

# 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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