

The Hippy Killers

Bad Religion

Our Apocalypse 1981
Teenage vagrants lookin' for some fun
A renewed promise of prosperity
A vulgar platform for the world to see
We were
The hippy killers
Busted refuse from broken homes
Pocked flesh and malacious bones
Creatures sustained by desire, heart, and soul
Nothing to leave and nowhere to go
We were
The hippy killers
Good days during horrible times
Overused bodies, neglected minds
Should to shoulder we formed as one
The next miserable generation
We were
The hippy killers