

## **Bad Religion**

### **"Atomic Garden-"**

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Everybody wants to dance in a playpen  
But nobody wants to play in my garden  
I see the hippies on an angry line  
Guess they don't get my meaning

I'm enchanted by the birds in my blossoms  
I'm enamored by young lovers on the weekend  
I like the Fourth of July  
When bombs start flashing

And I wish I had a shiny red top  
A bugle with a big brass bell would cheer me up  
Or maybe something bigger that could really go pop!  
So I could make the gardening stop

Come out to play  
Come out to play  
And we'll pretend it's Christmas Day  
In my atomic

All my scientists are working on a deadline  
So my psychologist is working day and night time  
They say they know what's best for me  
But they don't know what they're doing

And I'm glad I'm not Gorbachev  
'Cause I'd wiggle all night  
Like jelly in a pot  
At least he's got a garden with a fertile plot  
And a party that will never stop

Come out to play  
Come out to play  
And we'll pretend it's Christmas Day  
In my atomic

I hope there's nothing wrong out there  
I'm watching from my room inside my room  
Come out to play  
Come out to play  
Come out to play  
And we'll pretend it's Christmas day in my atomic

garden

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