

# The Universal Cynic

## Bad Religion

Catch a shooting star and put it in your pocket  
And your pants will start on fire  
One bird in the hand or two birds in the bush  
Neither do you any good, when you're stuck in the quagmire  
Show everyone you're not sure that they're telling  
the truth  
Then you can be known as the universal cynic too  
Benefit your fellow man with good deeds for the day  
And you'll serve your life away  
Pennies saved today are pennies still tomorrow  
Strewn upon the desk, piled up in the paper weight  
Show everyone you're not sure that they're telling the truth  
Then you can be known as a universal cynic too  
Wipe your opaque eyes and restore your crystal vision  
Turn another cheek and exalt in your decision  
A bit of exercise for the universal cynic in you  
Early to bed and early to rise  
Precludes you from seeing the most brilliant starry nights  
Sticks and stones can break bones, words can't really hurt  
Unless you carry guns and are hungry for a fight  
Challenging the standards or questioning the established rules  
Trying to understand how they can benefit you  
Showing everyone you're not sure that they're telling the truth  
Just a bit of exercise for the universal cynic in you  
The universal cynic is you

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