

Drunk Girls (Live At Madison Square Garden)

LCD Soundsystem

Drunk girls, drunk girls
Drunk girls, drunk girlsDrunk 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 wildDrunk 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 complaintsDrunk 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 peeDrunk 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 insaneOh, oh, oh, I believe in waking up together
So oh, oh, that means making eyes across the roomDrunk 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 leanDrunk 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 triesDrunk 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, drunkOh, 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 upThe 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 nightHonestly, honestly, honestly
Unless it hurts, why do it?
Hey, hey, hey, hey, oh

Songwriters

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