

Bad Religion, You

There's a place where everyone can be happy
It's the most beautiful place in the whole fuckin' world
It's made of candy canes and planes and bright, red choo choo trains
And the meanest little boys the most innocent little girls
And you know, I wish that I could go there
It's a road that I have not found
And I wish you the best of luck, dear
Drop a card or letter to my side of town
'Cause there's no time for fussing and fighting my friend
But baby I'm amazed at the hate that you can send
And you, painted my entire world
But I, don't have the turpentine to clean what you have soiled
And I won't forget it
There's a place where everyone can be right
Even though you remain determined to be opposed
Admittance requires no qualifications
It's where everyone has been and where everybody goes
So please try not to be impatient for we all hate standin' in line
And when the farm is good and bought
You'll be there without a thought
And eternity my friend, is a long fuckin' time
'Cause there's no time for fussing and fighting my friend
But baby I'm amazed at the hate that you can send
And you, painted my entire world
But I, don't have the turpentine to clean what you have soiled
And I won't forget it