

Bad Religion, Get Off

Lascivious, it's all that I can think of as I drag my feet
Searching like a Diogenes
Dangerous, the adjective of the decade
And of your alluring intricacies
Yes I see your green screen mentality
And I feel the sting of it's consequence
And I know I shouldn't
But it's too much to ignore, an emotion I deplore
Every time I look at you
I just wanna do it
I can clench my fist right through it
But I just wanna get off
Rectilinear, the direction we've been heading
Never realizing we are on a runaway machine
Angular, the momentum that does turn us one step further on our ladder
One more turn toward the east
I realize your green screen mentality
And I know it is shared by many more
And I know it's quite impossible
But I am damned to find a way, to revolve the other way
Every time I scrutinize I just say screw it
On a ride down a blind conduit
And I just wanna get off
Ahh ahh ahh ahh
Ahh ahh ahh ahh
Ahh ahh ahh ahh
Ahh