

Catholic Pagans

Surfer Blood

Never could be still for long
And I could never hold a job
Coupled with a weakness for cocaine and liquor
Not much a candidate for love

When I met you I broke the mold
I fell apart and combed my hair
Whiskey shakes for ten whole days
Stayed off the streets at night for weeks

I don't want to be a catholic pagan now that you're here
We fell in on each other
For love, survival and everything else

Please don't padlock your parents bomb shelter
Or fill her up with dust and ash
A landfill mecca for burn-outs and listless
Adolescent sour mash

I'm not saying that I've earned love
But I could really use it now
So turn out the lights over and over and over
We'll figure out the rest somehow

I don't wanna be your Russian bride
Not any more
Barack Hussein Obama would have a field day
If he knew at all

So-o-o-o-o have to go
Oooooooooo
Have to go-o-o-o-o