

# Progress

## Bad Religion

And progress is not intelligently planned  
It's the facade of our heritage  
The odor of our land  
They speak of progress  
In red, white and blue  
It's the structure of the future  
As demise comes seething through  
It's progress 'til there's nothing left to gain  
As the dearth of new ideas  
Makes us wallow in our shame  
So before you go to contribute more  
To the destruction of this world you adore  
Remember life on earth is but a flash of dawn  
And we're all part of it as the day rolls on  
And progress is a message that we send  
One step closer to the future  
One inch closer to the end  
I say progress is a synonym of time  
We are all aware of it but it's nothing we refine  
And progress is a debt we all must pay  
It's convenience we all cherish  
It's pollution we disdain  
And the cutting edge is dulling  
Too many folks to plow through  
Just keep your fuckin' distance  
And it can't include you!

Songwriters

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