

Bad Religion, You Don't Belong Here

Hey, you, is there something worth aspiring to?
And can it be found in a record store?
Well, it's not there anymore
Just think of all the things we did
We were different, just like all the other kids
Missy was a teen blue video star
Tom took his life in his mother's car
Milo went to college but you knew about that
Rodney played our record
Jimmy started riots
Laurie was always quiet
She was battling depression
Hey, you, is there something worth belonging to?
And can I pick it up for a song, or a diploma, or a worthy cause?
Well, let me tell you that there's nothing wrong
It's just the ones like us will never belong
Jack wore a skirt but he knew how to scrap
Billy went to county on a class-one possession
Wendy went to school while her daddy shot smack
Eugene kept a list
Mugger was security
Mary, she kept her purity
We were all in it together
Yellowed postcards on the wall
Serve to cover up the blankness after all
So I will carry them along
Like a song, when I'm gone, yeah
Hey, you, is there something worth belonging to?
You know we've been here all along
Like a confederacy of the wrong
And I confess it could be prejudice
But to you I dedicate this song, yeah, you