

Against the Grain

Bad Religion

Three thousand miles of wilderness overcome by the flow, a lonely
restitution of pavement, pomp and show, i seek a thousand answers, i
find but one or two, i maintain no discomfiture, my path again
renewed, against the grain, that's where i'll stay, swimming up
stream,
i maintain against the grain, here labelled as a lunatic, sequestered
and content, there ignored and defeated by the government, there's an
oriented public who's magnetic force does pull, but away from the
potential of the individual, against the grain..., the flow is getting
stronger with smaller increments of time and eddies of new ideas are
increasingly hard to find, you need all that the other has, it
is your
right to seize the day, but in all your acquisitions you will soon be
swept away, against the grain..., there's a common consensus and a
uncomfortable cheer, a reverberating Refrén that anyone can hear, it
sings "leave your cares behind you, just grab tenaciously", this
lulling sense of purpose will destroy us rapidly, against the grain...