

# Bad Religion, Anesthesia

Everybody is talking about the girl  
Who went and killed the delivery man  
But she looks so kind and gentle  
It just doesn't stand to reason  
I saw her right there just the other night  
As stately as a slot machine  
But when she looked my way  
Something mad as hell came over me

Anesthesia, Mona Lisa, I've got a little gun  
Here comes oblivion  
I never loved you, how did you find me?  
The cops will never prove complicity now, Anna  
(1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8)  
All good children go to heaven!

I remember your face that august night  
When we lied about the beautiful time to come  
And that crazy old man who came much to late  
And spawned a chain reaction  
I've been hanging out there for eleven long years  
Like a church mouse wondering where the cat has gone  
And looking at you now  
Is driving me to distraction

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The cops will never prove complicity now, Anna  
(1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8)  
All good children go to heaven!