

# NOFX, The Decline

Where are all these stupid people from?  
and how did they get to be so dumb?  
Bred on purple mountain range  
Feed amber waves of grains  
To lesser human beings, zero feelings

Blame it on human nature, man's destiny  
Blame it on the greedocracy  
The fear of God, the fear of change, the fear of truth

Add the Bill of Rights  
Subtract the wrongs, there's no answers  
Memorize and sing  
Star spangled songs, when the questions  
Aren't ever asked

Is anybody learning from the past?  
We're living in united stagnation

Father what have I done.  
I took that 22, A gift to me from you,  
to bed with me each night. Kept it  
clean polished it well. Cherished  
every cartridge every shell

Down by the creek under brush under dirt  
There's a carcass of my second kill  
Down at the park under stone under pine  
There's a carcass of my brother William  
Brother where have you gone to I swear  
I never thought I could I see so many times  
They told me to shoot straight, don't pull  
The trigger; squeeze. That will insure  
A kill, a kill is what you want  
To kill is why we breed

The Christians love their guns the church and NRA  
Pray for their salvation  
Prey on the lower faiths  
The story book's been read  
And every line believed  
Curriculum's been set  
Logic is a threat  
Reason searched + seized

Jerry spent some  
Time in Michigan  
A 20 year vacation  
After all he had a dime  
A dime is worth a  
Lot more in Detroit  
A dime in California  
A 20 dollar fine  
Jerry only stayed  
A couple months  
It's hard to enjoy  
Yourself while  
Bleeding out the ass  
Asphyxiation is  
Simple and fast  
It beats 17 fun years  
Of being someone's bitch

Don't think

Drink your wine  
Watch the fire burn  
His problem's not mine  
Just be that model citizen

I wish I had a shilling for every senseless killing  
I'd buy a government. America's for sale and  
You can get a good deal on it and make a healthy  
Profit, or maybe tear it apart. Start with  
Assumption, that a million people are smart, smarter than one.

Serotonin's gone she gave up drifted away  
Sara fled though process gone  
She left her answering machine on  
The greeting left spoken sincere  
Messages no one will ever hear

10,000 messages a day a million more transmissions lay  
Dead victims of the laissez faire 10,000 voices  
100 guns, 100 decibels turns to one, one bullet  
One empty head now with serotonin gone

The man that used to speak  
Performs a cute routine.  
Feel a little patronized.  
Don't feel bad. They found  
A way inside your head  
And you feel a bit misled.  
It's not that they don't  
Care. The television's  
Put a thought inside your  
Head like a Barry Manilow  
Jingle I'd like to teach the  
World to sing in perfect  
Harmony a symphonic blank  
Stare. It doesn't make you care.  
Not designed to make you care.  
They're betting you won't care,  
(you won't!)

They'll place a wager on your greed.  
A wager on your pride  
Why try to beat them when a million others tried

We are the whore.  
Intellectually spayed  
We are the queer  
Dysfunctionally raised

One more pill to kill the pain,  
One more pill to kill the pain  
One more pill to kill the pain,  
Living through deformity  
One more prayer to keep me safe.  
One more prayer to keep us warm.  
One more prayer to keep us safe  
There's gonna be a better place

Lost the battle lost the war lost the things  
Worth living for lost the will to win the fight  
One more pill to kill the pain  
The going gets tough the tough get debt  
Don't pay attention pay the rent our next of kins  
Pay for your sins a little faith should keep us safe

Save us

The human existence is failing  
Resistance essential. The future  
Written off. The odds are astronomically  
Against us only  
Moron and genius would fight a  
Losing battle against the super  
Ego when giving in is so damn comforting

And so we go on with our lives, we  
Know the truth, but prefer lies.  
Lies are simple. Simple is bliss. Why  
Go against tradition, when we can  
Admit defeat. Live in decline. Be the  
Victim of our own design  
With status quo built on suspect.  
Why would anyone stick out their  
Neck? fellow members, club,  
We've got ours. I'd  
Like to introduce  
You to our host  
He's got his and I've  
Got mine. Meet

The Decline