

My Poor Friend Me

Bad Religion

I know a man
Who doesn't have many friends
I know a place he lives
Where trouble never ends
I know its hard for him
To read 'tween the lines
And his days are getting so much shorter
He simply turns away
And dons a bitter frown
His world is crumbling
His ship is weighted down
He doesn't care
As long as he can wear the crown
I know this man all too well
Its my poor friend me
A portrayal of the great dichotomy
(a reminder of a tragic history)
Its my poor friend me
And I'm running out of steam
I know there are people
Who are cynical and vain
They point their finger
'cuz they can't accept the blame
They live their lives
Under a blanket of shame and their progeny
Crawl from underneath it
Lately I've come
To see the solution
And it begins with me
But I'm so fallibly human
I've picked the lock
But will not turn the key

Of people running scared
We live, breathe and die
Off to a world, our time is slipping on by
We have solutions, but don't even try
And I feel I know just who to blame