

The Lawrence Arms

"Drunk Mouth Kitchen Smile"

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Consider confrontations
This is a shy and quiet morning
The sleeping dogs awoke last night
The thunder scares them, stiff eyed
Exercise (your exorcisms)
Anger down (bleeds the same)
Autumn night,
Stay soft and cool
Come morning light
I'll be gone

Step tears and tired of watching
They're filing out the big top doors
I'm buried in the smell of circus
Those dark clouds are rolling in
Drunken mouth (kitchen smile)
Please summon me softly to sleep

Today i've seen a dragon
On the ripped and worn out armrest
Stay back the skin is laced with sticks of dynamite
I'll be burning out
Like a shooting star
A thousand pretty lights
Of silly singing feelings
I should be on trial
For everything i haven't done
I should be on trial
For everything i haven't done

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