

The Lawrence Arms

"There's No Place Like A Stranger's Floor"

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Teeth ripped out of gums hit sparkling gray squares of concrete. Screams in technicolor pain. Doubled over spitting blood. The freezing rain. Never felt so good to wake up in some town on some floor to some sound. Voices rattle through my veins. You're slowly imploding, your worlds are corroding. Please let it work itself out. We've got time to melt. You haven't said a single thing. A six month recurring dream. Oil stains glisten in the light. Fluorescent yellow blue and red. It's not worth talking when everything goes left unsaid. The freezing rain slants down in icy sheets on some street where someone is cursing what they've done. And walking quickly toward the train, cold and dejected in a brightly lit steel frame. Your eyes are a cloudy morning. My lips are this sealed letter. Ineptly yours. Sincerely sorry. It's something you feel in the sole out of your shoe on a loud city bus on some aching afternoon.

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