

Pastures Greener

Our Pennine backbone of determined grit and steel
Ancient chalk ridgeway arteries our nation's keel
On our island home - we stand alone - full of guilt
Will a new Jerusalem ever be built?
Golden crop circles fill the corn
In their double helix - a life reborn?
HS2 archaeologists sift through treasures buried in layered bands
To find Danes, Anglo-Saxons, Jutes - all living hand in hand
New theories say they didn't fight through the ages
But lived in harmony - as close neighbours
We still think the chalk cliffs are there to repel boarders
Didn't really stop the Normans or Luftwaffe marauders
An island mentality - we think we are so special
Yet football hooligans fight everyone to prove their metal
Are we just full of arrogance and ignorance?
To send those who try to join us to an African inconvenience
The road to peace can never be Roman
The twists and turns of life are what make us human
Both Antonine and Hadrian got it wrong
When they tried to stop the Pictish throng
Please politicians no more bricks in the wall
We should really welcome one and all
Where war pestilence and hate now strive
We should spread our arms – to help fellow world citizens arrive alive
Stuff our stiff upper-lip - endow peace - to those that reach our sands
Help them make a better life - in the pastures of our green and pleasant land.