

Jesus of Suburbia

Green Day

I'm the son of rage and love
The Jesus of Suburbia
The bible of none of the above
On a steady diet of
Soda pop and Ritalin
No one ever died for my sins in hell
As far as I can tell
At least the ones I got away with And there's nothing wrong with me
This is how I'm supposed to be
In a land of make believe
That don't believe in me Get my television fix
Sitting on my crucifix
The living room or my private womb
While the Mom's and Brad's are away
To fall in love and fall in debt
To alcohol and cigarettes
And Mary Jane to keep me insane
Doing someone else's cocaine And there's nothing wrong with me
This is how I'm supposed to be
In a land of make believe
That don't believe in me At the center of the Earth in the parking lot
Of the 7-11 where I was taught The motto was just a lie
It says home is where your heart is, but what a shame
'Cause everyone's heart doesn't beat the same
It's beating out of time City of the dead (Hey, hey)
At the end of another lost highway (Hey, hey)
Signs misleading to nowhere
City of the damned (Hey, hey)
Lost children with dirty faces today (Hey, hey)
No one really seems to care I read the graffiti in the bathroom stall
Like the holy scriptures of a shopping mall
And so it seemed to confess It didn't say much but it only confirmed that
The center of the earth is the end of the world
And I could really care less City of the dead (Hey, hey)
At the end of another lost highway (Hey, hey)
Signs misleading to nowhere City of the damned (Hey, hey)
Lost children with dirty faces today (Hey, hey)
No one really seems to care (Hey) I don't care if you don't
I don't care if you don't
I don't care if you don't care I don't care if you don't
I don't care if you don't
I don't care if you don't care I don't care if you don't

I don't care if you don't
I don't care if you don't care I don't care if you don't
I don't care if you don't
I don't care if you don't care I don't care Everyone is so full of shit
Born and raised by hypocrites
Hearts recycled but never saved
From the cradle to the grave We are the kids of war and peace
From Anaheim to the middle east
We are the stories and disciples of
The Jesus of Suburbia Land of make believe
And it don't believe in me
Land of make believe
And it don't believe And I don't care! (Uh, uh, uh)
I don't care! (Uh, uh, uh)
I don't care! (Uh, uh, uh)
I don't care! (Uh, uh, uh)
I don't care! Dearly beloved, are you listening?
I can't remember a word that you were saying...
Are we demented or am I disturbed?
The space that's in between insane and insecure Uuh Oh therapy, can you please fill the void?
Am I retarded or am I just overjoyed?
Nobody's perfect and I stand accused
For lack of a better word, and that's my best excuse Uuh To live and not to breathe
Is to die in tragedy
To run, to run away
To find what you believe And I leave behind
This hurricane of fucking lies I lost my faith to this
This town that don't exist
So I run, I run away
To the lights of masochists And I leave behind
This hurricane of fucking lies
And I walked this line
A million and one fucking times But not this time! I don't feel any shame, I won't apologize
When there ain't nowhere you can go
Running away from pain when you've been victimized
Tales from another broken home
(Hooooommee) You're leaving...
You're leaving...
You're leaving...
Ah, you're leaving home...

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>