

## Our Whole Lives

### The Hold Steady

The kids are ripping into sugar packets  
The townies taking off their tavern jackets  
I'm in the pews sticking bills in the basket  
Praying that they're cool when I come pick up the package

Tonight we're gonna have a really good time  
But I want to go to heaven on the day I die  
Gonna make like a preemptive strike  
Hit the 5:30 mass early Saturday night

Ring, ring, ring goes the telephone  
Tell my little lambs that I'm on my way home  
Stop by the shop and get a bottle to go  
Maybe something stronger if the right guy's on the corner

Bang, bang, bang go the quarter-notes  
St. Theresa told me we should rattle our bones  
Now we're we're going off to the dial tone  
Some kid started blowing on a saxophone

Cheerleaders dream of quarterbacks  
Jock Jills go for jumping Jacks  
Goth girls love the vampire bats  
They want to draw a little blood for their bath

Well, I don't go much for that spooky stuff  
I like the lights and the uptempo tracks  
You're damn right I believe in love  
Because I've been in love and I've loved right back

Bang, bang, bang goes the backing track  
Some kid's coming around with a magic backpack  
I didn't know that you could dance like that  
I'm gonna have to ask you to take two steps back

Sing, sing, sing every song we know  
Blowing out the speakers on your stereo  
You finally stopped talking about that boy back home  
Maybe that's just better, if you want you can sleep over

We're good guys, but we can't be good every night  
We're good guys, but we can't be good our whole lives  
We're good guys, but we can't be good every night  
Father, I have sinned and I want to do it all again tonight

The townies taking off their tavern jackets  
Making guitars out of tennis rackets  
It's been getting so the hardest part  
Is trying to talk some sense into our sparkling hearts

Ring, ring, ring goes the telephone  
Tell my little lambs that I'm on my way home  
Yes, yes, yes go the majorettes  
They lead the band onto the field with their cigarettes

Bang, bang, bang, she's a cleaning freak  
She scrubs the surface until it's sparkling

Neat, neat, neat 'til her fingers bleed  
She was giving off blue light on the first night that she came to me

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