

## No Substance

Bad Religion

History doesn't make something right  
Consensus is not a fact-based exercise  
You're tied and bound to this selfindulgent enterprise...  
We call America  
A brush with a star, a token of love  
A name in the sand, enough is enough  
A diet of air, a face on the net  
A fish your palm, your television set  
Once you convince yourself  
The universe falls into place  
You've got your ideas  
And your posse of friends  
You all make up rules  
And the fun never ends  
But still there's a problem that leaves you gasping for air  
You look for some meaning, blank smiles are all that's there  
And still water stales a soft summer breeze  
You cling to your hopes while your drop to your knees  
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