

# Turn On the Light

## Bad Religion

I had a friend who kept a candle in his pocket  
He used to touch it when the wind was blowin' high  
I guess it made him feel like he could bluff the system  
And when it flickered out we laid him down to die I turn on the light  
Turn on a million blinding brilliant white incendiary lights  
Yea, a beacon in the night  
I'll burn relentlessly until my juice runs dry, ya And I'll construct a rack of tempered beams and trusses  
And equip with just a million tiny suns  
I'll install upon the room of my compartment  
And place tinfoil on my floor and on my walls Then I'll turn on the light  
Turn on a million blinding brilliant white incendiary lights  
A beacon in the night  
I'll burn relentlessly until my juice runs dry

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