

# Bad Religion, The Streets of America

Desolate and without purpose  
Radiating from so many septic sources  
Forming the fabric of a wayward people  
Disappearing as the vestiges of our past  
Scratched like tartan into virgin soil  
A substrate for progress and disarray  
A spreading network of broken dreams  
Searching for a thoroughfare to take us away  
Just a little tale from the streets of America  
Sparkled promises paved with pathos and hysteria  
Trenchant, weary native sons, step back  
Step back and see the damage done  
Meander to the horizon, the streets of America  
Black, tarred concrete, pine for me  
Lying dormant for you and your country  
Hardened surface, cracked within  
Catch the sweat from off the chin  
Of men and women, senior and child  
Who look to you and your sterile miles  
And in their stares is bald dismay  
For what you fuckin' promised led them astray  
Just another tale from the streets of America  
Sparkled promises paved with pathos and hysteria  
Trenchant, weary native sons, step back  
Step back and see the damage done  
Meander to the horizon, the streets of America  
Hard-cracked, daunting, lifeless veins  
False hope corridors to greener pastures is all that remains  
Say a little prayer from the streets of America  
Sparkled promises paved with pathos and hysteria  
Trenchant, weary native sons, step back  
Step back and see the damage done  
Shoot straight into the horizon, the streets of America  
Shoot straight into the horizon, the streets of America