

# Drunk Girls (Holy Ghost! Remix)

## LCD Soundsystem

Drunk girls, drunk girls  
Drunk girls, drunk girls Drunk girls, drunk girls cause a couple of heart attacks  
Drunk girls, drunk girls are unusually mild  
But drunk boys, drunk boys keep in pace with the pedophiles  
Drunk girls, drunk girls are boringly wild Drunk girls, drunk girls get invitations from nations  
Drunk girls, they got the patience of a million of saints for sake  
Drunk boys, they steal, they steal from the cupboards  
Drunk girls, drunk girls like to file complaints Drunk girls, drunk girls are like a night of simplicity  
Drunk girls, they need a lover who is smarter than me  
Well, drunk boys, drunk boys, we walk like pedestrians  
Drunk girls, now drunk girls wait an hour to pee Drunk girls, drunk girls know that love is an astronaut  
Drunk girls, it comes back but it's never the same  
Drunk boys, drunk boys, drunk boys, drunk boys  
Drunk girls can be just as insane Oh, oh, oh, I believe in waking up together  
So oh, oh, that means making eyes across the room Drunk girls, just 'cause I'm shallow doesn't mean that I'm  
heartless  
Drunk girls, just 'cause I'm heartless doesn't mean that I'm mean  
But drunk boys, sometimes love gives us too many options  
Drunk girls, just 'cause you're hungry doesn't mean that you're lean Drunk girls, I've heard lies that could  
curdle your heartstrings  
Drunk girls, a couple truths, maybe burn out your eyes  
But drunk boys, drunk boys leave their irons in the fireplace  
Drunk girls, drunk girls give them too many tries Drunk girls, drunk girls, drunk girls, drunk girls  
Drunk girls, drunk girls, drunk girls, drunk girls  
Drunk girls, drunk girls, drunk girls, drunk girls  
Drunk girls, drunk girls, drunk girls, drunk Oh, oh, oh, I believe in waking up together  
Oh, oh, oh, I believe I'm waking up but no promises  
Oh, oh, oh, I believe in waiting out the weather  
Oh, oh, oh, I believe in making up The day becomes the night  
(Oh, oh, I believe in waking up)  
The day becomes the night  
(Oh, oh, I believe in waking up) The day becomes the night  
(Oh, oh, I believe in waking up)  
The day becomes the night Honestly, honestly, honestly  
Unless it hurts, why do it?  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, oh

Songwriters

Russom, Gavin / Murphy, James Jeremiah / Mahoney, Patrick Published by

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