

# Bad Religion, The Hippy Killers

Our apocalypse 1981  
Teenage vagrants looking for some fun  
A renewed promise of prosperity  
A vulgar platform for the world to see, we were  
The hippy killers  
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Busted refuse from broken homes  
Pocked flesh and malicious bones  
Creatures sustained by desire and soul  
Nothing to leave and nowhere to go, we were  
The hippy killers  
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Good days during horrible times  
Overused bodies, neglected minds  
Shoulder to shoulder we formed as one  
The next miserable generation, we were  
The hippy killers  
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