

# Bad Religion, Atomic Garden

Everybody wants do dance in a playpen  
But nobody wants to play in my garden  
I see the hippies on an angry line  
Guess they don't get my meaning  
I'm enchanted by the birds in my blossoms  
I'm enamored by young lovers on the weekend  
I like the 4th of July  
When bombs start flashing  
And I wish I had a shiny red top  
A bugle with a big brass bell would cheer me up  
Or maybe something bigger that could really go pop  
That I could make the gardening stop  
Come out to play  
Come out to play  
And we'll pretend it's Christmas Day  
In my atomic  
All my scientists are working on a deadline  
So my psychologist is working day and nighttime  
They say they know what's best for me  
But they don't know what they're doing  
And I'm glad I'm not Gorbachev  
'Cause I'd wiggle all night, like jelly in a pot  
At least he's got a garden with a fertile plot  
And a party that will never stop  
Come out to play  
Come out to play  
And we'll pretend it's Christmas Day  
In my atomic  
I hope there's nothing wrong out there  
I'm watching from my room inside my room  
Come out to play  
Come out to play  
And we'll pretend it's Christmas Day  
In my atomic garden