What You Don't Know

John Farnham

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 handsThere 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 youAnd 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 truthThere 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 youWhat 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 youWhat you see, what you hear
What you read
What you don't know hurtsThe 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 linesI heard it on the air tonight
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 youWhat 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

Songwriters

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