

The Herd, We Can't Hear You

Alright, let's get this party started right and let your brain rest
as we just press play and play the court jesters
The stress...(uh), gets to all of us at some point
until the DJ got you falling for a dumb joint
Dance halls held at gunpoint, with songs that explode and oversexed boys
Get the next toys and learning tools by no means, dudes
brain dead, tone deaf, so fresh, so clean
Would now be a good time to say "throw your hands up"
"Nah, bro, just kick the next stanza!"
Don't get me wrong, I love it when you answer
but would you say "ho!", if I said "Pauline Hanson"?
Live from the Elefant mansion, imagine
this life so handsome, holding the Libs for ransom
We'd arrive at every gig in a chariot
and Rok Postya'd have a bass amp with a trolley to carry it

(Chorus)

Now, if you're sick and tired of the news reports
and your modern-day life is a blues of sorts
Put your head in the sand with your Walkman on
put this goddamn song on and hum along... it goes
"La, la la la la", we can't hear you!
"La la, la la", we can't hear you!
"La, la la la", we can't hear you!
"La, la la la",

He got up on his high horse, and jumped on a dumb song
Never been in it for money, but keeps getting the punts wrong
He's offering his lyrics, but nowhere they come from
his name is Junk John, alias is a month long
Dumb it down deliberately, then renegotiate the fee
hopes his opiates will open up a market overseas
But sober beats, irregular show proceeds (fuck that)
he took his bag to only eight ads in a row and unpacked
Eagerly awaited groupies up in his nut sack
smoke a lot of weed, but when he's platinum, he'll cut back
Public liability ain't covering that though
nor his rag flow, we think he a modern day Banjo
Battla Patterson, with a pad and a pen
it don't matter, as long as it rhymes, he'll be back back it again
He'd rather have it on them, but sadly, it's not my scene
the underground struggled up, for real, where's my limousine?
("Serious uncool, man
Where's my limo, dude?
We gotta go to Crackhead FM and do a spot with Kyle and Scrappy Dog!
Scrappy Dog? Oh, he phoned mate")

(Chorus)

Yeah, that's right, close your eyes, swing your hips
and fling yourself around with this song on your lips
Let your guard slip, drink, we all need balance
and check out, we rock a party with a stick and a carrot
And while you barrack for our Peter Garrett stances
and out of habit parrot all the proper answers
Indignant standards, chantin', signifying what's wrong
and then The Herd turn your concerns into a three minute pop song
So join us on a voyage, our immodest peripatetical
This dude'll take your blues on a mental sabbatical
fanatics, jump aboard and appropriate it as an anthem
or just nod your head and smile, try to pick up while you're dancin'
And chances they'll brand us naysayers
but if we add a catchy chorus, radio might still play us
Maybe pose for alley photos with scowling hoodlums

or bootleg my sex tape with Delta Goodrem
"(la la la la la la la, la la la la la la la, you serious?)"

(Chorus - 2X)