

Bad Religion, Along The Way

I refuse to abuse what is kind to the muse
But it's there and it's happening to me along the way
As we go through the snow we cannot forget our foes
But the dinner's always waiting at the table 'long the way, yeah
What you see, not for me, isn't what you planned to be
But you'll have what you wanted in the end along the way
And we'll cry as we try and our brothers pass us by
To be strong through the ages of our tears along the way, yeah

Now we grow as we show that the morals we must know
Will be shapen and mistaken by the falls along the way
But forget don't regret to find love and happiness
Unless you're willing to be strong when they are gone along the way
Like Tommy, you are free, and you will not follow me
Until we see each other once more on the path along the way