

Bad Religion, I Want Something More

Going through a world of sad debris
Regard quixotic reveries of ownership
The blossoming disease of man called tenure and accretion
The ancient western treadmill of deception and derision
But I want something more
Racing through a life of tragic wastage
I experience the loss of trust and innocence
The billowing cyclone of time has blown away our reasons
As we trudge like blind men forward trying to avoid collision
But I want something more