

Pride And The Pallor

Bad Religion

Papa had a wife and kids, he kept them on a leash
And he bid them all to do his every deed
When he was a kid, he was treated just the same
So he hid his feelings from his family
Lost as an island out at sea
Resistant to the gentle waves of empathy
Yeah, papa and his family always on parade
Tearing through the turnstiles, weekender's charade
But time will tell as their world crumbles to hell
What they created was a family story no one will tell
It's a photo album, too terrible
But the pride and the pallor continue to swell
As the matron silently prays
Junior resented the tradition they upheld
And it ate him up inside most every day
Silence was golden and they kept him to his word
So bewildered when he finally ran away
Oh, obligations never cease
Oblivious of the ways to give his soul some peace
Yeah, Papa and his family always on parade
Passing through the turnstiles, weekender's charade

But time will tell as their world crumbles to hell
What they created was a family story no one will tell
It's a photo album, too terrible
But the pride and the pallor continue to swell
As the matron silently prays
Get me out of here, someone's got to save the day
The children are reminded to do it for their daddy's sake
And happiness is ever so far, far away
Yeah, lost as an island out at sea
Oblivious of the gentle waves of empathy
Yeah, papa and his family always on parade
Tearing through the turnstiles, weekender's charade
It's just a sick calamity that fatherhood made
But time will tell as their world crumbles to hell
What they created was a family story no one will tell
It's a photo album, too terrible
But the pride and the pallor continue to swell

As the matron silently prays
You know the rest

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