

# Western Dreams

New Model Army

Gather round and listen  
And I'll tell you how's it's done  
How they manage to make idiots  
Out of everyone  
Take a human population  
With their hunger and their pain  
And the weaknesses that cripple them  
Again and again  
Invent a splendid party  
Where the dreams can be won  
And with bright flashing lights  
The heartaches are gone  
With sex and with money  
And with everything for free  
Then show tantalising glimpses  
Every night on TV.  
Watch the dirty hands  
That laboured hard for you  
Stretching out like children  
For a crumb that they can chew  
Give a car and video  
A little hit to spare  
And go on promising  
That more could be all theirs

All lies all lies  
All schemes all schemes  
Every winner means a loser  
In the western dreams

The producer swears silently  
It cannot be heard  
And the camera crew are muttering  
These for letter words  
Another take is needed  
So the show can go on  
With a patronising smile  
And a popular song  
They tell you when to langle  
They tell you when to cheer  
So the audience at home  
Will get the right idea  
They watch like children  
Left out of a playground gang  
Can forming the lives  
The way they hope will get them in

All lies all lies...

It seems to me sometimes  
There's only two ways to choose  
In this whirlpool made  
Of a thousand years  
Either live in these ghettos  
And know your place  
Or you trample over everyone  
In the human race

I wish we could find  
Another way to go  
Without the Ghost of Cain  
In everything we do

The bitterness in failure  
And the dirt in success  
This is the choice  
This is our choice

All lies all lies...