

## Catholic Pagans

Surfer Blood

Never could be still for long  
And I could never hold a job  
Coupled with a weakness for cocaine and liquor  
Not much a candidate for love

When I met you I broke the mold  
I fell apart and combed my hair  
Whiskey shakes for ten whole days  
Stayed off the streets at night for weeks

I don't want to be a catholic pagan now that you're here  
We fell in on each other  
For love, survival and everything else

Please don't padlock your parents bomb shelter  
Or fill her up with dust and ash  
A landfill mecca for burn-outs and listless  
Adolescent sour mash

I'm not saying that I've earned love  
But I could really use it now  
So turn out the lights over and over and over  
We'll figure out the rest somehow

I don't wanna be your Russian bride  
Not any more  
Barack Hussein Obama would have a field day  
If he knew at all

So-o-o-o-o have to go  
Ooooooooo  
Have to go-o-o-o-o