

Bad Religion, Doing Time

See the fight
Old men cryin', deny their ruin
Watch them try the cynic laughs
At the optimist's closed eyes
Darkness falls, curtain calls
The cynic's beer soon overflows
Other watches, has a drink
And from the same cup they drink
I'm doin' time, how long I don't know
William had twenty six, blew his brains out, now look at him
John had only one, watch the mother mourn her only son

I'm doin' time, how long I don't know
I'll kiss goodbye my brain in my head
And go to sleep for generations
And go to sleep for generations
Salvation, cease concentration
You'll only lose the fight
Don't tell me what's wrong or right
You're losing sight
You're just gonna die anyway