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 least the (1) I got away with		
And there's (2) wrong with me		
This is how I'm supposed to be		
In the land of (3) believe		
That don't believe in me		
Get my television fix		
Sitting on my crucifix a living room		
On my private womb		
While the (4) 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 (5) wrong with me		
This is how I'm (6) to be		
In the land of (7) believe		
That don't (8) in me		
At the center of the Earth		
In the parking lot		
Of the 7-11 where I was taught		



inglés	
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 (9) in the (10)	stall
Like the holy scriptures of a (11) 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 (12) really care less	
City of the dead	
At the end of another lost highway	
Signs misleading to nowhere	
City of the damned	
Lost (13) with dirty faces 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 (14) 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 (15) 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 (16) East
We are the stories and disciples of
The Jesus of Suburbia
Land of make believe
And it don't (17) 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 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 (18)_____ 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 (19)_____ 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 _____ of ****** lies This (20)_ 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 (21)	you can go
Running away from pain	
When you've been victimized	
Tales (22) another broken	
Home	
You're leaving	
You're leaving	
You're leaving	

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



1. ones

- 2. nothing
- 3. make
- 4. Moms
- 5. nothing
- 6. supposed
- 7. make
- 8. believe
- 9. graffiti
- 10. bathroom
- 11. shopping
- 12. could
- 13. children
- 14. care
- 15. care
- 16. Middle
- 17. believe
- 18. better
- 19. ******
- 20. hurricane
- 21. nowhere
- 22. from