

Morrissey, This Is Not Your Country

Road blocks and fire
Barb wire upon barb wire
This is not your country

Armoured cars, corrugated scars
Graffiti scrawls:
"This is not your country"

Home sweet fortress
Gunshot - we hate your kind
Get back !
This is not your country

I need some air
And I'm stopped and repeatedly questioned:
"Born and raised ?"
But this is not my country

We're old news
All's well
Say BBC scum
One child shot, but so what ?

Laid my son
In a box, three feet long
And I still don't know why

A short walk home becomes a run
And I'm scared
In my own country

We're old news
All's well
Say BBC scum
Everybody's under control
Of our surveillance globes

We're old news
All's well
And thirty years could be a thousand
And this Peugeot ad
Spins round in my head
British soldier pointing a gun
And I'm only trying to post a letter
A short walk home becomes a run
And I'm scared, and I'm scared, I am scared

Old news
All's well
BBC scum
You've got more than the dead, so zip up your mouth
Zip up your mouth
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