

Bad Religion

"You"

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There's a place where everyone can be happy.
It's the most beautiful place in the whole fucking world.
It's made of candy canes and planes and bright red
choo-choo trains,
And the meanest little boys and the most innocent little
girls,
And you know I wish that I could got there.
It's a road that I have not found.
And I wish you the best of luck, dear.
Drop a card or letter to my side of town.
Because there's no time for fussing and fighting my
friend,
But baby I'm amazed at the hate that you can send and
You... painted my entire world.
But I... don't have the turpentine to clean what you have
soiled.
And I won't forget it.

There's a place where everyone can be right,
Even though you remain determined to be opposed.
Admittance requires no qualifications:
It's where everyone has been and where everybody
goes.
So please try not to be impatient,
For we all hate standing in line.
And when the farm is good and bought, you'll be there
without a thought,
And eternity, my friend, is a long fucking time.
Because there's no time for fussing and fighting my
friend,
But baby I'm amazed at the hate that you can send and
You... painted my entire world.
But I... don't have the turpentine to clean what you have
soiled.
And I won't forget it.

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