

Atomic Garden

Bad Religion

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Everybody wants to dance in a playpen
But nobody wants to play in my garden
I see the hippies on an angry line
Guess they don't get my meaning I'm enchanted by the birds in my blossoms
I'm enamored by young lovers on the weekend
I like the Fourth of July when bombs start flashing And I wish I had a shiny red top
A bugle with a big brass bell would cheer me up
Or maybe something bigger that could really go pop
So I could make the gardening stop Come out to play
Come out to play
And we'll pretend it's Christmas day
In my atomic All my scientists are working on a deadline
So my psychologist is working day and night time
They say they know what's best for me
But they don't know what they're doing And I'm glad I'm not Gorbachev 'cause I'd wiggle all night
Like jelly in a pot
At least he's got a garden with a fertile plot
And a party that will never stop Come out to play
Come out to play
And we'll pretend it's Christmas day
In my atomic I hope there's nothing wrong out there
I'm watching from my room inside my room Come out to play
Come out to play
And we'll pretend it's Christmas day
In my atomic garden

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