

inglés
Jesus Of Suburbia by
I'm the son of rage and love
The Jesus 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 living room
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
That don't believe in me
At the center of the Earth
In the parking lot
Of the 7-11 where I was taught



The motto was (1)_____ a lie

It (2) home is where (3)	heart is
But (4) a shame	
'Cause everyone's heart	
Doesn't beat the same	
It's (5) out of time	
City of the dead	
At the end of another lost highway	
Signs misleading to nowhere	
City of the damned	
Lost children with dirty faces today	
No one really seems to care	
I read the graffiti in the bathroom stall	
Like the holy scriptures of a shopping mall	
And so it (6) to confess	
It didn't say much	
But it (7) confirmed that	
The center of the earth	
Is the end of the world	
And I (8) really care less	
City of the dead	
At the end of another lost highway	
Signs misleading to nowhere	
City of the damned	
Lost children with dirty faces today	
No one really seems to care	
Hey!	
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 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 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 care if you don't
I don't care if you don't care
I don't care
Everyone's so (9) of shit
Born and raised by hypocrits
Hearts recycled but (10) saved
From the cradle to the grave
We are the kids of war and peace
From Anaheim to the Middle East
We are the stories and disciples of
The (11) of Suburbia
Land of make believe
And it don't believe in me
Land of make believe
And I don't believe
And I don't care!
I don't care!
I don't care!
I don't care!
I don't care!
Dearly beloved, are you listening?
I can't remember a word that you were saving

Are we demented or am I disturbed?



The space that's in between insane and insecure

(Oh) therapy, can you please fill the void?
Am I retarded or am I (12) overjoyed?
Nobody's perfect and I stand accused
For lack of a better word, and that's my best 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 (13) lies
I lost
My (14) to this
This town
That don't exist
So I run
I run away
The light
Of masochist
And I
Leave behind
This (15) 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 (16) from 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...



1. just

- 2. says
- 3. your
- 4. what
- 5. beating
- 6. seemed
- 7. only
- 8. could
- 9. full
- 10. never
- 11. Jesus
- 12. just
- 13. ******
- 14. faith
- 15. hurricane
- 16. away