

My Poor Friend Me

Bad Religion

I know a man who doesn't have many friends
I know a place he lives where trouble never ends
I know it's hard for him to read 'tween the lines
And his days are getting so much shorter
He simply turns away and dons a bitter frown
His world is crumbling, his ship is weighted down
He doesn't care as long as he can wear the crown
I know this man all too well
It's my poor friend me
A portrayal of the great dichotomy
(Great dichotomy)
It's my poor friend me
And I'm running out of steam
I know there are people who are cynical and vane
They point their finger 'cause they can't accept the blame
They live their lives under a blanket of shame
And their progeny crawl from underneath it
Lately, I've come to see the solution
And it begins with me
But I'm so fallibly human
I've picked the lock but will not turn the key, yeah
Of people running scared, we live, breathe and die
Off to a world, our time is slipping on by
We have solutions, but don't even try
And I feel, I know just who to blame
It's my poor friend me
A reminder of a tragic history
(Tragic history)
It's my poor friend me
And I'm running out of steam

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