

# **Bob Geldof & The Boomtown Rats**

## **"Banana Republic"**

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Banana Republic  
Septic Isle  
Screaming in the suffering sea  
Sounds like crying

Everywhere I go, yeah  
Everywhere I see  
The black and blue uniforms  
Police and priests

And I wonder do you wonder  
While you're sleeping with your whore  
Sharing beds with history  
Is like a licking running sores

Forty shades of green, yeah  
Sixty shades of red  
Heroes going cheap these days  
Price, a bullet in the head

Banana Republic  
Septic Isle  
Suffer in the screaming sea  
Sounds like dying

Everywhere I go, yeah  
Everywhere I see  
The black and blue uniforms  
Police and priests

Take your hand and lead you  
Up a garden path  
Let me stand aside here  
And watch you pass

Striking up a soldier's song  
I know that tune  
It begs too many questions  
And answers too

Banana Republic  
Septic Isle

Suffer in the screaming sea  
Sounds like dying

Everywhere I go, yeah  
Everywhere I see  
The black and blue uniforms  
Police and priests

The purple and the pinstripe  
They mutely shake their heads  
A silence shrieking volumes  
Violence worse than the condemn

Stab you in the back, yeah  
Laughing in your face  
Glad to see the place again  
It's a pity nothing's changed

Banana Republic  
Septic Isle  
Suffer in the screaming sea  
Sounds like dying

Everywhere I go, yea  
Everywhere I see  
The black and blue uniforms  
Police and priests

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