

New Model Army, Adrenalin

We were in the corner, the Clanduff by the door
On opposite sides of the dance hall, staring across the floor
The lights go out, the fists fly in, it's the usual Friday scene
Because adrenalin is the strongest drug that there has ever been
There's this funny little bloke asking all these questions writing down what we say
So we wound him up like a clockwork dog and we watched him trotting away
Two weeks later there's a feature in the paper called 'Britain's Urban Shame'
It's got the teenage thugs of the new estates with our photographs and names

Ch: So we cut our hair to prove it
And we wore the clothes to prove it
And we armed ourselves to prove it
And we chose our place to prove it
And we danced that way to prove it
And we made ourselves believe it
Until all the world believed it
Until even you believed it

And I was just a little part but I felt the wheels turning
And these are all just little flames but the whole damn city's burning
Now that we were famous they watched everything that we did
We were the villains of the neighbourhood, heroes to all the kids
And even when that old bloke died we pretended that nothing was changed
We just broke the silence with some stupid song and went on with the stupid game

Ch: Yes, we cut our hair to prove it...

EP: Better Than Them (The Acoustic EP)