In So Many Ways

Bad Religion

I can see the shadows on the wall
Drifting as the leaves start to fall
Unfaded by rugosity, the objects yield to gravity
And depict the destiny of us all
All, all
No one really knows why we die
No one gets a break so we try
Ignoring mortality, we worship mediocrity
And wait to see what happens up on high
High, high
In so many ways we live to follow the sun
In so many ways we exalt and fail as one
In so many ways we want so bad to be done
In so many ways we show our pain in unison
Unison, unison

Something in you is busy counting days
Catapulting you through the haze
Blind to virtuosity, ignorant of your sanctity
Revealing you in so many ways
Ways, ways
In so many ways we live to follow the sun
In so many ways we tend to rise and fall as one
In so many ways we want so bad to be done
In so many ways we show our pain in unison
Unison, unison
In so many ways we live to follow the sun
In so many ways we exalt and fail as one
In so many ways we want so bad to be done
In so many ways we show our pain in unison
Unison, unison

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