

I'm the son of rage and love
The (1) of suburbia
From the Bible of
None of the above
On a steady diet of
Soda pop and Ritalin
No one ever died for my sins in hell
As far as I can tell
At least the ones I got away with
And there's nothing wrong with me
This is how I'm supposed to be
In the land of make believe
That don't believe in me
Get my television fix
Sitting on my crucifix a (2) room
Sitting on my crucifix a (2) room On my private womb
On my private womb
On my private womb While the Moms and Brads are away
On my private womb While the Moms and Brads are away To fall in love and fall in debt
On my private womb While the Moms and Brads are away To fall in love and fall in debt To alcohol and cigarettes
On my private womb While the Moms and Brads are away To fall in love and fall in debt To alcohol and cigarettes And mary jane
On my private womb While the Moms and Brads are away To fall in love and fall in debt To alcohol and cigarettes And mary jane To keep me insane
On my private womb While the Moms and Brads are away To fall in love and fall in debt To alcohol and cigarettes And mary jane To keep me insane Doing someone else's cocaine
On my private womb While the Moms and Brads are away To fall in love and fall in debt To alcohol and cigarettes And mary jane To keep me insane Doing someone else's cocaine And there's nothing wrong with me
On my private womb While the Moms and Brads are away To fall in love and fall in debt To alcohol and cigarettes And mary jane To keep me insane Doing someone else's cocaine And there's nothing wrong with me This is how I'm supposed to be
On my private womb While the Moms and Brads are away To fall in love and fall in debt To alcohol and cigarettes And mary jane To keep me insane Doing someone else's cocaine And there's nothing wrong with me This is how I'm supposed to be In the land of make believe

Of the 7-11 where I was taught



It says home is (3)	your heart is
But what a shame	
'Cause everyone's heart	
Doesn't beat the same	
It's beating out of time	
City of the dead	
At the end of another (4)	highway
Signs misleading to nowhere	
City of the damned	
Lost children (5) dirty	/ faces today
No one really seems to care	
I read the (6)	_ in the bathroom stall
Like the holy (7)	of a shopping mall
And so it seemed to confess	
It didn't say much	
But it only confirmed that	
The (8) of the e	arth
Is the end of the world	
And I could really care less	
City of the dead	
At the end of another lost highw	ay
Signs misleading to nowhere	
City of the damned	
Lost (9) (1	0) dirty faces today
No one really (11)	to care
Hey!	
I don't (12) if you don	n't
I don't care if you don't	

I don't care if you don't care



I can't remember a (20)	(21)	you (22)	_ saying
Dearly beloved, are you listening?			
I don't care!			
And I don't care!			
And I don't believe			
Land of make believe			
And it don't (19)	in me		
Land of make believe			
The Jesus of Suburbia			
We are the (18)	and disciples o	f	
From Anaheim to the Middle East			
We are the (17) of war	and peace		
From the cradle to the grave			
Hearts recycled but never saved			
Born and raised by hypocrits			
Everyone's so full of shit			
I don't care			
I don't (16) if you don't	care		
I don't care if you don't			
I don't care if you don't			
I don't care if you don't care			
I don't care if you don't			
I don't (15) if you don't			
I don't (14) if you don't	care		
I don't (13) if you don't			

Are we demented or am I disturbed?



The space that's in between insane and insecure

(Oh) therapy, can you please fill t	the void?		
Am I retarded or am I just overjoy	/ed?		
Nobody's perfect and I (23)	accused		
For lack of a (24)	word, and that's my	(25)	excuse
To live			
And not to breathe			
Is to die			
In tragedy			
To run			
To run away			
To find			
What you believe			
And I			
Leave behind			
This hurricane of ****** lies			
I lost			
My (26) to this			
This town			
That don't exist			
So I run			
I run away			
The light			
Of masochist			
And I			
Leave behind			
This (27)	of ****** lies		
And I			
Walked this line			

A million and one ****** times



But not this time

I don't feel any shame
I won't apologize
When there ain't nowhere you can go
Running away (28) pain
When you've been victimized
Tales from another broken
Home
You're leaving
You're leaving
You're leaving

(Ah!) You're leaving home...

Fill in the gaps

SUB inglés

1. Jesus

- 2. living
- 3. where
- 4. lost
- 5. with
- 6. graffiti
- 7. scriptures
- 8. center
- 9. children
- 10. with
- 11. seems
- 12. care
- 13. care
- 14. care
- 15. care
- 16. care
- 17. kids
- 18. stories
- 19. believe
- 20. word
- 21. that
- 22. were
- 23. stand
- 24. better
- 25. best
- 26. faith
- 27. hurricane
- 28. from

Fill in the gaps