No Direction

Bad Religion

A sullen figure walks along a dusty road
His life was holy and he couldn't bear the Load
He left his people and simple life behind
He raised his torso and he looked into the sky
Shouting his questions, looking for directions
What do I do now?
Now a confused schoolgirl stares at the TV tray
The stresses of maturing compound every day
She glances up to see her favorite video
And gets ideas from Madonna's nasty clothes
In need of affection, she craves a direction
Her heroes offer her
Everyone's looking for something
And they assume somebody else knows what it is
No one can live without the decisions of their own
It seems so they look to someone else
To tell them what to be, tell 'em what to wear
Tell 'em what to say, tell 'em how to act and think
And compel others compulsively
Until the world is all like them
A righteous student came and asked me to reflect
He judged my lifestyle was politically incorrect
I don't believe in self important folks who preach
No Bad Religion song can make your life complete
Prepare for rejection
You'll get no direction from me
You'll get no direction from me
You'll get no direction from me

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