

## My Poor Friend Me

Bad Religion

I know a man  
Who doesn't have many friends  
I know a place he lives  
Where trouble never ends  
I know its hard for him  
To read 'tween the lines  
And his days are getting so much shorter  
He simply turns away  
And dons a bitter frown  
His world is crumbling  
His ship is weighted down  
He doesn't care  
As long as he can wear the crown  
I know this man all too well  
Its my poor friend me  
A portrayal of the great dichotomy  
(a reminder of a tragic history)  
Its my poor friend me  
And I'm running out of steam  
I know there are people  
Who are cynical and vain  
They point their finger  
'cuz they can't accept the blame  
They live their lives  
Under a blanket of shame and their progeny  
Crawl from underneath it  
Lately I've come  
To see the solution  
And it begins with me  
But I'm so fallibly human  
I've picked the lock  
But will not turn the key

Of people running scared  
We live, breathe and die  
Off to a world, our time is slipping on by  
We have solutions, but don't even try  
And I feel I know just who to blame