

## **The Lawrence Arms**

# **"Take One Down And Pass It Around"**

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One hundred bottles of beer on the floor. one hundred bottles of beer. less than twenty days from drowning in the last five years. a ring sucked from a finger. a desert that sucks dreams. sand under grass, under fountains, under trees. the pit sees only half of what you're spending roulette wheels spinning, join in on the winning. as pirates sail down sidewalks we drink beer in paper bags. no stopping, standing, homeless sidewalks, celebratory atmosphere sags and we wonder 'will it ever rain again?' we wonder on our money, on our bottled rum and gin, party central can only hold so much: lights, skies and horizons, drinks, buffets, but enough talk and games, now it's time to die. one hundred bottles on the ground and a last glance from the floor to the desert sky.

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