

# 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