

Billy

Bad Religion

I can recall the warm youth of a summer day
The sweetest lemonade, the darkest game arcade
And Billy had a yearning in the corner of his mind
It moved him secretly, it moved him powerfully
But prescience was lacking and the present was all
And his aptitudes were carelessly wasted
And challenging life with the abandon of a fool
He squandered the hours of his day
Then darkness and disorder slapped him sharply in the face
It hit him like a friend, struck somethin' deep within
He couldn't break the chain of slow decay that seemed to drag him
Just like a fatal tie toward the other side
And Billy was a lunatic just barkin' at the moon
And his brain was totally wasted
He then exchanged his friends for a needle and a spoon
And he threw his future away
Bolt the door and throw away the key
Your dim reflection is all that you can see
So where is the justice when no one is at fault
And a human life is tragically wasted?
How fragile is the flame that burns within us all
To light each passing day?

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