

# Blenderhead (Album Version)

## Bad Religion

Flying through a dark prismatic tunnel on a carousel,  
The earth is turning and you know it very well,  
Your mind is reeling like ten helicopters wheeling  
And you're gonna hit the ceiling like a mallet on a bell, Hey, blenderhead,  
They're starting to ask questions,  
Your transgressions are a danger flashing sign,  
Challenge conventions and radiate your splendour  
And feel those flywheels churn your blenderhead, Tally up the gleaming ventured on a wishing well,  
Each shining trinket as a story it can tell,  
Your moments pining like those tales all intertwining  
Can become the rusted lining of a deep neglected shell, Hey, blenderhead, you ask so many questions,  
Your confusion's a life-affirming sign,  
Break from tradition and carry on with valour  
And feel those flywheels churn you blenderhead

Songwriters

GUREWITZ, BRETT Published by

Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by  
U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>