

# Jesus Of Suburbia (Part 1)

## Green Day

I'm the son of rage and love  
The Jesus of Suburbia  
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 that 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 in my private womb  
While the Moms and brats are away  
To fall in love and 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 where 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  
Everyone's 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  
And I don't believe  
And 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 find, 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, walked this line  
A million and one fucking times  
But not this time  
I don't feel any shame  
I wont apologize  
When there ain't nowhere you can go  
Running away from pain  
When you've been victimized  
Tales from another broken home  
Oh you're leaving  
You're leaving

You're leaving  
Are you leaving home?

Songwriters

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