

## Banana Republic

## The Boomtown Rats

R: 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  
While you're sleeping with your whore  
That 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

R:

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 to,

R:

The purple and the pinstripe  
Mutely shake their heads  
A silense shrieking volumes  
A violence worse than the condemn  
Stab you in the back yeah  
Laughing in your face  
Glad to see the place again  
It's a pitty nothing's changed

R: