No Substance

Bad Religion

History doesn't make something right
Consensus is not a fact based exercise
You're tied and bound to this self-indulgent enterprise
We call AmericaA brush with a star, a token of love
A name in the sand, enough is enough
A diet of air, a face on the net
A fish in your palm, your television setOnce you convince yourself
The universe falls into place
You've got your ideas
And your posse of friends
You all make up rules
And the fun never endsBut still there's a problem leaves you gasping for air
You look for some meaning, blank smiles are all that's there
And still water stales, a soft summer breeze
You cling to your hopes while you drop to your knees
There's no substance
There's no substanceOnce you convince yourself
The universe falls into place
You've got your ideas
And your posse of friends
You all make up rules
And the fun never endsBut still there's a problem leaves you gasping for air
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And still water stales, a soft summer breeze
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There's no substanceThere's no substance
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