Drag It Down

New Model Army

They started work this morning down at city square
They're pulling down the statues of our great grandfather's her
o
The new books said he wasn't such a great man after all
And anyway remember that the times they are a-changing

Pull it down, drag it down
Till there's nothing to look up to
But the brand names on the posters all around

They proved on television last night that God was just a lie
He never made the world at all
It was just some sweet old fashioned right
So melt down all the ornaments, move out all the graves
And let us build the disco that we need for our young braves

Pull it down, drag it down
Till the hopes and dreams of all the ages
Past are shattered on the ground

We think we are so clever killing heroes, killing magic,
Until everything that's sacred is brought down to our level
for Mammon is a jealous master, - leaves no room for any other
All the questions left unanswered, all the answers gone forever
So bow to the woman in the finest fur
Bow to the man with the ace street cool
Bow to the woman with all the power
Bow to the man with all the money
In whose sight are we equal now?
Now that we've killed God

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