

Fokofpolisiekar, Hemel op die platteland

Kan jy my skroewe vir my vasdraai
Kan jy my albasters vir my vind
Kan jy jou idee van normaal
By jou gat opdruk
Kan jy
Kan jy "apatie" spel

Kan iemand dalk 'n god bel
En vir hom s ons het hom nie meer nodig nie
Kan jy
Kan jy "apatie" spel

Reguleer my
Roetineer my
Plaas my in 'n boks en merk dit "veilig";
Stuur my dan waarheen al die dose gaan
Stuur my hemel toe
Ek dink dis in die platteland

Dis hemel op die platteland
Dis hemel op die platteland
Dis hemel op die platteland
</lyrics>

||
can you turn my screws for me
can you find my alabaster for me (alabaster = medieval? thing for chemical research)
can you your idea of normal
shove up your ass (wich normally should say can you shove your idea of normal up your arse)

can you
can you spell apathy

regulate me
routinate me
put me in a box and brand it Safe
send me then where all those boxes go
send me heaven
i think its on the countryside

It's heaven on the countryside
It's heaven on the countryside
It's heaven on the countryside

==English: Heaven In The Countryside==
</lyrics>
Can you fit my screws for me
Can you find my marbles
Can you shove your idea of normal up your ass?
Can you
Can you spell "apathy";

Can someone maybe phone a god
And tell him we don't need him anymore
Can you
Can you spell "apathy";

Regulate me
Routinate me
Put me in a box and lable it as "safe";
Send me then where all the boxes go
Send me to heaven

I think it's in the countryside

It's heaven in the countryside
It's heaven in the countryside
It's heaven in the countryside