

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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