

# Dogma

## Roberto Jonata

All we want is a head-rush  
All we want is to get out of our skin for a while  
We have nothing to lose  
Because we don't have anything  
Anything we want anyway We used to hate people  
Now we just make fun of them  
It's more effective that way We don't live  
We just scratch on day to day  
With nothing but matchbooks  
And sarcasm in our pockets  
And all we are waiting for  
Is for something worth waiting for Let's admit America gets the celebrities we deserve  
Let's stop saying, "Don't quote me"  
Because if no one quotes you  
You probably haven't said a thing worth saying Sex, drugs, God, cash  
Sex, drugs, God, America  
We need something to kill the pain  
Of all that nothing inside Sex, drugs, God, cash  
Sex, drugs, God, America  
We all just want to die a little bit We fear that pop culture  
Is the only kind of culture we're ever gonna have  
We want to stop reading magazines  
Stop watching TV, stop caring about Hollywood But we're addicted to the things we hate  
We don't run Washington and no one really does  
Ask not what you can do for your country  
Ask what your country did to you Sex, drugs, God, cash  
Sex, drugs, God, America  
The only reason you're still alive  
Is because someone has decided to let you live Sex, drugs, God, cash  
Sex, drugs, God, America  
We owe so much money  
We're not broke, we're broken  
We're so poor we can't even pay attention So what do you want?  
You want to be famous and rich and happy  
But you're terrified you have nothing to offer this world  
Nothing to say and no way to say it  
But you can say it in three languages You are more than the sum of what you consume  
Desire is not an occupation  
You are alternately thrilled and desperate

Sky high and fucked  
Let's stop praying for someone  
To save us and start saving ourselves  
Let's stop this and start over  
Let's go out, let's keep going  
Sex, drugs, God, cash  
Sex, drugs, God, America  
This is your life  
This is your fucking life  
America  
Sex, drugs, God, cash  
Sex, drugs, God, America  
We need something to kill the pain  
Of all that nothing inside  
America, America  
Quit whining, you haven't done  
Anything wrong because frankly  
You haven't done much of anything  
Sex, drugs, God, cash  
Sex, drugs, God, America  
Someone's writing down your mistakes  
Someone's documenting your downfall

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