

# Saturday As Usual

## Bright Eyes

Virginia is almost sleeping  
The night is getting older  
There's static on the TV  
She's lying on the sofa  
The cats crawl over her  
Jenny is in the garage  
She's got the car in neutral  
She rolls it out so quietly  
It's Saturday as usual  
It always is  
And me I'm in my bedroom drawing in my notebook  
'Cause my hand thinks I'm an artist  
But my heart knows I'm a poet  
It's just words they mean so little to me, so little to me, so little to me  
So little to me, so little to me, so little to me, so little to me  
That I can't seem to deal with total trust  
There is something very wrong with me  
Daddy's in the backyard  
His hands are getting dirty  
And mom is in the kitchen  
And her cake says that I'm thirteen  
Another year  
My brother went to college  
To become a doctor  
And if he studies hard enough  
He'll end up just like father  
Who hates his life  
And me I'm in the bathroom  
Cryin' out my eyelids, 'cause it's hard to be a man  
When you are scared just like a little kid  
World's become a little too mean, a little too mean, a little too mean  
A little too mean, a little too mean, a little too mean  
And I can't see the point of patient love  
When everyone just wants to get fucked

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