

# New Model Army, No Man's Land

You say that you'd rather be really poor  
Than scratching, saving, scrimping all the pennies  
Looking in the windows at what you can't afford  
Always hungry, never starving  
In no man's land the days are long  
You say that you'd rather be really ill  
Than just having headaches, never have no energy  
All the little allergies and all the little pains  
Never getting better, never getting worse  
In no man's land the days are long  
You say that you'd rather have no love at all  
Than pathetic little words, half-hearted kisses  
Never feeling anything, anything at all  
Never no fire, never no passion  
In no man's land the days are long  
Do you believe you can come out, fighting from you shell-hole  
Or do you run for cover every time you hear a shot fired in anger?