

United By Haircuts

The (International) Noise Conspiracy

United by music & haircuts
And brand new army of suits that got sawn up
To fit the smiles of the do-gooders parade
But it is not our nation state that needs to be saved
A glamorous posturing of old design
So join the safety crusade and we all feel fine
Yeah, you have been noble but bullshit is all I see
Uniting people around nationality

Hey, what does this mean we're building
Bigger walls around you and me, and I said:
Hey, who's really been saved by the
(Small liberals, churchgoes) United artists crusade

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United by features of excess
Passing out crumbs at their convenience
The upper-class are laughing at us yet
Since you keep missing the target
A soothing tone of a whole lot of nothing
Entertainment aid to try to prove something
The power that produces poverty
Still remain intact for you and me

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