

## The Streets of America

Bad Religion

Desolate and without purpose  
radiating from so many septic sources  
forming the fabric of a wayward people  
disappearing as the vestiges of our past

Scratched like tartan into virgin soil  
a substrate for progress and disarray  
a spreading network of broken dreams  
searching for a thoroughfare to take us away

Just a little tale from the streets of America (say a little prayer)  
sparkled promises paved with pathos and hysteria  
trenchant, weary native sons  
step back  
and see the damage done  
meander to the horizon (shoot straight to the horizon)  
the streets of America

Black, tarred concrete  
pine for me  
lying dormant  
for you and country  
hardened surface  
cracked within  
catch the sweat  
from off the chin

Of men and women  
senior and child  
who look to you  
and your sterile miles  
and in their stares  
is bald dismay  
for what you promised  
led them astray

Hard-cracked, daunting, lifeless veins  
false hope corridors to greener pastures is all that remains