

The Lawrence Arms "Northside, The L&L, And My Number Of Crappy Apartments"

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Snow piled on tables, up on scales, into bags. latenight
beer and smoke, too sleepy and awake. crazy eyes
over eggs, crazy eyes like mine, cloths from a
streetcart, too much beer for the time at hand. night
time passed by me again. phone calls that should
never be made. phone calls that speed last night into
today. so, where will you be in ten years? this is the part
where you don't stay right here. smoking pain's a pang
beneath the left ribcage. gasping idle breathing,
burning to these thoughts of leaving. was it cold hands
gripping fears of being all alone ni the world when i got
there? i'm choking in my sleep. fostered aching
tension, demented bruised inventions. unbelievable,
burnt out and seasonal. and i've been saying this for
years. packing bags, not cleaning all of last night's
empty beers. a war of words waged by the faithless.
screaming in deep sleep. unjustifiable stagnation so
where will i be in ten years? hopefully i won't be here.
/nose and eyes betray/you never did believe me/under
my own skin/this is the part where you don't say, this is
the part where you don't say

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