

# John Farnham, What You Don't Know

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Manufacture of consent  
Turn your fiction into fact  
The story's more important than the truth  
Selective information sold  
Won't tell us what we should know  
The printed word is set with biased hands

There it is in black and white

What you can't see, and don't hear  
What you don't know hurts you  
What is not said, but instead  
What you don't know hurts you

And war look like a TV game  
Entertaining frame by frame  
But do we ever really know the score  
Cover up and change the view  
Suggest the side that we should choose  
On the air, your own official truth

There it is on satellite

What you can't see, and don't hear  
What you don't know hurts you  
What is not said, but instead  
What you don't know hurts you

What you're not told, but are sold  
What you don't know hurts you  
What is not shown, won't be known  
What you don't know hurts you

What you see, what you hear  
What you read  
What you don't know hurts

The safety of complacency  
Imagination, scarcity  
The camera is asleep on my TV  
Opinions formed from what I'm fed  
From subtitles that I've read  
I read the words  
But not between the lines

I heard it on the air tonight

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