

Tomorrow Came

New Model Army

I was born in the Spring and raised as a child through the years
of the great harvest
The last of the generation that blew away the prison walls of the past
And we celebrated victory over the remains of the old order
By blasting into space, into the mountains, into the forests and into the ice
We sang songs of love and freedom
And we vowed to protect the weak even as they were cast aside
For the follies of everlasting youth were to be our new religion
For each person's dream was to be made flesh and the world it was ours

As we slashed and we burned and laid waste to it all
To the glory and the vanity of rock and roll
Saying I want it all now
As our children stood and watched us in silence
Pray god they'll forgive us

So the seeds planted for the future withered even within our own lifetimes
For it was the ties we so hated and destroyed that had made us strong
And the walls of every house now echo with that old refrain
There must be more money, there must be more money
Remember all those songs of love and freedom
As if they were the same thing - now we know they were not the same thing
They echo in empty beauty down through the boarded-up streets
To the sound of closing doors and the locking of the gates

As we slashed and we burned and laid waste to it all
To the glory and the vanity of rock and roll
Saying I want it all, give me more and more
As our children stood in silence and watched us
And now pray god they'll forgive us