Jesus Of Suburbia by Green Day

I'm the son of rage and love
The Jesus of suburbia
From the (1) 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 (2) to be
In the land of make believe
That don't believe in me
Get my (3) fix
Sitting on my (4) a living room
On my private womb
While the Moms and (5) are away
To (6) in love and fall in debt
To alcohol and cigarettes
And (7) jane
To keep me insane
Doing someone else's cocaine
And there's nothing wrong (8) me
This is how I'm supposed to be
In the land of (9) believe
That don't (10) in me
At the center of the Earth
In the parking lot
Of the 7-11 where I was taught



It says home is (11)	(12)	(13)	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 high	way		
Signs (14)	to now	here	
City of the damned			
Lost children (15)	dirty faces tod	ay	
No one really seems to care			
I read the graffiti in the (16)		stall	
Like the holy scriptures of a sh	nopping mall		
And so it seemed 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 high	way		
Signs (17)	to now	here	
City of the damned			
Lost (18)	with dirty fac	es 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 (19) if you d	on't care		

SUB inglês

Tabilit dale ii you dollt
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 (20) 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 (21) 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 (22) you were saying
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 just overjoyed?			
Nobody's perfect and I (24) 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			
llost			
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 (25) 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 (26) 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. Bible
- 2. supposed
- 3. television
- 4. crucifix
- 5. Brads
- 6. fall
- 7. mary
- 8. with
- 9. make
- 10. believe
- 11. where
- 12. your
- 13. heart
- 14. misleading
- 15. with
- 16. bathroom
- 17. misleading
- 18. children
- 19. care
- 20. full
- 21. disciples
- 22. word
- 23. that
- 24. stand
- 25. hurricane
- 26. nowhere