

# Bad Religion, My Poor Friend Me

I know a man who doesn't have many friends  
I know a place he lives where trouble never ends  
I know it's hard for him to read 'tween the lines  
And his days are getting so much shorter  
He simply turns away and dons a bitter frown  
His world is crumbling, his ship is weighted down  
He doesn't care as long as he can wear the crown  
I know this man all too well  
It's my poor friend me  
A portrayal of the great dichotomy  
(Great dichotomy)  
It's my poor friend me  
And I'm running out of steam  
I know there are people who are cynical and vane  
They point their finger 'cause they can't accept the blame  
They live their lives under a blanket of shame  
And their progeny crawl from underneath it  
Lately, I've come to see the solution  
And it begins with me  
But I'm so fallibly human  
I've picked the lock but will not turn the key, yeah  
Of people running scared, we live, breathe and die  
Off to a world, our time is slipping on by  
We have solutions, but don't even try  
And I feel, I know just who to blame  
It's my poor friend me  
A reminder of a tragic history  
(Tragic history)  
It's my poor friend me  
And I'm running out of steam