

Bad Religion, Stranger Than Fiction

A febrile shocking violent smack
And the children are hoping for a heart-attack
Tonight the windows are watching
The streets all conspire
And the lamppost can't stop crying
If I could fly high above the world
Would I see a bunch of living dots spell the word stupidity
Or would I see hungry lover homicides
Loving brother suicides and Ally Ally Oxenfrees
Who pick a side and hide?
The world is scratching at my door
My morning paper's got the scores
The human interest stories
And the obituary, oh yeah
Cockroach naps, rattling traps
How many devils can you fit upon a match head?
Caringosity killed the Kerouac cat
Sometimes truth is stranger than fiction
In my alley around the corner
There's a wino with feathered shoulders
And a spirit giving head for crack and he'll never want it back
There's a little kid and his family eating crackers like thanksgiving
And a pack of wild desperadoes scornful of living
The world is scratching at my door
My morning paper has the scores
The human interest stories
And the obituary, oh yeah
Cradle for a cat, Wolfe looks back
How many angels can you fit upon a match?
I want to know why Hemingway cracked
Sometimes truth is stranger than fiction
Life is the crummiest book I ever read
There isn't a hook, just a lot of cheap shots
Pictures to shock and characters an amateur
Would never dream up
Sometimes truth is stranger than fiction