

New Model Army, Brother

It's been a long dry season in tinderbox town
And the ghetto cars go cruising up and down and round and round
With tinted windows and the screech of tires
Poverty likes to ride in the best disguise
The boys get bored, set fire to the sheds at the end of my street
The thick black smoke rises up into the dusk
Sirens scream out across the hills
Turn into the close as the boys all swagger.
I've got no quarrel with you brother
But the war is getting closer
Down at the Union there we stood
And embraced like brothers should
The fire catches when your back is turned
And now we watch as the city burns
And now we watch as the city burns

We used to joke about the colour of our skins
We used to joke about the names of God
But now the racist cops come round
Put your cousin up against the wall
A little crowd gathers round and takes up sides
The white trash come out of their doorways and mutter
There's a macho stand off with sullen faces all around
And all the middle ground is washing away
And no one really wants it there anyway
It's a time of pack dogs brother
And the war's getting closer
Down at the Union there we stood
And embraced like brothers should
The fire catches when your back is turned
And now we watch as the city burns
And now we watch as the city burns

And I, I accuse you, you want so much
But you give nothing of yourself
And I, I believe you, you want so much
But you keep nothing of yourself