

The Hopeless Housewife

Bad Religion

Oh me, oh my
Oh me, oh my
Oh me, oh my
Get out of your 1950's fantasy
Your face shines with misery transparently
Spew out that sobering
Half assed victim rhetoric
Make 'em all squirm
While they chew on it
It's a secret handshake
And a passing wink of the eye
As the witches bridge club weekly
Meets to pen the tail on the sly
But they never ask
"Why, oh why, don't we raise our voices to the sky?" Instead you're mute
And fawn just waiting to die
Like some kind of hopeless housewife
But you can change while you're alive
And let 'em all know
At least you tried
To kill the demons inside
Oh me, oh my
Oh me, oh my
Oh me, oh my
Oh me, oh my Damn your transcendental paralysis
We can work together
And make sense of this
Don't be so sure
You can chuck it all away
You got to proceed
No matter how bad you want to stay
It's a natural cause
And a comfort zone
There in your head
And the world turns away
As you tap the snooze button in bed
But nobody can hear a word you said
Your history was never read Instead you're mute and fawn
Just waiting to die

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