

## **Bad Religion**

### **"A Walk"**

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I'm going for a walk  
Not the after dinner kind  
I'm gonna use my hands  
And I'm gonna use my mind

And who the hell are you to tell me what to do?  
You can't even tie your own haggard shoes  
Your closet is a mess, and your backyard's falling  
down  
And I have no grand ideas or intentions of sticking  
around

So I'm going for a walk  
Not the after dinner kind  
I'm gonna use my hands  
And I'm gonna use my mind

And I'm gonna build a world  
Independent and exempt  
All alone I'll be an empire  
With no mortgage and no rent

And I don't need to live in your stinkin' up zoo  
You can't even feed the animals donated to you  
Your storage sheds are ramshackled, flies decorate  
the walls  
And you expect me to die here in this shit-filled tiny  
stall?  
I'm going for a walk

And I know you're watching everything I do  
Call me threat to your children call me socially unglued  
Call me master of insanity, unable to relate  
Call me lazy, bane, and filthy, call me monstrous  
reprobate

I'm going for a walk  
And there's nothing you can do  
'Cause I don't have to  
Live like you

I'm going for a walk

I'm going for a walk

I'm going for a walk

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