

Struck a Nerve

Bad Religion

There's an old man on a city bus
Holding a candy cane
And it isn't even christmas
He see's a note in the obituary
That his last friend has died
There's an infant clinging
To his overweight mother in the cold
As they go to shop for cigarettes
And she spends her last dollar
On a bottle of vodka for tonight
And I guess it struck a nerve
Like I had to squint my eyes
You can never get out
Of the line of sight
Like a barren winter day
Or a patch of unburned green
Like a tragic real dream
I guess it struck a nerve
Every day I wander
In negative disposition
As I'm bombarded by superlatives
Realizing very well that I am not alone
Introverted
I look to tomorrow for salvation
But I'm thinking altruistically
And a wave of overwhelming doubt
Turns me to stone
And I guess it struck a nerve
Sent a murmur to my heart
We just haven't got time
To crack the maze
Like a magic speeding clock
Or a cancer in our cells
A collision in the dark
I guess it struck a nerve
I try to close my eyes
But I cannot ignore the stimuli
If theres a purpose for us all
It remains a secret to me
Don't ask me to justify my life