Jesus Of Suburbia by Green Day

Fill in the gaps

I'm the son of rage and love
The Jesus of suburbia
From the Bible of
None of the above
On a (1) 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 (2) 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 just a lie

It says (3) is where your (4) 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 lost highway
Signs misleading to nowhere
City of the damned
Lost children (5) 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 seemed to confess
It didn't say much
But it only (6) that
The center of the earth
Is the end of the world
And I could 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 (7) 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 full of shit Born and raised by hypocrits Hearts recycled but never 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 Jesus 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?

Are we demented or am I disturbed?

I can't remember a word (8)_____ you were saying



The space that's in between insane and insecure
(Oh) therapy, can you please fill the void?
Am I retarded or am I just 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 ******* lies
I lost
My faith to this
This town
That don't exist
So I run
I run away
The light
Of masochist
And I
Leave behind
This hurricane 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 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. steady

- 2. supposed
- 3. home
- 4. heart
- 5. with
- 6. confirmed
- 7. seems
- 8. that