

## Bad Catholics

The Menzingers

We should have never thought that we could get stoned  
And drive around with just a half a pack of smokes  
A bottle of clear eyes, an 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 our rear view mirror  
This time they got us it's all over now,  
You were praying Hail Mary's 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.  
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Always dipping out before communion started.

Another summer and another church picnic,  
I watch a mother run around in a panic  
Chasing her kid with his orange soda mustache,  
While his fathers 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 kinda strange how it made me miss something,  
Long lost in the both of us now.

You thanked God that I found my way  
And introduced me to oh what's his name  
To everyone you're such a sweet church girl,  
But I know your secret, yeah I know your secret.

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