

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
There's no substance
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