

Bad Religion, The Streets of America

Desolate and without purpose
Radiating from so many septic sources
Forming the fabric of a wayward people
Disappearing as the vestiges of our past
Scratched like tartan into virgin soil
A substrate for progress and disarray
A spreading network of broken dreams
Searching for a thoroughfare to take us away
Just a little tale from the streets of America
Sparkled promises paved with pathos and hysteria
Trenchant, weary native sons, step back
Step back and see the damage done
Meander to the horizon, the streets of America
Black, tarred concrete, pine for me
Lying dormant for you and your country
Hardened surface, cracked within
Catch the sweat from off the chin
Of men and women, senior and child
Who look to you and your sterile miles
And in their stares is bald dismay
For what you fuckin' promised led them astray
Just another tale from the streets of America
Sparkled promises paved with pathos and hysteria
Trenchant, weary native sons, step back
Step back and see the damage done
Meander to the horizon, the streets of America
Hard-cracked, daunting, lifeless veins
False hope corridors to greener pastures is all that remains
Say a little prayer from the streets of America
Sparkled promises paved with pathos and hysteria
Trenchant, weary native sons, step back
Step back and see the damage done
Shoot straight into the horizon, the streets of America
Shoot straight into the horizon, the streets of America