# 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 (1) for my sins in hell
As far as I can tell
At (2) 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 living room
On my private womb
While the (3) and (4) 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
In the land of make believe  That don't believe in me
That don't believe in me



### The motto was (5)\_\_\_\_\_ a lie

It (6) home is where your heart is
But what a shame
'Cause everyone's heart
Doesn't (7) 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 scriptures of a shopping mall
And so it seemed to confess
It didn't say much
But it (8) confirmed that
The (9) 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 (10) 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 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 if you don't
I don't (12) 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 (13) East
We are the stories and disciples of
We are the stories and disciples of The Jesus of Suburbia
The Jesus of Suburbia
The Jesus of Suburbia  Land of make believe
The Jesus of Suburbia  Land of make believe  And it don't (14) in me
The Jesus of Suburbia  Land of make believe  And it don't (14) in me  Land of make believe
The Jesus of Suburbia  Land of make believe  And it don't (14) in me  Land of make believe  And I don't believe
The Jesus of Suburbia  Land of make believe  And it don't (14) in me  Land of make believe  And I don't believe  And I don't care!
The Jesus of Suburbia  Land of make believe  And it don't (14) in me  Land of make believe  And I don't believe  And I don't care!  I don't care!
The Jesus of Suburbia  Land of make believe  And it don't (14) in me  Land of make believe  And I don't believe  And I don't care!  I don't care!
The Jesus of Suburbia  Land of make believe  And it don't (14)

Are we demented or am I disturbed?



## Fill in the gaps

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 (16)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (17)	you can go
Running away from pain	
When you've been victimized	
Tales (18) another broken	
Home	
You're leaving	
You're leaving	
You're leaving	

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



- 1. died
- 2. least
- 3. Moms
- 4. Brads
- 5. just
- 6. says
- 7. beat
- 8. only
- 9. center
- 10. faces
- 11. care
- 12. care
- 13. Middle
- 14. believe
- 15. space
- 16. \*\*\*\*\*\*
- 17. nowhere
- 18. from