

A Walk

Bad Religion

I'm going for a walk
Not the after dinner kind
I'm gonna use my hands
And I'm gonna use my mind
And who the hell are you to tell me what to do?
You can't even tie your own haggard shoes
Your closet is a mess, and your backyard's falling down
And I have no grand ideas or intentions of sticking around
So I'm going for a walk
Not the after dinner kind
I'm gonna use my hands
And I'm gonna use my mind
And I'm gonna build a world
Independent and exempt
All alone I'll be an empire
With no mortgage and no rent
And I don't need to live in your stinkin' up zoo
You can't even feed the animals donated to you
Your storage sheds are ramshackled, flies decorate the walls
And you expect me to die here in this shit-filled tiny stall?
I'm going for a walk
And I know you're watching everything I do
Call me threat to your children call me socially unglued
Call me master of insanity, unable to relate
Call me lazy, bane, and filthy, call me monstrous reprobate
I'm going for a walk
And there's nothing you can do
'Cause I don't have to
Live like you
I'm going for a walk
I'm going for a walk
I'm going for a walk

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