

Bad Catholics

The Menzingers

We should've never thought that we could get stoned
And drive around with just a half a pack of smokes
Bottle of Clear Eyes and appetite
We were pillaging the Turkey Hill on Main Ave in West Side
Wouldn't you guess the only thing we had to fear
Would be flashing their lights in the rearview mirror
This time they got us
It's all over now
You were praying Hail Marys for an escape route
But thank God for your father's last name
And all the connections that he's made
To everyone, you're such a sweet church girl
But I know your secret
Bad Catholics, weren't we, darling?
Always dipping out before communion started
Bad Catholics, weren't we, darling?
Always dipping out before communion started
Another summer and another church picnic
I watch a mother run around in a panic
Chasing a kid with his orange soda mustache
While his father's by the gambling wheel
There I saw you in the beer tent
Hanging with your new husband and your baby on the way
Oh it's kind of strange how it made me miss something
Long lost in the both of us now
You thank God that I found my way
You introduce me to what's his name
To everyone you're a sweet church girl, but I know your secret
Bad Catholics, weren't we, darling?
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