

Bad Religion - The Positive Aspect Of Negative Thinking

Tom: G

Let's gath^Der 'round the carcass of the old deflated bea^Ast,
 We have seen it through the accolades and rested in its lea^G,
 Syntactic is our elegance, incisive our disease,
 The swath endogenous of ourselves will be our quandary,^D
 We've nestled in its hollow and we've suckled at its breast,^A
 Grandiloquent our attitude, impassioned yet inept,^G
 Frivolous gavel our design, ludicrous our threat,^D
 Excursive expeditions leave us holding less and less,^A

So what does it mean?

When we tell ourselves it's only for a while we have been deceived^F
 And it's only for a moment that the treasures of our day make^{Bb}
 Life easier to complicate, the treasure thrown away,^F
 I'm so tired of all the fucked up minds^C
 Of all the terrorist religions and their bullshit lines,^{Bb}
 Of all the hand-me-downs from all industrial crimes^{G Ab F}
 And the weeping mothers and those who are led so blind,^{G Ab F}
 From the plastic protests and the hands of time^{G Ab F}
 And the pursuit of mirth and all hating kind^{G Ab F}

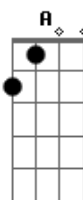
Acordes



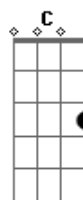
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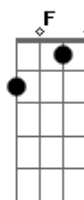
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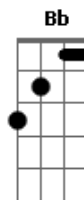
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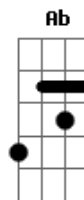
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