

Herd

"77%"

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(Radio talkback...)

(Cheers) Well I'm left sitting here staring into a beer
shaking my head at the same ol' loathing and fear
Stranger in my own land, can't understand
How the very word Australian has been damned
I fucking hate myself, take 'Aussie' from my name
Erase this endless shame, forever casting blame
If you don't act the same will I destroy you?
Everyone looks the same beaten, black and blue
So I've had enough of these redneck pricks
When fact is the only real shit that sticks
Watch as I tear the very skin from my face
So none'll see my race, my deep disgrace
Your not even from here in the first place
And those that are you wanna further debase
Nup, no more, never again whether by fist or pen
I will defend, cos I'm at a loose end
The shattered remnants of Aussie dignity
I'm a skip, whitey, round-eye surprise me
By using your shrivelled brain to please explain
How the clever country just went down the drain
We rode the sheep's back now the sheep ride you
If this is how its gonna be don't call me 'true blue'
I denounce my ancestors, wounds still fester
If you say 'it aint so' I suggest ya' wake up

(Chorus)

It's time for you to
Wake up - this country needs a fucking shake up
Wake up - these cunts need a shake up (x4)

Talkback squawking hacks won't relax
Until Jones'y, Zemanek and Laws are all axed
77 percent of aussies are racist
And if you're here, I'll say it your faces
Rich redneck pricks still hold all the aces
So I'll buy ya a beer, with an arsenic chaser
Better off dead? is that what I've said?
Tempting to take for all the blood you've shed
No doubt your as bad as your dads and ya mums

Mainsteam media making me so fucking glum
Just anglo reality, intellectual cavities
Channel 9 fostering prejudiced mentalities
I won't be a casualty, just mention casually
That I can't stand for you shit-eating bullies
Preying on peeps without a mainstream voice
Most of you stay silent but I've got no choice

(Chorus)

Well I've yelled my lungs out but to no avail
Well I've yelled my lungs out but to no avail
Well I've yelled my lungs out but to no fukin' avail
That you're a stranger yourself now thats the sting in
the tail
Captain Cook was the very first queue jumper
It was immigrant labour that made Australia plumper
Enough is enough, whiteys go pack your stuff
Don't wanna live in England? That's fucking tough
I'm sick and tired of this redneck wonderland
Most've you stay silent and I can't understand
I just can't understand (understand)

(Chorus)

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