

# No Direction

## Knuckle Puck

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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