

Bad Religion, Tested

Yeah, they say there's a place free of trouble and care
And you have to pass a test for to make it there
It has something to do with the road that's straight and narrow
And the only way to go it is by being being right and thorough
There's always one more hill to climb
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Bombarded by multiple choices twenty four to seven
Navigating a tangled web of logic and passion
Guided by subconscious voices astute and sharpened
Tested, tested, ohh
At times we may be wondering what we're supposed to do
Stand and deliver or see the conflict through
And as we long or proceed to build our castles in the sky
Our plans get confounded and determination dies
There's no preparation and no guide
Just what you've done before here with your life
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Acting on will, the test is a reaction
Opening your heart, the test is the emotion
Rolling the dice, the test is the agility
Burning out your mind, the test is the recovery
Watch out
You can play by the rules or bend them to your needs
But the test isn't over till you've reached your dark eternal sleep
There are no absolutes, no big wheels in the sky
You don't have to be first just gotta somehow get by
Yeah, bombarded by multiple choices twenty four to seven
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