

# Jesus of Suburbia

## American Idiot

I'm the son of rage and love the Jesus of suburbia  
From the bible of none of the above on a steady diet of  
Soda pop and Ritalin, no one ever died for my sins in hell  
As far as I can tell at least the ones I got away with  
And there's nothing wrong with me  
This is how I'm supposed to be  
In a land of make believe  
That don't believe in me  
Get my television fix sitting on my crucifix  
The living room on my private womb  
While the moms and brats are away  
To fall in love, we fall in debt  
To alcohol and cigarettes  
And Mary Jane to keep me insane  
Doing someone else's cocaine  
And there's nothing wrong with me  
This is how I'm supposed to be  
In a land of make believe  
That don't believe in me  
At the center of the Earth  
In the parking lot  
Of the 7-11 were I was taught  
The motto was just a lie  
It says home is where your heart is  
But what a shame  
'Cause everyone's heart  
Doesn't beat the same  
It's beating out of time  
City of the dead at the end of another lost highway  
Signs misleading to nowhere  
City of the damned lost children with dirty faces today  
No one really seems to care  
I read the graffiti in the bathroom stall  
Like the holy scriptures of a shopping mall  
And so it seemed to confess  
It didn't say much but it only confirmed that  
The center of the earth is the end of the world  
And I could really care less  
City of the dead at the end of another lost highway

Signs misleading to nowhere  
City of the damned lost children with dirty faces today

No one really seems to care

I don't care if you don't

I don't care if you don't

I don't care if you don't care

I don't care if you don't

I don't care if you don't

I don't care if you don't care

I don't care if you don't

I don't care if you don't care

I don't care if you don't

I don't care if you don't

I don't care if you don't care

I don't care

Everyone is so full of shit

Born and raised by hypocrites

Hearts recycled but never saved

From the cradle to the grave

We are the kids of war and peace

From Anaheim to the Middle East

We are the stories and disciples of

The Jesus of Suburbia

Land of make believe

And it don't believe in me

Land of make believe

I don't believe in me

I don't care!

Dearly beloved are you listening?

I can't remember a word that you were saying

Are we demented or am I disturbed?

The space that's in between insane and insecure

Oh therapy, can you please fill the void?

Am I retarded or am I just overjoyed?

Nobody's perfect and I stand accused

For lack of a better word and that's my best excuse

To live and not to breathe is to die in tragedy

To run, to run away, to fight what you believe

And I leave behind this hurricane of fucking lies

I lost my faith to this, this town that don't exist  
So I run, I run away to the lights of masochists  
And I leave behind this hurricane of fucking lies  
And I walk this line a million and one fucking times

But not this time

I don't feel any shame, I won't apologize

When there ain't nowhere we can go

Running away from pain

When you've been victimized

Tales from another broken home

You're leaving

You're leaving

You're leaving

Ah you're leaving home

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