

Empty Causes.

Bad Religion

Everywhere you looked there was confusion, violence, drama and drugs

So many righteous revolutionaries spouting Utopian love

Everyone shrouded in purple haze

Then one day they woke up from their dream state

They found themselves no more at peace than before

Older, meek, and conformed Empty causes

A bluster for the soul, a fix for their mind

Empty causes

Cling to everything you find Well, the shots rang out like popcorn

And the Chief was hit and rushed out of sight

The Mohawk-chain, leather brigade rejoiced maliciously on that night

Someone cried out "fuck the government"

His mates couldn't define what he meant

So no one gave him the time of day

And the scene died away Empty causes

A war for the body, an army in the mind

Empty causes

Losing steam as time goes by Could it be that everybody selfishly desires their own personal retinue

And that causes are just manifestations

Of too much time and far too little to do Empty causes

Direction for the soul, conviction for the mind

Empty causes

Cling to everything you find

Empty causes

You've got yours and I've got mine

Songwriters

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