

# Twelfth Night, We Are Sane 10:20

In upstairs rooms  
The meals are eaten  
The cars in the garage ready to go go  
Disco baby shed no tear  
Hot light overhead  
Shaking meat meet  
Ho ho weekend ha ha party  
Moo moo sacred cow  
The white House someday  
On the lawn  
Well kept pedigree  
Snap over bones  
Surplus requirements  
Appetite angel going down  
Meanwhile below reports flop into the in-trays in-trays  
Meanwhile below reports flop into the in-trays  
She stares out of her window  
Her Will is still in bed  
She has no memory of herself  
For care has drained her head  
The poster on the billboard  
Says she should paint her lips  
Like the smiles on the TV people  
(FILE 1:)  
&quot;if the thought processes of an individual can be permanently limited to the point of strict conformity to an outside source of thought the said individual need no longer be considered as such. The enforcement of order becomes possible for anybody with enough power of control what is projected&quot;  
See?  
It's all quite simple ...  
This woman's place is in a home  
Society has judged  
She does not fit official standards  
And they cannot be budged  
There's something on her eyes that says  
The struggle's gone too deep  
And there's no comfort in the thought of  
Watching acolytes of doubt try hard to fight  
Their problems out  
Excess profit has the clout to spread the message:  
&quot;We are sane  
Not insane ...&quot;  
She reads about a will to power  
In papers full of lies  
She hears that every time she breathes  
Some foreign kiddy dies  
She's convinced it's her fault  
She's tortured by the strain  
As words of judgement pour out of the  
Mouths of those who make their mark by keeping  
People in the dark  
Those who bite worse than they bark  
Are loudly shouting  
&quot;We are sane  
Not insane&quot;  
And the chorus says  
&quot;It's all quite normal&quot; la-la-la  
And the chorus says  
&quot;It's all quite normal&quot; la-la-la  
The choruses  
Are happy as the know no different way except

What they've been told today  
Accepting their limited 'truth' and blankly humming  
&quot;We are sane  
And we are not to blame  
We must protect the claim&quot;  
Praise those who hold power  
They shall save the last hour  
Using sacred science  
They can stamp out defiance  
Wheeeeeee!  
(FILE 2:)  
&quot;Technician we want you to build a component  
For each of our workers to be with them always  
At all time watch closely so we can keep track of  
Their actions their interests their morals their time out  
Some musak to maim them some fear to contain them  
Policy will judge them brute forces degrade them.  
Practical behaviour the cleanser the saviour  
A private vocation has no sense of nation  
The maintenance of power can be fulfilling  
Just as long as all the slaves are willing  
So this is an order  
We must curb thought disorder  
With a miniature transmitter  
We can pavlov the litter and train it to do as we  
Tell it state surgeon the seed plant thought soon get  
A new slant so tiny a dogma idea turn to quagmire  
Thrum-humming transistor a brain wave insistor  
Closed circuit hypnosis an inbuilt psychosis  
Not one self expression deliberate surpression  
A cycle to squeeze out anyone who we doubt  
Will must be pliable to be reliable&quot;  
Tuned into the media system  
Picture getting hard to see  
How did you end up as a prisoner  
When you were supposed to be free?  
(Oh wouldn't you like to know?)  
Lebensraum for megalomania  
Endless song with one refrain  
All eyes fixed upon the conductor  
Baton taps inside the brain ...  
BASS AND KEYBOARDS  
:  
CLIVE MITTEN  
DRUMS AND TYPEWRITER  
:  
BRIAN DEVOIL  
GUITAR  
:  
ANDY REVELL  
VOCALS AND TAPE EFFECTS  
:  
GEOFF MANN  
WRITTEN BY  
:  
ANDY, BRIAN, CLIVE AND GEOFF  
ORIGINALLY RELEASED ON  
:  
'FACT AND FICTION' TN.006 Dec 1982