

Green And Grey

New Model Army

The time I think most clearly
The time I drift away
Is on the busride that meanders
Up these valleys of green and grey
I get to think about what might have been
And what may yet come true
And I get to pass a rainy mile
Thinking of you

And all the while, all the while
I still hear that call
To the land of gold and poison
That beckons to us all

Nothing changes here very much
I guess you'd say it never will
The pubs are all full on Friday nights
And things get started still We spent hours last week with Billy boy
Bleeding, yeah queueing in consualty Staring at those posters we used to laugh at
Never never land, palm trees by the sea

Well there was no need for those guys
To hurt him so bad
When all they had to do
Was knock him down
But no one asks to many questions like that anymore
Since you left this town

And tomorrow brings another train
Another young brave steals away
But you're the one I remember
From these valleys of green and the grey

You used to talk about winners and losers
All the time - as if that was all there was As if we were not of the same blood family
As if we live by different laws
Do you owe so much less to these
Rain swept hills
Than you owe to your good self
Is it true that the world has always got
To be something that always seems
To happen - somewhere else
For God's sake don't you realise
That I still hear that call
Do you think you're so brave
Just to go running
To that wicked beckons to us all

And tomorrow brings another train
Another young brave steals away
But you're the one I remember
From these valleys of green and the grey

No, not for one second Did you look behind you

As you were walking away
Never once did you wish any of us well
Those who had chosen to stay
And if that's what it takes to make it
In the place that you live today
Then I guess you'll never read these
Letters that I send From the valleys of the green and the grey