

Bright Eyes

"Saturday as Usual"

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Virginia's almost sleeping
The night is getting older
There's static on the tv
She's lying on the sofa
The cats crawl over her
She's got the car in neutral
Jenny's in the garage
She rolls it out so quietly
It's Saturday as usual
It always is
And me I'm in my bedroom
Drawing in my notebook
Cause my hand thinks I'm an artist
But my heart knows I'm a poet
It's just words, they mean...
So little to me, so little to me
So little to me, so little to me
So little to me, so little to me
I can't seem to deal with something more
So little to me, so little to me
Daddy's in the backyard
When everyone will fall back
His hands are getting dirty
And mom is in the kitchen
And her cake says that I'm thirteen
Another year
My brother went to college
And if he studies hard enough
To become a doctor
He'll end up just like father
Who hates his life
And me, I'm in the bathroom
Crying out my eyelids
Cause it's hard to be a man
A little too mean, a little too mean
When you're scared just like a little kid
The world's become...
A little too mean, a little too mean
A little too mean, a little too mean
A little too mean, a little too mean
And I can't see the point of patient love
When everyone just wants to get fucked

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