

The Lawrence Arms "Brickwall Views"

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Don't break too many hearts. don't take too many
arrows in the chest. cry comfortably, let us all know
what you're thinking. is there a gesture i could use to
clearly express i'm at an utter loss for words? is there a
part of you that's torn? that's larger than life? that'll
hold on for one more night? i've got a speech to make.
followed by a big parade. northside. closed eyes. all
charades go on forever. hands tied with fools pride. in
a slowly fleeing summer. just throw your hands up at
the sky. no use trying to explain this. the clouds are
mirrors. i'm disguised. i'm not all that entertaining. the
city looks the same until you notice smaller changes. it
still knows us all by name. it holds us close to it's heart
(now repeat) all my hopes are unaligned. this diagnosis
is self-designed. northside. closed eyes. all charades
go on forever. ands tied with fools pride. in a slowly
fleeing summer. empty rooms don't have pictures to
talk to. brickwall views demand uninspired afternoons.
the days are flooding into months. the nights are
staring into centuries. i've got some older pictures of
people i see once every couple years. intrigued or
unamazed. "you were so much different back in those
days." and now this smile has a bitter curve. now these
eyes are unenchanted. and all we see is a faded image
of what we used to be. how can we relate when we
don't know a thing about each other anymore? is there
a gesture i could use to clearly express i'm at an utter
loss for words.

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