Losing Generation

Bad Religion

The systems of life hum accordingly
Every day, every year, every century
But, everywhere humans go things get worse
Can't you tell through the smoke in the dirty city
The jungle was once a tranquil hideaway
For the kind of trees and the mountains themselves
But man those things sell a million dollars a pound
Cut them up, dry them out, good display for the shelves
Why can't we just leave them alone?Who is the animal?
Who is that dangerous beast?
Why were the other ones made?
I know it wasn't just for our feastAnd now they're down to 250 lone souls
They're a breed of a losing generation it seems
The killers are ourselves so you know who to blame
It was man with his plan and his frightening greed
I don't think we'll ever leave them alone.

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