

Drunk Kid Catholic

Bright Eyes

The drunk kids, the catholics, they're all about the same
They're waiting for something, hoping to be saved
Well, I have been happy the past couple days
Just thinking of the women who've taken your place
And every night I think I certainly won't ever sleep sober or
alone
And then suddenly it occurs to me, I've slept alone before you
And so I pour myself the stiffest drink, my
stomach can stand
And convince myself to lay back down again
I'm gonna lay back down, I'm gonna lay back down again
The drunk kids, the catholics, they're all about the same
They're waiting for something, hoping to be saved
The drunk kids, the catholics, they're all about the same
They're waiting for something, hoping to be saved
The drunk kids, the catholics, they're all about the same
They're waiting for something, hoping to be saved
They crawl from the oceans to paint in the caves
But I'm working all weekend, I need to get paid
They crawl from the oceans to paint in the caves
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