

Dept. of False Hope

Bad Religion

Welcome my son to where the work is never done
And the hungry are seldom ever fed
The department of false hope is a proving ground for dopes
And they'll grind your tiny bones to make their bread (Hosanna)

So hold your head up high forgotten man
Tomorrow won't be made for you
And everybody's gotta try to lend a helping hand
For god and man there's nothing more to do

It crackled on the radio through bright plumes of the sun
The announcer said the age of faith was dead
Though the adolescent nation was just looking for salvation
The beast of reason reared it's ugly head (Hosanna)

So hold your head up high forgotten man
Tomorrow's not for me and you
And everybody's gotta try to lend a helping hand
For god and man there's nothing more to do

From your cradle of destruction
With the poorest of instruction
And the merest sliver of a tune
You managed somehow to muddle through

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Tomorrow's not for me and you
And everybody's gotta try to lend a helping hand
For god and man there's nothing more to do