

Bad Religion, Materialist

You're obsessed and distressed
'Cause you can't make any sense of the ludicrous nonsense
And incipient senescence that will deem your common sense useless
This ain't no recess!

I want to believe in you, but my plan keeps falling through
I know I have to face the harshness, grin and bear the truth
And I have to walk this mile in my own shoes

(And I'm no fool!)

I'm materialist a full-blown realist

(Physical theorist)

And I guess I'm full of doubt so I'm prone to hear you out and refuse

I'm materialist there ain't no fear in this it's for all to see

So don't talk of hidden mysteries with me

Mind over matter, it really don't matter

If the street's idle chatter turns your heart strings to tatters

Flatter hopes don't flatter and soul batter won't congeal to mend

A life that is shattered into shards, was it in the cards?

The process of belief is an elixir when you're weak

I must confess, at times I indulge it on the sneak

But generally my outlook's not so bleak

(And I'm not meek!)

I'm materialist a full-blown realist

(Physical theorist)

And I guess I'm full of doubt, but I'll gladly have it out with you

I'm materialist I ain't no deist it's there for all to see

So don't of hidden mysteries with me

Like Rome under Nero, our future's one big zero

Recycling the past to meet the immediate needs

And through it all we ramble forth with persevere and climb

Our mountains of regret to sow our seeds

I'm materialist

I'm materialist

I'm materialist

I'm materialist