Atomic Garden

Bad Religion

Everybody wants to dance in a playpen but nobody wants to play in my garden I see the hippies on an angry line guess they don't get my meaning I'm enchanted by the birds in my blossoms I'm enamored by young lovers on the weekend I like the Fourth of July when bombs start flashing and I wish I had a shiny red top a bugle with a big brass bell would cheer me up or maybe something bigger that could really go pop! so I could make the gardening stop come out to play come out to play and we'll pretend it's Christmas Day in my atomic garden all my scientists are working on a deadline so my psychologist is working day and night time they say they know what's best for me but tehye don't know what they're doing and I'm glad I'm not Gorbachev 'cause I'd wiggle all night like jelly in a pot at leats he's got a garden with a fertile plot and a party that will never stop I hope there's nothing wrong out there I'm watching from my room inside my room