

Struck a Nerve

Bad Religion

There's an old man on a city bus holding a candy cane
And it isn't even Christmas
He sees a note in the obituary
That his last friend has died
There's an infant clinging to his overweight mother in the cold
As they go to shop for cigarettes
And she spends her last dollar
For a bottle of vodka for tonight
And I guess it struck a nerve, like I had to squint my eyes
You can never get out of the line of sight
Like a barren winter day or a patch of unburned green
Like a tragic real dream, I guess it struck a nerve
Every day I wander in negative disposition as I'm bombarded
by superlatives
Realizing very well that I am not alone
Introverted I look to tomorrow for salvation but I'm thinking altruistically
And a wave of overwhelming doubt turns me to stone
And I guess it struck a nerve, sent a murmur through my
heart
We just haven't got time to crack the maze
Like a magic speeding clock or a cancer in our cells
A collision in the dark, I guess it struck a nerve, 1, 2
I try to close my eyes
But I cannot ignore the stimuli
If there's a purpose for us all, it remains a secret to me
Don't ask me to justify my life 'Cause I guess it struck a nerve, like I had to squint my eyes
You can never get out of the line of sight
Like a magic speeding clock or a cancer in our cells
A collision in the dark, I guess it struck a nerve

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