

A Walk

Bad Religion

I'm going for a walk
not the after dinner kind
I'm gonna use my hands
and I'm gonna use my mind

And who the hell are you to tell me what to do?
you can't even tie your own haggard shoes
your closet is a mess, and your backyard's falling down
and I have no grand ideas or intentions of sticking around

I'm gonna build a world
independant and exempt
all alone I'll be an empire
with no mortgage and no rent

And I don't need to live in your stinking zoo
you can't even feed the animals donated to you
your storage sheds are ramshackled, flies decorate the walls
and you expect me to die here in this shit-filled tiny stall?

And I know you're watching! everything I do
call me threat to your children call me socially unglued
call me master of insanity, unable to relate
call me lazy, bane, and filthy
call me monstrous reprobate

I'm going for a walk and there's nothing you can do
'cuz I don't have to live like you
so I'm going for a walk