

Banana land

D.O.A.

Well there's a land up in the north. Where they dress in furs and they carry skis. And most of the people there attack their land to get their daily needs. And in the wealthy land, humungous forests grew. And the place grew rich beyond belief and now the wealth that they once had now forces people to their knees.

Welcome to our banana land, our representatives exploit the land. In the tradition of the father land. Now there's a land up in the north where they work on both sides of the street paying workers just enough to live and nothin' when they're out of trees.

They got rich off our wood made as big a mess as they could. Put a stooge in the driver's seat spend their winters in heat. Tied the system in a knot. Made us beg for what we got. Turned the natives into slaves send them early graves. Gave the people a great gift. Made a park from the trees they left dedicated to the men who so kindly left one stand. And in the north, the people of this land don't know their goddamned history. A constant eye gazing from above called our freedom that's their legacy. That's their legacy, that's their legacy. Chopping down our trees, dust and diesel everywhere pulp mills on the breeze. Uh oh!