

New Model Army, High

Down beneath the swoosh of the turbines, the long grass blows in ripples
There's a beautiful spiral of roads that leads the lost up here
I was watching the birds taking off to swoop down over the city
They find and take just what they need and turn, turn, turn

The movers move, the shakers shake, the winners write their history
But from high on the high hills it all looks like nothing
The movers move, the shakers shake, the winners write their history
But from high on the high hills it all looks like nothing

That afternoon on Hustlergate with all the TVs flickering
While behind the sky was moving liquid crimson gold
Brothers, sisters, pay no heed to the unfaithful messengers
For theirs is a prison world of lies, lies, lies

Where the movers move, the shakers shake, the winners rewrite history
But from high on the high hills it all looks like nothing
The movers move, the shakers shake, the winners write their history
But from high on the high hills it all looks like nothing

The keening wind it blows through me, it blows through me
My time it must be almost done, be almost done

All these things you fear so much depend on angles of vision
From down in the maze of walls you can't see what's coming
But from high on the high hills it all looks like nothing
But from high on the high hills it all looks like nothing, nothing