

The Lawrence Arms "Sixteen Hours"

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So, i think i know what I'll be doing today. passing
thoughts of exercise while i laugh in the face of good
health. stakes get raised, harder to wake every day.
embarrassment fuels redemption, the solution is the
same. sucking hard on the death, suck life out of me.
water insides with dehydrants. a black lung an ignition
key another night accelerates to stop and stay the
same another sixteen hours down the drain waking up,
coughing up hardened throats and blackened lungs.
it's easy to stop stopping any time you want. growing
pains from growing old. fingertips burn from the cold.
blood and oxygen another evening killing friends. will i
wake up tomorrow? will it be another replay of today?
(and what did you expect?) down the drain and out the
door ... when too much begs for more ...

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