

## There's A Banana In My Ear

The Soviettes

You said "They hate us for our freedoms"  
You said "There'll soon be less to hate"  
You said "Keep your voices low" and  
You said "Always trust the state"  
"Keep your money in the markets, re-educate the nations youth"  
"The papers wouldn't print what isn't true"  
And so filters become layered  
And so nothing can get through  
And so all you hear are whispers  
About the bullshit that we pull  
No-one will name those to blame  
For one hundred red hot years  
And since no-one can listen  
No-one hears  
Guess that's why the college kids would rather tune out than tune in  
Guess so, whatever, I don't know-its easier to join than win  
How can it fucking matter when no-one knows what's true?  
No-one can be blamed for what no-one ever knew  
So cover up your tracks  
Wash your hands free from their blood  
No-one knows they hate us for what we've done