

The Boomtown Rats

"Banana Republic"

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Banana Republic - septic isle

Screaming in the suffering sea
It sounds like crying.
Everywhere I go - everywhere I see
The black and blue uniforms

Police and priests.

And I wonder do you wonder
When you're sleeping with your whore.
That sharing beds with history
Is like a lickin 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 . . .
It sounds like crying . . .

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
Another tune

It begs too many questions
And answer too.

Banana Republic - septic isle

Suffer in the screaming sea
It sounds like crying

...

The purple and the pinstripe
Mutely shake their heads.
A silence shrieking volumes
A violence worse than they 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
It sounds like crying

...

Banana Republic - septic isle

Suffer in the screaming sea
It sounds like crying

...

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