

The Sounds

"There's A Banana In My Ear"

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You said "They hate us for our freedoms"
You said "There'll soon be less to hate"
You said "Keep your voices low" and
You said "Always trust the state"
"Keep your money in the markets, re-educate the
nations youth"
"The papers wouldn't print what isn't true"
And so filters become layered
And so nothing can get through
And so all you hear are whispers
About the bullshit that we pull
No-one will name those to blame
For one hundred red hot years
And since no-one can listen
No-one hears
Guess that's why the college kids would rather tune out
than tune in
Guess so, whatever, I don't know-its easier to join than
win
How can it fucking matter when no-one knows what's
true?
No-one can be blamed for what no-one ever knew
So cover up your tracks
Wash your hands free from their blood
No-one knows they hate us for what we've done

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