

Leaders and Followers

Bad Religion

There's the image of a man
Who commands a high opinion
But he hides his hatred with a sheepish grin
And beside him flanking closely
Are the boisterous hollow masses
Who lap up whatever trickles in
This intercourse of nature
This vulgar social pastime
Reflects the lowest mark of our progress
And the few who ride peripheral
Maintain subtle advantage
Fighting hard to abstain and redress
Do you know your place
In the big charade?
Are you more than they?
Leaders and followers
Leaders and followers
Recognition by proximity
And a brand new face
Just a smidgen of success pie
And a pinch of social grace
You can play with the big boys
Or you can tell them what to do
But sooner or later there's another one like you
The voyeuristic public
Of which we're all a part
Maintains perspective on the human play
And while many have desires
Of joining in the show
Many turn and go the other way
Tell me do you know your place
In the big parade?
Are you fear and shame?

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