

Fine Science "Civilized Land"

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I stumbled down the hall
You were nowhere to be found
A dirty napkin was all
It was al, it was all that was around
There's nothing but farmers
(In this civilized land)
Nothing but sportsmen
You had no friends
But you had me
Civilians and farmers
Watching all the sports
Reading cancer warnings
On the label, labels and the charts
No tolerance of difference
(In this civilized land)
It makes no difference
If we are intelligent
Well is this the way we are?
They read the papers and the watch the news
The Bears fumble and the Yankees lose
The best of seven. Do we remember the score?
When the band leaves both home teams ignore the
score
Who really wins when they have nothing to lose?
They're savages they're not like us
They're barbarians they're not like us
They're savages-not like us

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