

Bad Religion, 21st Century (digital Boy)

I can't believe it
The way you look sometimes
Like a trampled flag on a city street
Oh yeah
And I don't want it
The things you're offerin' me
Symbolized bar code, quick id
Oh yeah
'Cause I'm a Twenty First Century Digital Boy
I don't know how to live, but I gotta lot of toys
My Daddy's, a lazy middle class intellectual
My Mommy's on valium, so ineffectual
Ain't life a mystery?
I can't explain it
The things they're sayin' to me
It's going ya ya ya ya ya ya ya
Oh yeah
'Cause I'm a Twenty First Century Digital Boy
I don't know how to read, but I gotta lot of toys
My Daddy's, a lazy middle class intellectual
My Mommy's on Valium, so ineffectual
Ain't life a mystery? Yeah

I tried tell you about no control
But now I really don't know
And then you told me how bad you had to suffer
Is that really all you have to offer?
See I'm a Twenty First Century Digital Boy
I don't know how to read, but I gotta lot of toys
My Daddy's, a lazy middle class intellectual
My Mommy's on Valium, so ineffectual
That's what I yearn for
(Twenty First Century Digital Boy)
Neurosurgeons scream for more
(Twenty First Century Digital Boy)
Innocence raped with napalm fire
(Twenty First Century Digital Boy)
Everything I want, I really need
(Twenty First Century Digital Boy)
Twenty First Century Digital Boy
Twenty First Century Schitzoid boy
Twenty First Century Video boy
Twenty First Century Digital Boy
Twenty First Century Sofa Boy
Twenty First Century Digital Boy