Jesus Of Suburbia

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I'm the son of rage and love the Jesus of suburbia
From the bible of none of the above on a steady diet of
Soda pop and Ritalin, no one ever died for my sins in hell
As far as I can tell at least the ones I got away with
And there's nothing wrong with me
This is how I'm supposed to be
In a land of make believe
That don't believe in me
Get my television fix sitting on my crucifix
The living room on my private womb
While the moms and brats are away
To fall in love, we fall in debt
To alcohol and cigarettes
And Mary Jane to keep me insane
Doing someone else's cocaine
And there's nothing wrong with me
This is how I'm supposed to be
In a land of make believe
That don't believe in me
At the center of the Earth
In the parking lot
Of the 7-11 were I was taught
The motto was just a lie
It says home is where your heart is
But what a shame
'Cause everyone's heart
Doesn't beat the same
It's beating out of time
City of the dead at the end of another lost highway
Signs misleading to nowhere
City of the damned lost children with dirty faces today
No one really seems to care
I read the graffiti in the bathroom stall
Like the holy scriptures of a shopping mall
And so it seemed to confess
It didn't say much but it only confirmed that
The center of the earth is the end of the world
And I could really care less
City of the dead at the end of another lost highway

Signs misleading to nowhere
City of the damned lost children with dirty faces today
No one really seems to care
I don't care if you don't
I don't care if you don't
I don't care if you don't care
I don't care if you don't
I don't care if you don't
I don't care if you don't care
I don't care if you don't

I don't care if you don't
I don't care if you don't care
I don't care if you don't
I don't care if you don't
I don't care if you don't care
I don't care
Everyone is so full of shit
Born and raised by hypocrites
Hearts recycled but never saved
From the cradle to the grave
We are the kids of war and peace
From Anaheim to the Middle East
We are the stories and disciples of
The Jesus of Suburbia
Land of make believe
And it don't believe in me
Land of make believe
I don't believe in me
I don't care!
I don't care!
I don't care!
I don't care!
I don't care!
Dearly beloved are you listening?
I can't remember a word that you were saying
Are we demented or am I disturbed?
The space that's in between insane and insecure
Oh therapy, can you please fill the void?
Am I retarded or am I just overjoyed?
Nobody's perfect and I stand accused
For lack of a better word and that's my best excuse
To live and not to breathe is to die in tragedy
To run, to run away, to fight what you believe
And I leave behind this hurricane of fucking lies

I lost my faith to this, this town that don't exist
So I run, I run away to the lights of masochists
And I leave behind this hurricane of fucking lies
And I walk this line a million and one fucking times
But not this time
I don't feel any shame, I won't apologize
When there ain't nowhere we can go
Running away from pain
When you've been victimized
Tales from another broken home
You're leaving
You're leaving
You're leaving
Ah you're leaving home

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