Smalltown England

New Model Army

Turn left at the lights about 50 yards down
There's a pub in the corner and I'll meet you inside
About quarter to eight and we'll go into town
And find out what everybody's been saying about us

Smalltown walls have eyes and ears
Stories fly thick and fast round here
Truth and lies are all the same
Whatever you do don't rock the boat
You've got to play the game, play the game
Ch: Is it a crime to want something else?
Is it a crime to believe in something different?
Is it a crime to want to make things happen?
To spit in the faces of the cynical fools

The incrowd know that the shell is thin
So they all protect the cage they're in
Get drunk and stoned and wrecked again
No tears of rage, no cries of pain
Nothing ventured, nothing gained
In smalltown England
Because the world outside the pint in hand
Is all so hard to understand
And if visions of the world come clear
They're not allowed to interfere
Ch: Is it a crime to want something else? . . .

The smell of hot food from the takeaway curry
Diesel fumes from a passing lorry
Waiting in the queue in the pouring rain
For the chip shop up on Bowling Lane
Well, last week we all got really smashed
We couldn't stand up, it was a real laugh
And this week's going to be just the same
And the next and the next, again and again
They say you've got to have fun while you're young
'Cause they can't believe there's anything else except this

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