

Blenderhead

Bad Religion

Flyin' through a dark prismatic tunnel on a carousel
The earth is turnin' and you know it very well
Your mind is reeling like ten helicopters wheelin'
And you're gonna hit the ceilin' like a mallet on a bell

Hey, blenderhead
They're starting to ask questions
Your transgressions a danger flashing sign
Challenge conventions and radiate your splendor
And feel those flywheels churn your blender
Head, yeah

Tally up the gleaming blender ventured on a wishing well
Each shining trinket has a story it can tell
Your moments pining like those tales all intertwining
Can become the rusted linin' of a deep neglected shell

Hey, blenderhead
You ask so many questions
Your confusion's a life affirming sign
Break from tradition and carry on with valor
And feel those flywheels churn your blender
Head, yeah