

## White Coasts

### New Model Army

Well we know what makes the flowers grow  
But we don't know why  
And we all have the knowledge of DNA  
But we still die  
We perch so thin and fragile here  
Upon the land  
And the earth that moves beneath us  
We don't understand  
So we rush towards the judgement day  
When she reclaims  
A toast to the luddite martyrs than  
Who died in vain  
Down at the lab they're working still  
Finishing off  
How do we tell the people in the white coasts  
Enough is enough is enough is enough

Hey hey I listen to you pray  
As if some help will come  
Hey Hey she will dance on your graves  
When we're dead and gone  
When we're died and gone  
You and I we made no suicide pact  
We didn't want to die  
But we watch the wall  
Little darling  
While the chemical trucks go by  
This desperate imitation now of innocence  
Those last few days at Jonestown  
Ain't got nothing on this

Hey Hey I listen to you pray ....  
Now beneath the fitted carpets  
Beyond the padded cells  
Within these crimes of passion  
The naked truth she dwells  
And this fury's just apart  
And this thunder's just apart  
Desire is just apart  
The cracking ice this splitting rock

Hey Hey I listen to you pray ...  
As children learn about the world  
We built that wall of sand  
Along the beach we laboured hard  
With our bare hands we worked  
Until the sun went down  
Beneath the waves  
And the tight call rolling splashing in  
Washed the wall again  
How do we tell the people in the white coasts  
Enough is enough