

Bad Religion, Shades of Truth

Here inside this quiet room there's direction
Outside in the sultry noon, time reflection
A million people scurry, they're looking for advice
None willing to lend charity, just exercise their
Shades of truth and partisan conventions
Shades of truth between disparate lines
Shades of truth interpret my intentions
You don't know I'm alright
You don't know I'm alright
Who authored the blueprints and made us captains?
Someone proclaimed creation, people listened
While children by the millions are thrown into this zoo
The so-called gift of clarity, oh, what was God up to?
Shades of truth and lenient conventions
Shades of truth between disparate lines
Shades of truth interpret my intentions
You don't know I'm alright
You don't know I'm alright
So many walk in parallel and pull their blinders tight
So few offer apology and accept others rights
And nothing absolutely can be cherished in the end
But can't we all accept that it will all happen again
Shades of truth just partisan conventions
Shades of truth between disparate lines
Shades of truth interpret my intentions
You don't know I'm alright
You don't know I'm alright
Just shades of truth and partisan conventions
Shades of truth between disparate lines
Shades of truth interpret my intentions
You don't know I'm alright
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