

## 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

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