

## **The Lawrence Arms "Eighteen Inches"**

Visit "[Eighteen Inches](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Face down on the ground. stormclouds lie in white  
snowpiles all around. i don't know if i can make it  
throughone more winter in this town. voted worst in  
show the last two years. i got a refill on my tears-  
another bottle of foam yellowed clear. the old man  
twitching on the train reminds us of mortality, the snow  
everywhre reminds us of the rain. and my burned and  
brittle skin, cracked and blistered in the wind is  
testament to repetition as the impossible happens  
again. q: so, what's your new years revolution? a: take  
off those ten unsightly pounds. the snow is piling  
higher and your face is growing closer to the ground.  
raising your glass at the office party or photocopying  
your secretary's ass is no less pathetic than our self  
righteously self important tasks of barfing rhetoric on  
shiny table tops as our collars and turtlenecks choke us  
right there in the coffee shops. winter will not wait for  
you. ironically, your worst dream has come true:  
pontification means nothing when i woke up and looked  
around, i foun that my dreams had melted into dirty  
puddles on the ground

Visit [The Lawrence Arms](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.