

# New Model Army, 1984

The vans they come in convoys now, stealing through the dawn  
Silent in the countryside in the hills up to the north  
There's road blocks on the Meden bridge  
There's click, click clicking on the phone  
They're sealing off our villages, sealing off our homes  
This ain't some tin-pot story arriving from a distant shore  
But our own sweet, green and pleasant land in 1984  
Her father crossed the battle lines in the first months of the war  
She frowns down at the soup kitchen - she doesn't have a father anymore  
It's cold in the early mornings, standing with your mates  
Staring at the thick blue line armed and ready at the gates  
This ain't some tin-pot story arriving from a distant shore  
But our own sweet, green and pleasant land in 1984  
The servants of our great nation  
Have lied in the name of us all  
While the officers of peace and order  
Are busy breaking every law  
There's hundreds on trumped-up charges  
Hundreds on the streets  
The future of our villages  
Sown with bitter seeds  
And hatred starts to rumble where there was no hate before  
In our own sweet green and pleasant land in 1984  
Nobody wanted to see the blood  
As the blue lights flash through in the night  
But all the words fell on deaf ears  
And now the blind frustration bites  
Two nations under one crown divided more and more  
In our own sweet green and pleasant land in 1984