

## 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