

The Lawrence Arms

"Where Are You Going, Where Have You Been"

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A broken record has a thousand answers to countless contradictions.
Your condition is running through the streets again
Now you've drained your thoughts onto an empty page
With ink as red as blood
Some words were never meant to be
Like I was talking to myself
I drew a picture to remind me
What you look like when it's raining
Use a lot of heavy words that never get you anywhere
The circle vent is cycling
Another year has lived and died
Of blue tangled phone lines
Of frequency that's frightening first dial to hear a
strangers voice crying
And now you've drained your thoughts onto an empty
page with
Ink as red as blood some words were never meant to
be
Like I was talking to myself
Figure 8 crying your silver plates
Icy eyes have you seen the midnight skies
Wipe the sleet from your rusting eyes
Fill this room with superstitious smile a chorus of all lies
Wipe the sleet from your rusting eyes
I want you to see me for the first time
Your blaring jagged lips
I'm dying to taste your icy eyes
You're your blaring jagged lips
I'm dying to taste icy eyes
Figure 8 I wished I was better than your skates
Icy eyes can you see through my disguise
Figure 8 same old sour twist of fate
Jagged lips your blaring icy eyes

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