

A Certain Type of Girl

The Airborne Toxic Event

When I was a boy
My daddy told me, "son
Don't you ever mess with a certain type of girl"
No, I've wished more than twice that I'd taken dad's advice
I wish it more than anything in this world
He grabbed himself a bottle and he looked me in the eye
And he'd take a plug and wipe it from his chin
He'd say "son, don't put much part in those matters of the heart"
I wished I had listened to him

And tell me oh Jesus!
I'm asking you please
How do I make this endless heartache cease?
Lord, I'd believe in you if you'd believe in me too
I just want a little peace
(Come on now)

Us big city boys
We don't think about it much
It's all whiskey, wine, and messing around with drugs
All these secrets that we keep
Never knowing where we'll sleep
I guess I always thought it was enough
But I've this feeling in my heart
These days of wanting more
Something to ease this weary head
So I guess I thought that girl might redeem me from this world
Lord, I should've asked you instead

And tell me oh Jesus!
I'm down on my knees
I know that I'm no long suffering priest
But I believe in you and could you believe in me too
I just want a little peace
Oh lord, I just need a little peace