

# Bad Religion, Sorrow

Father, can you hear me?  
How have I let you down?  
I curse the day that I was born  
And all the sorrow in this world  
Let me take you to the herding ground  
Where all good men are trampled down  
Just to settle a bet that could not be won  
Between a prideful father and his son  
Will you guide me now, for I can't see  
A reason for the suffering and this long misery  
What if every living soul could be upright and strong  
Well, then I do imagine  
There will be sorrow  
Yeah, there will be sorrow  
And there will be sorrow no more

When all soldiers lay their weapons down  
Or when all kings and all queens relinquish their crowns  
Or when the only true Messiah rescues us from ourselves  
It's easy to imagine  
There will be sorrow  
Yeah, there will be sorrow  
And there will be sorrow no more  
There will be sorrow  
Yeah, there will be sorrow  
And there will be sorrow no more  
Yeah, there will be sorrow  
Yeah, there will be sorrow  
And there will be sorrow no more