

## **The Hush Now "Traditions"**

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Years spent on  
Droning hymns  
At Sunday school  
(Our Father, son and holy ghost)  
Prostrate on  
Orders culled  
From ancient rule  
(Don't tell them where old hands may go)

Just sit down  
And shut up and don't think  
'til we turn you on  
Just sit down  
And shut up and don't speak  
Cause there's nothing wrong

Honor codes  
Carved in stone  
With blood and bone  
(Lost on their Fields of friendly strife)  
It's not enough  
To say you  
Just don't know  
(How dare you come through it alive)

Now raise a  
Picket fence  
And settle down  
(It's time you found yourself a life)  
You're much too  
Old to sit and  
Play the clown  
(You have no right to feel alive)

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