

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 steady diet of	
Soda pop and Ritalin	
No one ever (1) for my (2)	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 (3) room	
On my private womb	
While the Moms and Brads are away	
To (4) 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



U inglés
The motto was (5) 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 (6) lost highway
Signs misleading to nowhere
City of the damned
Lost children with dirty (7) 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 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 (8) highway
Signs misleading to nowhere
City of the damned
Lost children with dirty (9) 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 (10) 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 (11) 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 (12) 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 (13) East
We are the (14) 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 (15) saying
Are we (16) or am I disturbed?



Fill in the gaps

The (17)_____ that's in between insane and insecure

(Oh) therapy, can you please	fill the void?	
Am I (18)	or am I just overjoyed?	
Nobody's (19)	and I stand accused	
For lack of a better word, and	that's my (20)	excuse
To live		
And not to breathe		
ls to die		
In tragedy		
To run		
To run away		
To find		
What you believe		
And I		
Leave behind		
This hurricane of ****** lies		
lost		
My faith to this		
This town		
That don't exist		
So I run		
l 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...

SUB inglés

1. died

- 2. sins
- 3. living
- 4. fall
- 5. just
- 6. another
- 7. faces
- 8. lost
- 9. faces
- 10. care
- 11. care
- 12. full
-
- 13. Middle
- 14. stories
- 15. were
- 16. demented
- 17. space
- 18. retarded
- 19. perfect
- 20. best