

Jesus Of Suburbia (Album Version)

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 withAnd 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 meGet 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 cocaineAnd 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 meAt the center of the earth
In the parking lot
Of the 7-11 where I was taught
The motto was just a lieIt 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 timeCity 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 careI read the graffiti
In the bathroom stall
Like the holy scriptures of a shopping mall
And so it seemed to confessIt 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 lessCity 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 careI don't care if you don't
I don't care if you don't
I don't care if you don't careI don't careEveryone'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 suburbiaLand 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 insecureOh 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 excuseTo live, and not to breathe
Is to die, in tragedy
To run, to run away
To find, what you believeAnd 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 masochistsAnd I, leave behind
This hurricane of fucking lies
And I, walked this line
A million and one fucking times
But not this timeI 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 homeOh you're leaving
You're leaving

You're leaving
Are you leaving home?

Songwriters

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