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

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