

Punk (La Vie Antérieure)

Deerhunter

For a month I was punk
I remembered all my drunk
Younger days in a daze
I would spend my empty days

For a week I was weak
I was humbled on my knees
Pray to God: "Make it stop
Help me find some relief"

For a year I was queer
I had conquered all my fears
Not alone anymore
But I found it such a bore

For a month I was punk
For a month I had no luck
For a drunk I was young
For a kid right to the

For a month I was punk
I remembered all my junk
Younger days in a daze
I would spend my useless days

For a week I was weak
I was down on my knees
Pray to God: "Make it stop
Help me find some relief"

For a month I was punk
For a month I was