

Drunk

Catie Turner

I like to leave things open-ended
For the people to assume
I'm only pushing past my limit
To finally tell the truth

Water down, water down
My intentions
Numb it out, numb it out
Real connection

Always looking for an exit
Wish that I could love you coherently
But I'm a coward who can't take it
So brush it off, oh I'm just drunk
Say it with a silly accent
I don't like the taste of suppression
But I'm a coward who can't take it
So brush it off, oh, I'm just drunk

I pretend I don't remember
But in the end I always do
Indulging what I'm feeling
But immune to losing you

Weigh me down, weigh me down
Won't learn my lesson
Running out, running out
Of my discretion

Always looking for an exit
Wish that I could love you coherently
But I'm a coward who can't take it
So brush it off, oh I'm just drunk
Say it with a silly accent
I don't like the taste of suppression
But I'm a coward who can't take it
So brush it off, oh, I'm just drunk

If I drink enough, if I drink enough
I can open up, I can open up
If I drink enough, if I drink enough
I can open up, I can open up
If I drink enough, if I drink enough
I can open up, I can open up
If I drink enough, if I drink enough
I can open up, I can open up

If I drink enough, if I drink enough
I can open up, I can open up
If I drink enough, if I drink enough
I'll brush it off 'cause I'm just drunk