

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