

## Eleven Years

New Model Army

Stevie said now don't look round they're watching us  
Two girls in the corner of that dodgy club  
And the grey eyes, the storm that I've come to know and wish for  
Before I caught a breath, well, she was standing there.  
We walked the streets of our town just talking  
And the dawn broke grey and freezing through the deserted blocks  
Just when your life is stale and there's reason there for everything  
Something comes to kick you up inside  
Eleven sweet years and no nearer home  
A hundred thousands miles through this battle zone  
Still high on the wire above the hollow darkness  
Trying not to look down

No Rest for the wicked is still how it goes  
Twisted up and turning in my bed alone  
And separation pains like a blunted amputation  
Pushing endless coins in the telephone  
Eleven sweet years and no nearer home  
A hundred thousands miles through this battle zone  
Still high on the wire above the hollow darkness  
Trying not to look down

So rest in these open arms and lie until they come for you  
And tell me everything you've ever felt, tell me everything you want to see

Forever running even when we are standing still  
Driven on and fired up as the whirlwinds blow  
And shouting out inside "I'm proud of you, I'm proud of you"  
Ten thousand footsteps echo down the Brixton Road  
Eleven sweet years and no nearer home  
A hundred thousands miles through this battle zone  
Still high on the wire above the hollow darkness  
Trying not to look down