

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 herJenny is in the garage
She's got the car in neutral
She rolls it out so quietly
It's Saturday as usual
It always isAnd 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 meThat I can't seem to deal with total trust
There is something very wrong with meDaddy's in the backyard
His hands are getting dirty
And mom is in the kitchen
And her cake says that I'm thirteen
Another yearMy brother went to college
To become a doctor
And if he studies hard enough
He'll end up just like father
Who hates his lifeAnd 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 meanAnd I can't see the point of patient love
When everyone just wants to get fucked

Songwriters

Conor OberstPublished by

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