

Dept Of False Hope
Bad Religion

Bm

Welcome, my son,

A

To where the work is never done

F#

G

And the hungry are seldom ever fed.

Bm

The department of false hope

A

Is a proving ground for dopes.

D

E F#

And they ll grind your tiny bones to make their bread. (Hosanna.)

G

D

A

F# C# D

So hold your head up high, forgotten man.

G

D

A

F# C# D

Tomorrow won t be made for you.

G

D

A

F# C# D

And everybody s gotta try to lend a helping hand.

G

A

D

For god and man, there s nothing more to do.

Bm

It crackled on the radio

A

Through bright plumes of the sun.

F#

G

The announcer said the age of faith was dead.

Bm

Though the adolescent nation

A

Was just looking for salvation,

D

E F#

The beast of reason reared its ugly head. (Hosanna.)

G

D

A

F# C# D

So hold your head up high, forgotten man.

G

D

A

F# C# D

Tomorrow s not for me and you.

G

D

A

F# C# D

And everybody s gotta try to lend a helping hand.

G

A

D

For god and man, there s nothing more to do.

Bm

A

F# G

Bm

A

D E F#

G

From your cradle of destruction,

A

With the poorest of instruction

Bm

A

G

And the merest sliver of a tune,

F#

C# D

Oh, you managed somehow to muddle through.

G

D

A

F# C# D

So hold your head up high, forgotten man.

G

D

A

F# C# D

Tomorrow s not for me and you.

G

D

A

F# C# D

And everybody s gotta try to lend a helping hand.

G

A

D Bm

For god and man, there s nothing more to do.

G

A

There is nothing more...