

# Bad Religion, The Dodo (Ithaca Session)

I see a white haired man, he's got a pseudonym  
He's telling people how they're supposed to live  
Nobody's listening to the politician  
No matter what sage advice he has to give  
He's got a clumsy, outdated M O  
And he's come to a fork in the road  
And there is only one direction to go  
Among the commuters, dwarfed by the skyscrapers  
I watch the countless millions fighting for space  
See hateful, petty acts, disjointed images  
And can't believe that I'm one of the same race  
We're all just struggling to cope  
And we come to a fork in the road  
As we watch our foundations erode  
There's only one direction to go  
It's the way of the dodo, such a noble destiny  
It's the waltz of desperation  
Passed along to you and me  
The way of the dodo  
(It's the gray stuff in your head)  
(It's the pulse of the living and the voices of the dead)