

New Model Army, Higher Wall

We're out here on the borders with our favourite few possessions
Traded stories whispered round the fire
As shadows in the searchlights, mugshots in the files
Waiting in the camps behind the wire
Kick the door until it opens, what you have you cannot hold
We are young, forever hungry, you are fat and growing old
Still every day you try to build a higher wall

We pick the leaves of coca, we stack the crates of cola
We wait upon the tables where you dine
And learn from you not to accept the little that we're given
To take the piece of silver where we can
Now clutching at these papers in another office line
We're staring from the darkness up at windows filled with light
And every day you try to build a higher wall

In my town we used to pray to idols sent from far away
From out beyond the dusty days, we heard your voices call
And in your town the streets are cleaned
The order stands, the sirens scream
You talk of peace, vacation dreams - and reinforce the wall

Now in the queues at immigration, in the border zone
We are your bastard children, all coming home
And every day you try to build a higher wall
Every day you try to build a higher wall
But your money cannot stop us
And your violence cannot stop us
No you will never stop us with your higher wall