

Bad Religion, The Dodo (Ithaca Session)

I see a white haired man, he's got a pseudonym
He's telling people how they're supposed to live
Nobody's listening to the politician
No matter what sage advice he has to give
He's got a clumsy, outdated M O
And he's come to a fork in the road
And there is only one direction to go
Among the commuters, dwarfed by the skyscrapers
I watch the countless millions fighting for space
See hateful, petty acts, disjointed images
And can't believe that I'm one of the same race
We're all just struggling to cope
And we come to a fork in the road
As we watch our foundations erode
There's only one direction to go
It's the way of the dodo, such a noble destiny
It's the waltz of desperation
Passed along to you and me
The way of the dodo
(It's the gray stuff in your head)
(It's the pulse of the living and the voices of the dead)