

Bad Religion, Flat Earth Society

Lie lie lie, lie lie lie, lie lie lie
Lie lie lie, lie lie lie, lie lie lie
The full moon is rising over dark waters
And the fools below are picking up sticks
And the man in the gallows lies permanently waiting
For the doctors to come back and tend to him
The Flat Earth Society is meeting here today
Singing happy little lies
And the Bright Ship Humana is sent far away
With grave determination, and no destination
Lie lie lie, lie lie lie, lie lie lie
Lie lie lie, lie lie lie, lie lie lie
Yeah, nothing feels better than a spray of clean water
And the whistling wind on a calm summer night
But you'd better believe that down in their quarters
The men are holding on for their dear lives
But the Flat Earth Society is somewhere far away
With their candlesticks and compasses
And the Bright Ship Humana is well on its way
With grave determination, and no destination
The Flat Earth Society is meeting here today
Singing happy little lies
And the Bright Ship Humana is well on its way
With grave determination, and no destination
Lie lie lie, lie lie lie, lie lie lie
Lie lie lie, lie lie lie, lie lie lie
Lie lie lie, lie lie lie, lie lie lie

...