

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 silence 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 pity nothing's changed

R: