

# Bad Religion, Struck A Nerve

There's an old man on a city bus holding a candy cane  
And it isn't even Christmas  
He sees a note in the obituary  
That his last friend has died  
There's an infant clinging to his overweight mother in the cold  
As they go to shop for cigarettes  
And she spends her last dollar  
For a bottle of vodka for tonight  
And I guess it struck a nerve, like I had to squint my eyes  
You can never get out of the line of sight  
Like a barren winter day or a patch of unburned green  
Like a tragic real dream, I guess it struck a nerve  
Every day I wander in negative disposition as I'm bombarded by superlatives  
Realizing very well that I am not alone  
Introverted I look to tomorrow for salvation but I'm thinking altruistically  
And a wave of overwhelming doubt turns me to stone  
And I guess it struck a nerve, sent a murmur through my heart  
We just haven't got time to crack the maze  
Like a magic speeding clock or a cancer in our cells  
A collision in the dark, I guess it struck a nerve, 1, 2  
I try to close my eyes  
But I cannot ignore the stimuli  
If there's a purpose for us all, it remains a secret to me  
Don't ask me to justify my life  
'Cause I guess it struck a nerve, like I had to squint my eyes  
You can never get out of the line of sight  
Like a magic speeding clock or a cancer in our cells  
A collision in the dark, I guess it struck a nerve