

Leaders and Followers

Bad Religion

There's the image of a man
Who commands a high opinion
But he hides his hatred with a sheepish grin

And beside him flanking closely
Are the boisterous hollow masses
Who lap up whatever trickles in

This intercourse of nature,
This vulgar social pastime
Reflects the lowest mark of our progress

And the few who ride peripheral
Maintain subtle advantage
Fighting hard to abstain and redress

Do you know your place
In the big charade?
Are you more than they?

Leaders and followers
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Recognition by proximity
And a brand new face
Just a smidgen of success pie
And a pinch of social grace
You can play with the big boys
Or you can tell them what to do
But sooner or later there's another one like you

The voyeuristic public
Of which we're all a part
Maintains perspective on the human play

And while many have desires
Of joining in the show
Many turn and go the other way

Tell me do you know your place
In the big parade?
Are you fear and shame?