

Sorrow

Bad Religion

Father can you hear me?
How have I let you down?
I curse the day that I was born
And all the sorrow in this world Let me take you to the hurting ground
Where all good men are trampled down
Just to settle a bet that could not be won
Between a prideful father and his son
Will you guide me now, for I can't see
A reason for the suffering and this long misery
What if every living soul could be upright and strong
Well, then I do imagine There will be sorrow
Yeah there will be sorrow
And there will be sorrow no more When all soldiers lay there weapons down
Or when all kings and all queens relinquish their crowns
Or when the only true messiah rescues us from ourselves
It's easy to imagine There will be sorrow
Yeah there will be sorrow
And there will be sorrow no more There will be sorrow
Yeah there will be sorrow
And there will be sorrow no more Yeah there will be sorrow
Yeah there will be sorrow
And there will be sorrow no more

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