

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 a
lone
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

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

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