

New Model Army, Sunset

Coming in at night all the desert highways
Crackle with the static of a thousand little radios
Everyone talking, no-one listening
Well by now I should expect that
Down into the city I smell artificial green
A glasshouse full of growing things
That are not what they seem to be
Look away, look away, the procession's leaving town
The emperor rides naked and no-one gives a damn
That was the last time

I get a morbid satisfaction watching Sunset in all its degradation
We were in a restaurant for wannabes clinking glasses in celebration
We had to leave before something bad occurred and Niko grabbed the keys
We drove out in the early morning with the radio jammed on R'n'B
Drive away, drive away, and he turned to me and smiled
Said, how does it feel to be living through the Fall of Rome
And I said it's beginning to feel OK
The last time

Well I gave you all my money
I'm ashamed to remember now just why I did that
I got bitter, I got jealous, but not as much as you
Do you understand that?
Ten hours drifting half awake and finally touching down
I went out in the rainy morning and kissed the blessed ground
Coming home, coming home and the most of it is done
And the worst of us is left behind in the place where it belongs
That was, the last time