

Nothing to Dismay

Bad Religion

Now there's a list of catalysts that hold the heart at bay.
They grip the mind and sap the soul and feed on your dismay.
And I never understood why you can't see the world this way.
The lines are drawn at the break of dawn; there's nothing to dismay.

It's no, no, no security.
No, no, no security.
No, no, no security.
Nothing to dismay.

It's no, no, no security.
No, no, no security.
No, no, no security.
Nothing to dismay.

The dissonance runs deep in me, resort to weak applause.
Associate and denigrate the root without a cause.
And just because the overwhelming odds are stacked away,
What good is should if at most I would? But nothing to dismay.

It's no, no, no security.
No, no, no security.
No, no, no security.
Nothing to dismay.

It's no, no, no security.
No, no, no security.
No, no, no security.
Nothing to dismay.

Well it's just a solo journey,
Bewildered and astray.
But pay no mind to what you find;
There's nothing to dismay.

It's no, no...
No, no...
No, no...
Nothing to dismay, yeah.

No, no, no security.
No, no, no security.
No, no, no security.
Nothing to dismay.

It's no, no, no security.
No, no, no security.
No, no, no security.
Nothing to dismay.

It's nothing,
Nothing to dismay.