

The Lawrence Arms "A Wishful Puppeteer"

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I haven't seen you since that brooklyn night
I guess it's been about a year by now
Cold and rainy, in a poets words
Dark and crimson in a drunken way

I was frozen in a window pane
Kind of like i was on a movie screen
Your hair was darker than i remembered it
I was as awkward as i could have been

So much has changed
It seems nothing ever changes
I found a way to wear a thousand different faces

Time creeps into my dreams
Breathe deep
Fill your lungs with me

Headaches, stalemates
Chest pains, i'm trembling
Ink stains, text to burn
Am i leaving, am i leaving

I found your face
In my dreams the last two nights
What are you doing here
What am i singing for

A window sitter grown into the crutch
The crutch has always been right there for him
I'm sorry i'm pushing her away
I'm talking crimson in a drunken sway
I'm talking crimson in a drunken sway

So much has changed
It seems nothing ever changes

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