To bring the fear and to bring it well
Same old, same old, same old...

You know there's no great lord in the castle - just the courtiers and their men
And we're still ploughing up their fields and wishing we could be like them
And we build their fleets of armour and we guard their hordes of gold
In the hope that they'll protect us but they will not protect us
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