

No Direction

Offsides

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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