

# Drunk Kid Catholic

## Bright Eyes

The drunk kids, the catholics, they're all about the same

They're waiting for something, hoping to be saved  
Well, I have been happy the past couple days  
Just thinking of the women who've taken your place  
And every night I think I certainly won't ever sleep sober or  
alone

And then suddenly it occurs to me, I've slept alone before you  
And so I pour myself the stiffest drink, my  
stomach can stand

And convince myself to lay back down again  
I'm gonna lay back down, I'm gonna lay back down again  
The drunk  
kids, the catholics, they're all about the same

They're waiting for something, hoping to be saved  
The drunk kids, the catholics, they're all about the same

They're waiting for something, hoping to be saved  
The drunk kids, the catholics, they're all about the same

They're waiting for something, hoping to be saved  
They crawl from the oceans to paint in the caves

But I'm working all weekend, I need to get paid  
They crawl from the oceans to paint in the caves

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