

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