## 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