

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

Songwriters

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Published by

BEDROOMS BEDROOMS AND SPIDERS; SONY/ATV SONGS LLC
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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