Catholic Pagans

Surfer Blood

Never could
Be still for long
And I could never hold a job.Coupled with
A weakness for cocaine and liquor
Not much you can do for love.When I met you,
I broke the mold.
I fell apart and combed my hair.Whiskey stinks
For ten whole days
Stayed off the streets at night for weeks.I don't wanna be a catholic pagan
Now that you're here.
We fell in awe each other for love,
Survival, and everything else.Please don't padlock
Your parents' bomb shelter,
Or fill her up with dust and ash.A landfill mecca
For burnouts and whistlers,
Adolescent sour mash.I'm not saying
That I'm unloved,
But I could really use it now.So turn out the lights
Over and over and over,
We'll figure out the rest somehow.I don't wanna be your rush-in bride,
Not anymore.
But I could say
Apollo would have a field day if he knew at all.Sooo, I have to gooo...
Ohhhh, have to goooo...

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