

# Bad Religion, Doing Time

See the fight  
Old men cryin', deny their ruin  
Watch them try the cynic laughs  
At the optimist's closed eyes  
Darkness falls, curtain calls  
The cynic's beer soon overflows  
Other watches, has a drink  
And from the same cup they drink  
I'm doin' time, how long I don't know  
William had twenty six, blew his brains out, now look at him  
John had only one, watch the mother mourn her only son

I'm doin' time, how long I don't know  
I'll kiss goodbye my brain in my head  
And go to sleep for generations  
And go to sleep for generations  
Salvation, cease concentration  
You'll only lose the fight  
Don't tell me what's wrong or right  
You're losing sight  
You're just gonna die anyway