

Never Arriving

New Model Army

I drove you South through the landscape that you love
All those medieval towns with the cobbled stones
Washed by the blood of the martyrs
In the last great stand of the true believers
The hilltop villages baking in the afternoon sun
The walls pocked with old bullet holes
And the iron and the stone that broke the people's backs
All played out for the tourists
I've always considered it best never to disturb ghosts
But it seems that women always want to go straight to the heart
of things
And as you said, you have your reasons
And the roads are like the lines in the palm of my hand
Wearing deeper and dividing
And for 3am confessions the safest place that I know
Is here between departing and arriving
But never arriving
There was that club we used to go to way out by the park
Where the music was loud and the corners were dark
And we'd sit in those corners like some kind of witches coven
We were so young and brave, always looking for trouble
It's easy to find it when you're looking for trouble
We'd take on all comers when no more would come we'd take on each other
So when the phone call came I wasn't really so surprised
I set off with good intentions but soon I was lost
And the signs were all graffitied out and the compass needle spinning
And the roads are like the lines in the palm of my hand
Wearing deeper and dividing
And for 3am confessions the safest place that I know
Is here between departing and arriving
But never arriving
Never arriving
Still still never arriving
And now I've seen the very worst that you could be
And you'd have been the witness to the same of me
Somehow it should be easy to forgive everything that happened
Back on the roads that are like the lines in the palm of my hand
Wearing deeper and dividing
And for cowards like me the safest place that we know
Is here between departing and arriving
But never arriving
Never arriving
Never arriving
Never arriving