

# 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