

Sonic Boom Six, Monkey See Monkey Do

Punkers I monkey flip em, with the funky lyrics I be kickin
The clock on, the time bomb is ticking away
So get a move on, hands up for the questions
Shall I proceed? Yes indeed

In 2003 it really seemed to me
An independant thought was rarer than a useful degree
Now 2004 and more than ever before,
we have to ask a Sunday Supplement to see what we saw
They sensationalize lies, Fuck the facts
They're full of shit like the bargain rail at TK Maxx, in fact
Back in the stone age people worshipped the Sun
After 20 thousand years you might have thought that we'd have moved on
From the Star to the Daily Mail its just like
scapegoat fiction, Mein Kamph with pictures
They think that immigrants all hang around in mobs
Outside our work places and wait to steal our jobs
Honky please, Go trim your bonsai trees
I'd better give you these for brain disease
Its such an irony that when you're unwell
You ask for patient medication off of Dr Patel knob head

They say, seek and ye shall find
Never dibbi-dibbi when the tape-a rewind
They say, open your mind,
Blind are following the blind its just like

Monkey, monkey, monkey, see monkey do
And thats what they do
They read the media
And what they're feeding ya
You tell em what they want to hear and they'll believe ya

Doctor Doctor, I'm experiencing a major malady
Yes an actual allergy to TV and excuse me,
But don't we seem to be glued to it?
We're sucking second-hand experiences through it
We're sold a life sentence dressed up as a lifestyle
Don't have the guile to rile
Queue like sheep in single-file
To buy the latest piece of shit paraded through your living room
Believe the latest twisted facts
We crack, we give in, it goes on this media mind-manipulation
Prescribing the day to day life of our nation
As the spot-light highlights what it likes
And mixes up the truth with the lies in the half-life
Police Camera Action is based on the assumption
That the cops are never wrong
Presents them as a pillar of truth amongst the sick public
So thick, we can't look after ourselves
This is now, not a story by George Orwell

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So while we sit around and laugh at the old

How come we always gotta follow the new?
People act like they don't know
I gotta wonder now if they do
Say Boops say the mandem read it an a magazine
Say Boops say the mandem see it on a TV screen
Say Boops say trading one for another
They come in one year then they go out the other
If you could see the you that I see you see me
Then you'd see yourself so differently believe me
Hear me say, seek and ye shall find
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