

Catholic Knees

Taking Back Sunday

Dusting off the old life from my Catholic knees
I scraped them up good, I scraped them up good
You doctored them clean
Oh yes, we are patient, patient
Salt-licked wounds merely bruised
None of that'll matter soon
On some ancient day, see how much you can take
None of that'll matter
So everything was moving so fast
Everything was moving so fast
Before my hands had the chance to grow
All I was told
Good enough's as good as it's gonna get
Yeah, good enough's as good as you'll ever get
S-s-see I, I made a conscious decision
To shake the skin I was stuck in
It stretched my bones, believe in nothing

I can't quite seem to catch my breath
But I cannot forget
That none of that'll matter soon
None of that'll matter soon
Lord, please keep my feet flat on the ground
Everything was moving so fast
Everything was moving so fast
But that's where you came in
Yeah, here we are, yeah, here I am
That's where you came in
Now, here we are
Lord, please keep my feet flat on the ground
Lord, keep my feet flat on the ground
Everything was moving so fast
Everything was moving so fast

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