

# Bad Religion, Hooray For Me...

Well I can see my teenage father standing straight on a desolate corner  
In the shadow of tentacled towers by the red light of America  
I imagine how his mother felt  
When she heard that her husband was dying  
And that underground heroes of the tarmac  
Shoot smack were blowing up worlds  
And damned out loud  
Hey can you tell me how does it feel?  
Yeah, tell me, can you imagine, for a second  
Doin' anything that you don't have to?  
Well that's what I'm accustomed to, so 'Hooray for me'  
And fuck you  
When I slept with stony faces on the riverbank  
My angel devil reveler shook me desperately in dying  
I don't exactly want to apologize for anything, and now  
We're all mad and tangled, in secret rooms, with Roman candles  
On an endless graveyard train

Yeah, tell me, can you imagine, for a second  
Doin' anything just 'cuz you want to?  
Well, that's just what I do, so 'Hooray for me'  
And fuck you  
Yeah, I was dreaming through the 'How's life' yawning  
Car back at that night, she told me 'Mad and meaningless as ever'  
And a song came on my radio like a cemetery rhyme  
For a million crying corpses in their tragedy, of respectable existence  
Tell me, can you imagine, for a second  
Doin' everythin's you ever wanted to?  
Well, that's just what I do, so 'Hooray for me'  
Oh, yeah, I'm not respectable, and never sensible  
May be incredible so damned irascible  
I like the things I do so 'Hooray for me'  
And fuck you