

# The Boomtown Rats, Banana Republic

Chorus:

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

Banana Republic

Septic Isle

Suffer in the Screaming sea

It sounds like dying

Everywhere I go

Everywhere I see

The black and blue uniforms

Police and priests

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,

Banana Republic

Septic Isle

Suffer in the Screaming sea

It sounds like dying

Everywhere I go

Everywhere I see

The black and blue uniforms

Police and priests

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

Banana Republic

Septic Isle

Suffer in the Screaming sea

It sounds like dying

Everywhere I go

Everywhere I see

The black and blue uniforms

Police and priests