

# No Direction

## FUBAR

A sullen figure walks along a dusty road  
His life was holy and he couldn't bear the Load  
He left his people and simple life behind  
He raised his torso and he looked into the sky  
Shouting his questions, looking for directions  
What do I do now?  
Now a confused schoolgirl stares at the TV tray  
The stresses of maturing compound every day  
She glances up to see her favorite video  
And gets ideas from Madonna's nasty clothes  
In need of affection, she craves a direction  
Her heroes offer her  
Everyone's looking for something  
And they assume somebody else knows what it is  
No one can live without the decisions of their own  
It seems so they look to someone else  
To tell them what to be, tell 'em what to wear  
Tell 'em what to say, tell 'em how to act and think  
And compel others compulsively  
Until the world is all like them  
A righteous student came and asked me to reflect  
He judged my lifestyle was politically incorrect  
I don't believe in self important folks who preach  
No Bad Religion song can make your life complete  
Prepare for rejection  
You'll get no direction from me  
You'll get no direction from me  
You'll get no direction from me

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