

Bad Religion, Only Entertainment

Trans fixated on the big blue screen
Your window to the outside, a melancholy dream
A medium upon which you build reality
This episodic currency that everybody needs
Somebody's delivery lulls you to sleep
The man behind the weather map, the editor in chief
They control two worlds of power and disease
And you cannot suppress your curiosity
See it's only entertainment
Superficial urgency, poster board mentality
Only entertainment
Tightly constrained, the buzz that remains
Is the story of how we run our lives
Many are the people poor and suffering
From the lack of coverage, from the transmission beam
And if it ever gets here, you'll be offended too
'Cause you cannot distinguish, chicanery from truth
See it's only entertainment
A superficial episode as life continues to unfold
Only entertainment
Controlled and copied, they've planted the seed
That sprouts into your picture of the world
Can't someone protect me
(Turn away, turn away)
From this electron beam
(Turn away, turn away)
Hey you, Mr. FCC
(Turn away, turn away)
Have you no advice for me?
(Turn away, turn away)
(Turn away, turn away)
See it's only entertainment
Only entertainment
Only entertainment
Unofficial leading into poverty
Only entertainment
Only entertainment
Only entertainment