

# Bad Religion, Sometimes I Feel Like

Bad Religion

No Control

Sometimes I Feel Like

There's a spectre in the corner of an illustrated page  
And a lonesome muted stripling with a rapt remedial gaze  
The poverty of his language and the wealth of his emotion  
Bring him endless murky musings and unexpected frustration  
Angst and madness weave the fabric of his life  
Tomorrow might be better  
But right now it feels like  
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There's a panther wild and proud  
Behind the doors of a redolent cage  
And an undeveloped intellect  
Filled with impotent and static rage  
And don't think you're exempt  
If you earn a good weekly wage  
'cause your neighbor's going crazy  
And insanity's contagious!  
I know there's so much you want to say  
But your tongue gets in the way  
And sometimes it feels like  
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I know there's so much you want to say  
And the tumbrel of your mind gets in the way  
It's the same for everybody to degrees  
We all get that foggy freeze  
And sometimes it feels like  
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