

Too Bad Eugene, Premodern Donna

one rigid sect is mine
one point of view accepted
a high view of everything but truth
but i'm leaving home today
abandon everything but you

oh, what'd you really know
and what have you been told
but sing it again, oh
let's travel off the road
new unknown
it's time to grow

take a look at the other side
and all you see is a crass corruption
sometimes i echo your complaint
but when i look at you, i see a smug presumption
monopoly of Jesus' name
and i find the strength to walk away

oh, what'd you really know
and what have you been told
but sing it again, oh
let's travel off the road
new unknown
it's time to grow

i hope we made it worth your time
i hope we made it worth your life
i hope we lived up to our name
'cause I would hate to think you died in vain

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