

## Saturday as Usual

Bright Eyes

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