

# 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