

The Lawrence Arms

"Navigating The Windward Passage"

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Drinking deathwish nights can't save this. glasseyed
slackjaws scream from safe homes. i've got it wrong.
time and again, song after song. you've got answers:
killing to please, swooning disasters. so inventory me,
drop me in your fishbowl. i'm dying to breathe through
your tight pigeon hole. a dead man in dead dreams ...
when i'm gone you won't miss me. you're dying to fist
me out of the closet and into the fire. out of these
dumb little quips that inspire. outright outrage enrages
you now. you're lifeless and sticky. kicking dead cows.
fuck you sound. one shot, all wrong. one lie, all gone.
so cry for yourselves, i'll die with my own help. these
words are mine and this grave that we share time after
time chokes my life outwhile you ask yourselves what
i'm crying about. well, these tears that are falling are
wetting deaf ears. you cry your protests and say i don't
care. and you know what? i couldn't care less if you're
repulsed through and through. a dead man in dead
dreams when it's all said and done, did you really think
that you were the only one? you were here before you,
you'll be here when you're gone. just another lemming
humming protest songs. fuck you sound.

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