

# Bad Religion, Billy

I can recall the warm youth of a summer day  
The sweetest lemonade, the darkest game arcade  
And Billy had a yearning in the corner of his mind  
It moved him secretly, it moved him powerfully  
But prescience was lacking and the present was all  
And his aptitudes were carelessly wasted  
And challenging life with the abandon of a fool  
He squandered the hours of his day  
Then darkness and disorder slapped him sharply in the face  
It hit him like a friend, struck somethin' deep within  
He couldn't break the chain of slow decay that seemed to drag him  
Just like a fatal tie toward the other side

And Billy was a lunatic just barkin' at the moon  
And his brain was totally wasted  
He then exchanged his friends for a needle and a spoon  
And he threw his future away  
Bolt the door and throw away the key  
Your dim reflection is all that you can see  
So where is the justice when no one is at fault  
And a human life is tragically wasted?  
How fragile is the flame that burns within us all  
To light each passing day?