Bad Religion, Stranger Than Fiction

A febrile shocking violent smack

And the children are hoping for a heart-attack

Tonight the windows are watching

The streets all conspire

And the lamppost can't stop crying

If I could fly high above the world

Would I see a bunch of living dots spell the word stupidity

Or would I see hungry lover homicides

Loving brother suicides and Ally Ally Oxenfrees

Who pick a side and hide?

The world is scratching at my door

My morning paper's got the scores

The human interest stories

And the obituary, oh yeah

Cockroach naps, rattling traps

How many devils can you fit upon a match head?

Caringosity killed the Kerouac cat

Sometimes truth is stranger than fiction

In my alley around the corner

There's a wino with feathered shoulders

And a spirit giving head for crack and he'll never want it back

There's a little kid and his family eating crackers like thanksgiving

And a pack of wild desperadoes scornful of living

The world is scratching at my door

My morning paper has the scores

The human interest stories

And the obituary, oh yeah Cradle for a cat, Wolfe looks back

How many angels can you fit upon a match?

I want to know why Hemingway cracked

Sometimes truth is stranger than fiction

Life is the crummiest book I ever read

There isn't a hook, just a lot of cheap shots

Pictures to shock and characters an amateur

Would never dream up

Sometimes truth is stranger than fiction