

Bright Eyes, Saturday As Usual

virginia is almost sleeping
the night is getting older
there is static on the tv
and she's lying on the sofa
the cats crawl over her

jenny is in the garage
she's got the car in neutral
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
because 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
i can't seem to deal with total trust
there is something very wrong with me

daddy's in the backyard
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 to become a doctor
and if he studies hard enough
he'll end up just like father
who hates his life

and me i'm in the bathroom
crying out my eyelids because it's hard to Be a man
when you are scared like a little kid
the world has become a little too mean
and i can't see the point of patient love
when everyone just wants to get fucked