

Bad Religion, Universal Cynic

Catch a shooting star and put it in your pocket
And your pants will start on fire
One bird in the hand, or two birds in the bush
Neither do you any good, when you're stuck in the quagmire

Show everyone you're not sure that they're telling the truth
Then you can be known as the universal cynic too

Benefit your fellow man with good deeds for the day
And you'll serve your life away
Pennies saved today are pennies still tomorrow
Strewn upon the desk, piled up in the paper weight

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Then you can be known as the universal cynic too

Wipe your opaque eyes and restore your crystal vision
Turn another cheek and exalt in your decision
A bit of exercise for the universal cynic in you

Early to bed and early to rise
Precludes you from seeing the most brilliant starry nights
Sticks and stones can break bones, words can't really hurt
Unless you carry guns, and are hungry for a fight

Challenging the standards, or questioning the established rules
Trying to understand how they can benefit you
Showing everyone you're not sure that they're telling the truth
Just a bit of exercise for the universal cynic in you
The universal cynic is you