

# New Model Army, The Cause

Headline in the paper tells of fighting in the streets  
Teenage battles; six arrested  
Mutters in the council chambers, something must be done  
Before our city streets become infested  
And mummy turns to daddy says "where was our little boy that day  
Why can't he just stay at home and watch the silver screen"  
All we wanted was a cause that we could fight for  
One chance for the heroes to win the day  
All we wanted was a chance to see the world  
In black and white instead of a hundred shades of grey  
Watch the raving maniacs go carving up the night  
See the barmy smiles on their faces  
See the crazy bombers going cross their deadly wires  
Blow themselves into a million pieces  
The bands play it hard and fast go ripping through their sets  
Adrenaline going flowing drink and no regrets  
What do we tell our grandchildren  
When they ask us about the good old days  
Boring empty daytime jobs and frozen up inside  
Do you not remember what your daddy told you long ago  
God, how those old men used to fight