

Patricide

Single Mothers

We're like slow motion shooting stars
Mid-swell and dying at the local bar
Getting pretty and gritty
In those backyards and parked cars
Now she's got this look in her eye
Like she's surprised, but she don't know why
She said "I only believe in patricide"
Daddy's little girl gone wild
Round up and call for the sacrifice
Wednesday night happy hour kind of riot
And mornings at the farmers' market
I need god about as much as she needs me
Something like an ongoing rivalry
I need god about as much as she needs me
Something like cutting down your own family tree
I know things have been crazy lately
Come on, don't make me beg for it, baby
I know you're worried about your mom and dad
But we both know you're better than that
We saw a lot of things, completely unnecessarily
Promises being made with no real intentions to keep
I need god about as much as she needs me
Something like an ongoing rivalry
I need god about as much as she needs me
Something like cutting down your own family tree
We were chasing a disaster
Driving around town in your Saturn
Bad behavioural patterns
Like the next day didn't matter
Dove head first into the sequel
The one where they brought back Jesus
The one that got us all believing
The one where they left him bleeding
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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