Fill in the gaps

Jesus Of Suburbia by Green Day

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 (1)_____ the ones I got away with

And there's (2)_____ 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

Fill in the gaps

The motto was just a lie

It says home is where 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 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 (3)_____ of a shopping mall

And so it (4)_____ to confess

It didn't say much

But it only confirmed 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 seems to care

Hey!

I don't (5)_____ if you don't

I don't care if you don't

I don't care if you don't care

Fill in the gaps

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 (6)_____ 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?

I can't remember a word that you were saying

Are we demented or am I disturbed?

Fill in the gaps

The (7)_____ 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

Fill in the gaps

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 (8)_____ another broken

Home

You're leaving...

You're leaving...

You're leaving...

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

Fill in the gaps

Answer

1. least
2. nothing
3. scriptures
4. seemed
5. care
6. care
7. space
8. from