

## **The Lawrence Arms**

# **"3AM QVC Shopping Spree Hangover"**

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Limp lines resign themselves to margins. like a  
drunken vampire, i miss the sun. i killed this summer,  
now it's done. let's split and reconvene in a warmer  
space. i'm scratching my head turning nights into days.  
don't talk to me about boredom. don't talk to me about  
pride. i sucked it all up, i swallowed it down. it's fine.  
gangrene hangs on every word. bullshit endings to  
stories unheard. it's unheard of to me to not fathom  
doom. so, what did you find in my emperor's tomb?  
some notebooks, some tee-shirts, some bad spelling  
errors. strangled syntax, broken bottles and chairs. this  
here is my legacy. i leave all of this to thee. drink at the  
funeral. piss on the corpse. yell at the sun till your voice  
is all hoarse. i'm gone. this is good bye. dead as a  
dream beneath a grey chicago sky.

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