

Bad Religion, Flat Earth Society

Lie lie lie, lie lie lie, lie lie lie

Lie lie lie, lie lie lie, lie lie lie

The full moon is rising over dark waters

And the fools below are picking up sticks

And the man in the gallows lies permanently waiting

For the doctors to come back and tend to him

The Flat Earth Society is meeting here today

Singing happy little lies

And the Bright Ship Humana is sent far away

With grave determination, and no destination

Lie lie lie, lie lie lie, lie lie lie

Lie lie lie, lie lie lie, lie lie lie

Yeah, nothing feels better than a spray of clean water

And the whistling wind on a calm summer night

But you'd better believe that down in their quarters

The men are holding on for their dear lives

But the Flat Earth Society is somewhere far away

With their candlesticks and compasses

And the Bright Ship Humana is well on its way

With grave determination, and no destination

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