

## Struck a Nerve

Bad Religion

There's an old man on a city bus  
Holding a candy cane  
And it isn't even christmas  
He see's a note in the obituary  
That his last friend has died  
There's an infant clinging  
To his overweight mother in the cold  
As they go to shop for cigarettes  
And she spends her last dollar  
On a bottle of vodka for tonight  
And I guess it struck a nerve  
Like I had to squint my eyes  
You can never get out  
Of the line of sight  
Like a barren winter day  
Or a patch of unburned green  
Like a tragic real dream  
I guess it struck a nerve  
Every day I wander  
In negative disposition  
As I'm bombarded by superlatives  
Realizing very well that I am not alone  
Introverted  
I look to tomorrow for salvation  
But I'm thinking altruistically  
And a wave of overwhelming doubt  
Turns me to stone  
And I guess it struck a nerve  
Sent a murmur to my heart  
We just haven't got time  
To crack the maze  
Like a magic speeding clock  
Or a cancer in our cells  
A collision in the dark  
I guess it struck a nerve  
I try to close my eyes  
But I cannot ignore the stimuli  
If theres a purpose for us all  
It remains a secret to me  
Don't ask me to justify my life